Current Literature

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"I have gathered me a posic of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."-Montaigne. MAY, 1902

Beautify the Streets While New York aldermen are exercised over the possibility of restricting the size of advertising

billboards and sky signs, experience shows that these things are better accomplished by societies and by the education of public taste. The purely legal side of such questions depends in the end upon public opinion, and public opinion with regard to the beautifying of our streets is a matter of evolution. Our great expositions have been object lessons in such an educational scheme, but there should be associations established to carry on the work in every growing city. There are such societies in this country, but their work is too often hampered by political oppositions, a want of general popular support, and limited backing and enthusiasm among the movement's friends. As an example of what may be done in this direction, we take pleasure in making mention of a very successful association, "L'Œuvre Nationale de l'Art Appliqué à la Rue," which was started by a young and enthusiastic Belgian, Eugène Browerman, some seven years ago. The following account of the work of the organization is from the Montreal Witness:

Contests held under its auspices have been productive of designs in electric light and trolley poles, lamp posts, newspaper kiosks, posters, store signs, and many other symbols of civilization that are the despair of all lovers of beauty, but most of which are by right of their usefulness "here to stay." National and international attention was speedily drawn to the effort, with the consequence that many of the cities of Holland and Belgium are quietly but rapidly reassuming something of their ancient beauty. The world's fair in Brussels in 1897 gave "L'Œuvre" an opportunity further to extend its influence, and conventions held at more recent dates have been successful in awakening the interest and cooperation of men and women of like mind in England, the United States, and many parts of Europe.

To make such an association effective it should be national in its scope, and should St. Louis follow out its plan of a model city at the 1904 exhibition it should be followed by the alliance of all associations now scattered throughout the country, to see that the agitation for greater beauty in our city streets should enlist the interest of every right minded citizen.

There is no disease whose cure is Cancer and Its watched for with more anxiety Cure than cancer. It is a peculiarly malignant disease, and, unfortunately, is increasing in its ravages. In Germany fatal cases of it have doubled in the past ten years over the ten years previous. Meanwhile various supposed cures, by the use of X-rays, or by violet rays, or by violets themselves, are reported, but that seems the end of it. Lately a rather novel cure has been announced which is backed up by the corroborative statement of Dr. Von Leyden, of Berlin. An account of this appears in an editorial article in the New York Times, from which the following

It is a possible way of curing cancer which springs, strangely enough, from one of the most recent discoveries with regard to the propagation of malaria on the one hand and one of the earliest recorded observations by physicians as regards malaria on the other. Hippocrates handed down to posterity the inexplicable bit of observation that persons with the "falling sickness" who contracted the quartan fever, which we have every reason to believe was malaria, became cured of the more violent disease. Similar observations were made in the Middle Ages and duly recorded without the reason for this singular fact being understood. Thus one disease drives out the other.

With regard to cancer, modern observers have noticed that it does not attack people who live in malarious regions. It is said to be almost unknown in China. Putting this fact together with the observations of the old Greek physicians and those of observers in the later Middle Ages, Dr. Loeffler asked the question whether the malarious germ would not conquer the germ of cancer. The reasoning seems all the more plausible because the dwindling of malarious cases seems to be proceeding hand in hand with the increase of cancer. If the reasoning is correct, cancer ought to be cured

by malaria, in one way or another; for instance, by injecting the blood of a person suffering from malaria into the veins of a cancerous patient. Here the recent study of the propagation of malaria by the sting of mosquitoes which have been sucking the blood of malarious persons came opportunely to hand. According to Dr. von Leyden's statements in the German papers, the experiments in this direction promise good results. He thinks that we have in the malaria germ a means to counteract that of cancer, while Dr. Koch's experiments have shown that by examining the blood of a patient in whom malaria has been developed we can tell when to cure the malaria by the judicious use of quinine.. We are therefore no longer in the position of trying to cure one disease by inoculating the sufferer with another over which we have no control. Whatever successes have been attained in curing cancer of the surface by the use of X-rays, it cannot be asserted that by that means cures have been made of deeplying cancers. In the treatment by malaria germs, however, we have a weapon that goes to the seat of the trouble, wherever it may lie. Dr. von Leyden thinks this cancer is rarely, if ever, hereditary, but he does think that it can be communicated from person to person. It will be a great triumph for science if this hopeful view of the treatment of cancer proves true.

The All-Round Man

Cecil Rhodes has by his will put rather a puzzling question to posterity. He insists that those who are to enjoy the scholarships he has established shall be good all-round men, and shall not be judged by preeminence in studies only. This, it may be said, is not according to the ordinary collegiate standard, when proficiency in studies is practically the only merit considered in grading students. Mr. Rhodes, on the contrary, insists upon more than this, so that the pure "diggers" have little chance of capturing any of his lavish gifts. Mr. Rhodes specifies indeed that a candidate for one of his scholarships must be judged by the following:

1. His fondness for or success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like.

- His qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship.
- 3. His exhibition during school days of moral force of character and instincts to lead and take interest in his schoolmates, for these latter attributes will likely in after life guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim.

As a matter of fact it would probably be found that the men thus equipped were the really suc-

cessful men after leaving college, and if the dead Colossus does nothing else he will serve to broaden the narrow collegiate standard which has heretofore held almost universal sway. Mental, moral, and physical excellence go toward making the most perfect men, and he judged rightly that if he attempted to reach the men who would be foremost in after-college life, he must get away from the congregation of plodders whose final distinction in life is apt to come at graduation day.

The New President At the present date of writing (April 12) the induction of Dr. of Columbia University Nicholas Murray Butler into the office of president of Columbia University promises to be marked by splendor and to be graced by the presence of the President of the United States, the Governor of the State of New York, the Mayor of New York city, presidents of many of the largest universities in America, and men prominent in many fields of life. A ceremony of this kind is fitting and quite in accord with the importance of the position occupied by the president of a large university. For it is to the university that the country must look to-day for its clean politician, its clean business men, its clean professional men. The day of the "self-made man" is somewhat passed. Dr. Butler is a theorist who has the power to put his theories into practise. He has written extensively on educational subjects and conducts several courses on pedagogics, so that he is a recognized authority upon the subject. He has also a fondness for philosophy, with a slight tendency toward Kant and Hegel. With all this, he is a man of great activity. While in his position as dean of the Graduate School of Columbia University, his precision and power to accomplish a great deal quickly, his thoroughness and his depth, his idealism and his absolute practicality were proven in his every act. Columbia University is to be congratulated, for she has in Dr. Butler a young man with great energy and deep sincerity, a man who sees clearly and acts quickly, a man who will develop the resources of the university to the highest point of efficiency.

The Influence of the Stage

In a recent address at Chicago, Mr. Stuart Robson, the widely known comedian, while defending the drama, remarked:

The trouble is that some clergymen confound the stage of Jefferson and Irving and their fellows with the disreputable stage, and so condemn us all. You might as well condemn the printing press because it sometimes strikes off bad books, or condemn the pulpit because a minister or a deacon

sometimes falls into evil ways. Pure, wholesome plays, and players of clean, moral lives, are as great a factor for good as all the creeds and all the churches.

This is true enough, and no one will gainsay Mr. Robson. "Pure, wholesome plays" are indeed "a great factor for good." But there has never been a question upon that point. The real contention is whether or not the majority of plays are pure and wholesome. When at the time of the Commonwealth the theaters of England were closed by edict it was not because there were frequent productions of Shakespeare and Jonson and Middleton, but because men like D'Avenant and Brome and Webster and Ford at their worst were urging upon the stage plays even beneath the moral depth of that age. And when the theaters opened again during the early Restoration, Congreve and Vanbrugh and Wycherly did very little to raise the standards, but, on the contrary, gave an impulse which to this very day has not been lived down. The disrepute of the stage has come down by straight And even to-day Mr. Robson can scarcely maintain that most of the plays are pure and wholesome. The names of the "big hits" belong to dramas characterized for the most part by quite the opposite attributes, and in almost every case by a lack of art. Few, indeed, are the theaters which cater to a higher moral sense. But those few are worthy of the highest commendation, and the Irvings and the Jeffersons and the Mansfields and the Sotherns and the Robsons are really an influence, and show how great and how high a moral purpose the drama may have. Moreover, they point a tendency toward a better and greater drama that is highly hopeful.

Heralds of Spring A flock of robins was seen in Union county, New Jersey, this morning, and the bluebird's note has been heard for

a fortnight.

But the true signal for spring to open is the cheery trill of the song sparrow, a rare little minstrel, although unassuming and in garb dowdy. The song sparrow does not make his presence known by odd flights and showy antics. He does not parade on your grass plot or flit about the cherry tree like the robin. But some still morning his sweet song begins without overture, and looking up you see the little fellow on a bare limb by the roadside, his throat distended, and his whole soul in his ecstasy. If you are not familiar with his appearance you might take him for an English sparrow, but a closer inspection shows him to be smaller, slimmer, and longer in the tail. He makes a sorry toilet, and a spick-and-span oriole or a

trim cedar-bird would pass him with a twitter of contempt. Nevertheless, poets sing his praises, and he holds the enchanted ear until in the high trees the unsurpassed melody of the unseen thrush is heard, like the chime of a cathedral bell which rings for a wedding in June, too blissful a cadence to last, and the thrush never completes it.

So sang the Muse to the New York Sun the other day, and the type-metal chirped as it poured through the mold in delirious slugs of spring sentiment. The migration of the birds is one of the earliest signs of returning spring, but it is governed in fact by a very prosaic impulse, that of hunger. The robin wakes some fine morning in his "poky" Southern resort, where life has been growing more and more monotonous through the creeping of the winter weeks, and he feels a sudden longing for a certain esculent variety of the angle-worm which he knows exists only in the Northern meadow, near the orchard of old apple trees, where he builds and rebuilds his nest from year to year. So he packs his dress-suit case, sings a merry tra-la-la, and skips northward with his domestic, home-loving little wife. The only stops they make en route are in certain village doorvards, where abide some solitary specimens of the species poeticus vernus, who will give them crumbs for their support while traveling. The village editor knows of their call next day, when glowing dithyrambs fall from his morning mail. But the merry robins keep on their blissful way, chattering, dreaming, singing of angle-worms, quite scornful, as sensible robins should be, of the sentiment they arouse, or quite unconscious. Only the angle-worm knows, for he lies closer to the heart of the robin than any spring poet or naturalist of them all.

Road Rights

The automobile must at no distant day replace the horse upon our roads and streets, but while it is doing so the standing of the automobilist before the law, and a definition of his rights and those of pedestrians or drivers of other vehicles, will be of interest. In a case recently tried an attempt was made to recover heavy damages because an electric vehicle had frightened a doctor's horse. The judge's charge to the jury, which decided in favor of the owner of the automobile, contained the following interesting exposition of the matter:

"A man who brings another into court is bound to prove the very case he sets out, or fail, whether you or I think that he might have proven another case and made the defendant liable. The highways are for us all; all can use them, with reasonable regard, to be sure, for others who use them. You and I, in our experience, have seen a great change in the highways, not only in the highways of this town where we live, but in the highways out of town. They have become a great deal better, and the great advantage of bettering the highways is that people can exercise their right of locomotion more easily and accomplish more; that we can go to and fro and have our goods go to and fro much more easily and much more swiftly.

"In our experience we have seen vehicles change very much, and we see very different vehicles here from what we see sometimes when we travel abroad—very much better vehicles, we think; they are also a great advantage to the community, to us all, in that locomotion is easier and swifter.

"The most common motive power on the highway is a horse; but the horse has no paramount exclusive right to the road; and the mere fact that a horse takes fright at some vehicle run by new and improved methods, and smashes things, does not give to the injured party a cause of action. It is true, as in other cases, that the mere fact that an accident happens does not make it the fault of someone else and make it his duty to pay for it. When the highway is not restricted in its designation to some particular mode or use, it is open to all suitable methods, and it cannot be assumed that those will be the same from age to age, or that new means of making the way useful must be excluded, merely because their introduction may tend to the inconvenience or even injury of those who continue to use the road after the same manner as formerly.

"The case is to be determined upon the issues presented to you—is to be determined upon the facts as to whether the plaintiff has acted as would a man of reasonable prudence under the circumstances in which he was placed. He testified, as I recall, that his horse was a gentle horse. A witness testified for the defendant that he had met the plaintiff upon the road several times, that he had seen his horse standing by the roadside, and that the horse had been frightened.

"It is to be presumed that those who use the road know the uses to which the road is put, and that we should be aware—we who drive on the road should be aware—that bicycles, that vehicles operated by other motive power than horse power or oxen use it, and that we should be upon the alert, reasonably on the alert, as to what dangers, if any, or surprises, if any, may come to us.

"Now, if the plaintiff perceived that this vehicle was in the road, he was bound to act as would a reasonable, prudent man with regard to his own horse, and that and the circumstance, if you believe it to be true, that his horse had been frightened by such a vehicle before, was a circumstance that should be taken by him into consideration.

"Not only have the roadways improved very much within our experience, but the means of travel have improved very much also; and the fact that the introduction of new means of locomotion may inconvenience others is not usually a reason for inhibiting it. The prejudices of the 'roaddriver' (a phrase very familiar to most of us in this town) are not to control the means of locomotion to be used by the public. Much has been said about the swiftness of the vehicle and about its relative freedom from noise. Within limits, freedom from noise is of very great moment to the whole community, not merely to the persons who use the vehicles, but persons living by the roadside and the persons who use the road. Within limits, too, the swiftness with which persons are enabled, by modern vehicles, to go from place to place, is of great moment also.

"If you come to the conclusion that both sides were at fault, the plaintiff in the management of his horse, or lack of precaution which he took, and the person who was operating the vehicle, then the verdict must be for the defendant, because the law will not apportion the fault between the two. If a man is at fault (so at fault that he helps bring about an accident) he cannot recover."

British Tariff
Measure

The proposal of Sir Michael
Hicks-Beach, the British chancellor of the exchequer, to put a tax
upon imported grain and flour has called forth
wide notice both in England and America.
Various motives have been ascribed to Sir
Michael, but certain it is that, in some phases at
least, his measure rises above mere partisanship.
Conservatives and Liberals will doubtless make
of the proposal a party issue, yet this cannot
blur the wider aspect of the question. The New
York Evening Post gives a complete and fair
estimate of the whole proposition:

The fact must be recognized, that England is under the dire necessity of taxing everything that she can lay her hands on. It is not a question of protection or free trade that confronts the party in power, but a question of life or death to the Salisbury government. They brought on the Boer war, and they must foot the bills. The cost has now amounted up to nearly a billion dollars, and the total expenses of the government for the present year are \$800,000,000. What is to be done? asks the bewildered chancellor. Tax everything in sight. But everything except bread had already been taxed to the utmost limit before-tobacco. wine, spirits, tea, even coal, had had the last farthing squeezed out of them. Sir Michael had stoutly resisted the Tory demand for a bread tax. He had approved himself a worthy disciple and follower of Robert Peel; but, alas, necessity knows no law. The deficit yawning before him must be filled.

It is not quite fair, therefore, to say that Sir Michael has abandoned the principles of free trade. It might be said in like manner that Chairman Payne and Gen. Grosvenor have abandoned the doctrine of protection since they have agreed to admit Cuban sugar at a reduced duty, because they have yielded to a necessity, or what they consider such. But in both cases the consequences of what they are doing are of more importance than their motives for doing it. The bread tax in England is called temporary by its promoters, but who knows what its duration may be? Who can say what it may lead to? If this is a protective duty in its effect, then no matter what its aims may be -no matter what the motives of ministers may be-it will lead to demands for other protective duties. First of all, we may expect demands for differential duties in favor of the colonies-that is,

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that the tax on Canadian wheat, for example, shall be something less than on United States or Argentine wheat. It will be very hard to resist this demand, since Canada already has a differential in favor of English goods-a discrimination, however, which England never asked for and rather deprecated. It will be harder for Sir Michael to resist this demand since Mr. Chamberlain has long been in favor of it. It is part of his scheme for imperial federation. But if Sir Michael consents to differential duties in favor of the colonies, he abandons free trade outright. He throws down the bars to every claimant for protection. He goes back to the days of the Anti-Corn Law League. Considering the powerful and growing competition that weighs upon British manufacturing industry, it is a question whether the proposed bread tax may not be the last straw on the camel's back, and when the chancellor looks at the possibilities of taxes on raw materials yet to come, he may well recoil from the prospect.

The Larger Politics: Affairs of the Nations

Situation in China...... New York Times

It would seem from the dispatches as though there were two influences at work in Pekingone in favor of reform and the other absolutely reactionary. And this conclusion is supported by other circumstances. There are two powerful men in China to-day, and, although it does not appear that they have as yet actually clashed, the indications are that such a clash is inevitable, and that before long either a Liberal or a Reactionary will be supreme in the councils of the empire. One of these men is Yuan-Shi-Kai, the Viceroy of Pe-chi-Li, the Province which contains the capital city of the empire. The other is Yung-Lu, formerly Viceroy of Pe-chi-Li and Generalissimo of the Army, and now First Grand Secretary, a member of the Council of State, and Minister of War. Everything points to a duel for supremacy between Yuan-Shi-Kai and Yung-Lu. On the result of this duel the future of China will very likely depend.

To speak first of the Reactionary, the man who is now trying to curry favor with the foreigners, but who is known to hate them bitterly, Yung-Lu, is a Manchu, and his promotion has been extraordinarily rapid, pointing to the conclusion that he is a personal favorite with the Empress Dowager.

His real attitude toward the aliens was not known until after the beginning of the Boxer uprising. In an article in a London review, written while the legations were besieged, it was stated that the rumors from Peking all agreed in attributing to Yung-Lu a wish to protect the legations and to restrain the fury of Prince Tuan and his associates. As a matter of fact, according to testimony which has been corroborated, Yung-Lu led many of the attacks on the foreigners, and why the Powers did not insist on his punishment is one of those mysteries which only the plenipotentiaries who conducted the negotiations of Peking can explain.

The rapid rise of Yung-Lu to power is said to be without precedent in China. In 1894 he held the post of Tartar General of Hesian, and was summoned to Peking to take part in the proposed festivities on the occasion of the Empress Dowager's sixtieth birthday. These festivities did not take place, on account of the war with Japan, but Yung-Lu's journey was by no means wasted, for he succeeded in obtaining the favor of the Court, and in December, 1894, he was appointed Captain General of the White Banner Corps and a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen, the old Foreign Office, which has been replaced by the Wai-Wu-Pu, now headed by Prince Ching.

Yung-Lu was six months later made Inspector General at Peking, and in 1896, "as a reward for vigilance," he was appointed a Lieutenant General and Assistant Grand Secretary. In 1898 he became Viceroy of Pe-chi-Li and Generalissimo of the Army. His rise from a small military command in a provincial town to the most important Viceroyship in the empire and the highest military command in China therefore took only four years.

A very different type of man is Yuan-Shi-Kai, who, in the brief time that has elapsed since his appointment as Viceroy of Pe-chi-Li, has exhibited an amount of energy simply phenomenal in a Chinese statesman. It is a curious fact that, while Yung-Lu was supposed to be favorable to the foreigners at the time of the beginning of the Boxer troubles, and afterward turned out to be a virulent reactionary, Yuan was believed to be a conservative, and is proving himself one of the most enlightened of the advisers of the Court that has ever existed.

Already he has begun to reform the army and navy by arranging for the appointment of foreign commanders; while he is also pressing forward a scheme for the appointment of foreign advisers for the various Government departments. At the same time he seems to be a true patriot, and threatens to make some other city than Tien-Tsin his capital because of the delay in the evacuation

of that place by the foreign troops.

Yuan is now a little over fifty years old, which is regarded in China as quite a young age for the holder of an important post. He passed with success through the trying preliminary stages of official life, and at the time of the war with Japan was in Korea, acting as agent of the Chinese Government. After the war he obtained permission to enlist men, arm and uniform them in foreign fashion, and engage German instructors for them. He found that some of the foreigners were incompetent, while others, by their overbearing demeanor, shocked the Chinese ideas of what a gentleman should be. In spite of these difficulties Yuan managed in a short time to get together a well-drilled force, but the experiment was only on a very small scale. The experience gained at that time will doubtless be useful to Yuan now, when the whole army in the East of the Empire is to be modernized.

Yuan's success in training his soldiers brought him under the notice of the Emperor, who, in 1898, entered upon the scheme of reform which ended in his virtual abdication. It is said that Yuan, after promising to aid the Emperor, went over to the Empress Dowager's party. Some foreigners in China thereupon named Yuan "the traitor," but there are various explanations of his conduct, and it seems that he came to the conclusion that the Emperor could never succeed in

effecting anything, and therefore decided not to identify himself with a movement which was certain to fail.

Whatever may have been Yuan's conduct at that time, there is no question about the extraordinary ability he showed at the period of the Boxer outbreak. He was then Governor of Shan-Tung, the center of the anti-foreign movement. Nevertheless hardly a foreigner lost his life in that province, and at the same time Yuan managed to keep on excellent terms with the court, as his subsequent advancement shows.

Such clever diplomacy deserves respect, by whatever means its results were achieved. Yuan, of course, had to profess hatred of foreigners, but at the same time he delicately hinted that it was impossible for him to comply with the antiforeign edicts which emanated from the court. On one occasion, when compelled to post an antiforeign proclamation, he put up another, written by himself, beside it, and the second proclamation declared that no attention was to be paid to the

When the court asked for troops from Shan-Tung to fight the foreigners Yuan got over the difficulty by pointing out that it would be the height of folly to leave his own province exposed to attack by the Germans and British, who could easily invade it from Kiao-Chow or Wei-hai-Wei. In this way he kept between two stools, and yet did not fall to the ground.

Such are the two men who are the important factors in China to-day under the Empress Dowager, who may be guided by either. Which of them shall prove the more powerful it is impossible to tell, but all friends of China hope that Yuan will prevail.

A Promise Kept...... Providence Journal

The final answer to the slurs in which the Little Americans have indulged for so long in their imputations of base motives to the United States government in its dealings with Cuba may be read in the recent order of Secretary Root, providing for the transfer of the island to its newly elected native government on May 20. All our military forces will be withdrawn on that day, saving only the small number of troops that will remain to occupy the naval stations and coal depots retained by the United States as a guarantee that law and order shall have full sway in the new republic, free, so far as the United States can assure it, from the menace alike of foreign aggression and of domestic disorders such as have checked the development of good government and civilization in Latin-American nations born under less happy auspices.

Two administrations in Washington in the years since 1898 have advanced step by step toward this end, not always without domestic doubts as to the wisdom of the decision to "leave the government and control of the Island of Cuba to its people," but always with the purpose of abiding faithfully by that promise made in the Teller resolution. That pledge that self-government should be granted is now all but fulfilled. It is true that it is hedged about by the conditions of the Platt amendment, but only carping critics will maintain that, without the wise restraint therein provided for, the gift of freedom would be anything but a hollow sham. The United States had before it the discouraging experience of other States to the south of us who had cast off the yoke of Spain only to find themselves sooner or later in the clutch of a despotism ruling under new forms, it is true, but none the less tyrannical and unbearable because the machinery of its operation bore some resemblance to democracy.

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The Platt amendment gives assurance, so far as human foresight can give it, that Cuba libre will not be a second Venezuela, or Columbia, or Hayti, At the least, it makes it certain that if such disorders as now beset those so-called republics should ever appear in Cuba, threatening a situation intolerable to the United States and to the American conception of free government, threatening, also, the undoing of the work already accomplished in Cuba during our occupation of the island, they will be promptly ended by our intervention. Nobody in Washington doubts now, any more than before, that annexation to the United States is Cuba's ultimate destiny. But annexation now will come only at the request of Cuba herself; and in the meantime her people will have such a chance to show what they are capable of as no other newborn State ever had before, for one of the greatest powers of the world guarantees that while they are trying the great experiment of self-government they shall be guarded from every form of outside interference that has heretofore in the history of the world made self-government impossible. If the Cubans fail in their experiment it will be only because they are unfit to succeed.

The Annexation of Canada William T. Stead Collier's Weekly

When Englishmen discuss the possible pull of the gravitation of the United States upon their empire they usually confine their remarks to Canada. They do not realize that Canada, being by far the largest and most important of the British-American possessions, would probably be the last to succumb to the continually increasing force of gravitation exercised by its southern neighbor.

Canada alone of all the British colonies in the

Western Hemisphere is large enough and strong enough to render its independent existence thinkable even if the protecting ægis of Great Britain were withdrawn. All the other colonies would probably drop like ripe plums into Uncle Sam's hat but for their connection with Great Britain.

The Dominion of Canada, however, has ambitions of its own, and is rather inclined to believe that, if annexation is to take place, it would be better for the world if the United States were annexed by Canada than Canada by the United States.

The Canadians are the Scotch of the Western Hemisphere, and have just as good an opinion of themselves as our neighbors in North Britain, who to this day resent bitterly any suggestion that the union which merged Scotland and England into Great Britain was the annexation of the smaller country by the larger. Scotland and England were united first by the golden circlet of the crown when James I. and VI. crossed the Tweed and founded an ill-fated dynasty in Great Britain.

THE UNITED STATES UNGRATEFUL TO CANADA

I remember the late Mr. Bayard, just as he was leaving the American Embassy in London, describing to me what he regarded as the unpardonable mistake which was made by the protectionists of the United States at the close of the War of the Rebellion. "No one," he said, "has ever rendered adequate justice to the service which the Union received from the Canadians during the whole of that tremendous struggle. With the exception of one or two ridiculous raids by Confederate sympathizers, we were able to leave the whole of our Northern frontier without a garrison.

" Not only so, but we used Canada as an inexhaustible source of supplies throughout the whole war. Yet when at the close of the war a deputation from the Canadians came to Washington to plead for free access to American markets they were told they could not expect to have the privileges of American citizens unless they came under the American flag. Now, the Canadian can be led, but he cannot be bullied. The deputation, instead of applying for the privileges of American citizenship, went home, federated the Dominion, constructed the Canadian Pacific, and postponed for many years the inevitable union of North America under one flag. A little less selfishness and a little more statesmanship would have brought them all in long ago."

Whether Mr. Bayard was right or wrong in his account of the genesis of what may be called Canadian Nationalism, there can be no doubt that since that date the Canadians have resolutely

turned their gaze from Washington to Westminster. There is something almost pathetic in the anxiety of our Canadian fellow subjects to

emphasize their loyalty to the empire.

Every Canadian—man, woman, or child—spends, on an average, twenty-five dollars a year in the purchase of American goods. The German average is about a guinea a head, while the average sale of American goods in Great Britain is below seven shillings a head. Two-thirds of the American goods purchased by Canadians consist of American manufactures. The total value of American imports into Canada amounts to £22,000,000 sterling. Not only is it large in itself, but it is increasing. In 1875, of all Canada's purchases abroad fifty per cent. came from Great Britain.

As this percentage began to drop the experiment of the preferential duty was tried, but failed to arrest the decrease. In 1897 the proportion of British imports had dropped to twenty-six per cent., and in 1900 to twenty-five per cent. In 1875 the United States sold to Canada forty-two per cent. of her total imports; in 1897 this had risen to fifty-five per cent., and in 1900 to over sixty per cent. The United States, therefore, notwith-standing the preferential duty, has more than taken the position which we occupied with the Canadian purchaser in 1875.

MAY ANNEX CANADA BY DEPOPULATION OR COLONIZATION

The interchange of commodities between two communities speaking the same language and living on either side of an imaginary line is only one of the economic forces that would make for union. For many years past there has been a steady stream of emigration from Canada to the United States.

There are very few Canadian families who have not one or more relatives who have gone to seek their fortunes in the great American cities or on the fertile prairies of the United States. There are more emigrants from Canada in the United States in proportion to their population than from any other country. The richer and more developed lands to the south have an irresistible attraction for the more enterprising and ambitious Canadians.

In addition to the influence of commerce and emigration there is another force which may be still more potent. I refer to the fact that the great American capitalists, ever on the lookout for fresh fields in which to invest their millions, have begun to develop on a great scale the immense mineral resources which are as yet practically untapped in the Canadian Dominion. American capital is pouring into the country.

Few things have attracted more attention in recent industrial development than the extent to which American capitalists are investing their money in the exploitation of the immense and almost virgin resources of Canada. The industrial annexation of the Dominion is in full swing. The Vanderbilt railway combination has taken in hand the development of the enormous coal and iron district of Nova Scotia, and proceeds in the campaign with that combination of restless energy and methodical preparation that characterize the great American trusts.

THE DOMINION MAY BE DEVOURED BY THE TRUST

We now pass to consider the influences which are partly economic and partly political that point in the same direction. There are at least two—one at each extremity of the Dominion. The first is the long-standing and almost insoluble dispute about the fisheries on the Atlantic seaboard. The quarrels between the fishermen of Nova Scotia and the fishermen of Massachusetts have been for many years a fertile source of friction.

The Canadians bitterly resent any poaching by American fishermen in Canadian waters. Collisions between the Canadian and New England fishermen have created so much ill feeling in the past that the fishery dispute has been one of the standing dishes at every Anglo-American repast. For some years now a modus vivendi has been in existence, which avoids any of the old irritating incidents of the capture and confiscation of American ships within the three mile limit; but the difficulty is not settled. It has only been postponed.

So acute was the trouble at one time that Mr. Edward Atkinson, in 1887, brought before the New York Chamber of Commerce a proposal that the United States should purchase from the Dominion of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island for the sum of £10,000,000, which he estimated was about the share in the Canadian debt for which these provinces were responsible. The suggestion came to nothing, but that it was made is significant. It shows that the Americans who bought Alaska from Russia are quite capable of attempting to settle other territorial difficulties in the same commercial fashion.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN THE GOLD COUNTRY

The other difficulty resulted from the discovery of gold on the Klondike. The Canadians naturally wished to have access to their gold fields without passing through an American custom house. The Americans, on the other hand, maintained that until gold was discovered the Canadians themselves recognized that Skagway, which may be regarded as the ocean gate of Klondike,

was part and parcel of the United States, and they resent the attempt of Canada to possess herself of an open door to the sea as an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine and as an attempt to aggrandize the British Empire at the cost of the American Republic.

The proposal to settle this dispute by arbitration miscarried, owing to the short-sighted objection taken by our Foreign Office to the American proposition that in such arbitration the umpire should be chosen from the New World, which means that he should be either a Central American or a South American.

In considering the probable future of Canada one salient fact can never be overlooked. Canada is not a homogeneous English-speaking commu-The province of Quebec is essentially French in speech and Catholic in religion, and although loyal to the empire, which loyalty is the result of the liberal policy adopted as the result of Lord Durham's mission, yet it jealously preserves its essential French nationality. It is indeed a foreign nation within a British Dominion, and its existence materially complicates the question under consideration. There are some who advocate annexation on the ground that the French are too large and too compact a mass of non-English-speaking men to be assimilated or absorbed by so small a community as that which inhabits the Canadian Dominion, If they were cast into the continental crucible of the United States instead of being a separate nationality their cultivation of French would be a mere local peculiarity of no more importance than the obstinacy with which some German and Norwegian colonists in Minnesota persist in refusing to use the English tongue.

It may be said that the French-Canadians may be very enthusiastic to be annexed, but that the citizens of the United States would be less eager to welcome Canada within the pale of the Union. What Americans think on the question of the future of Canada is not difficult to discern. One and all would disclaim any attempt to annex Canada against her will, but one and all regard absorption as her inevitable destiny, and while they would not hasten the hour when the frontier line appears, they would rejoice to see the Union Jack disappear from the Western Continent.

ULTIMATE ALLIANCE IS INEVITABLE

What is to be hoped for is that, when the inevitable union takes place, it will be brought about with the hearty consent and concurrence of the mother country, even if the mother country herself does not set the example to Canada by taking the initiative in promoting that race alliance toward which everything seems to point. Should

such a union take place it is probable there would be considerable simplification of the somewhat curious political arrangements now existing in the Canadian Dominion. Decentralization and home rule are very good things, but they may be carried too far, and eight separate parliaments with eight separate executives seems a somewhat excessive allowance for a population that is not much in excess of the population of Greater London.

The Generalissimo and the Hawley Bill....Boston Evening Transcript

There are but two countries in the Old World that have generalissimos of their armies, other than the sovereign or chief magistrate. One of these is Great Britain, and the other Greece. With regard to the latter country there were exceptional conditions which rendered it necessary a year or so ago to vest the supreme command of the forces in the hands of the crown prince, who, owing to the lengthy and frequent absences of his father, the King, from Greece, is to all intents and purposes the ruler of the country. It is too early as yet to say whether or not the experiment of having a commander-in-chief other than the monarch himself will prove a success at Athens. In England it has resulted in a distinct failure. Lord Roberts, the present commanderin-chief, is reported to be thoroughly sick of the job, and resolved to resign it as soon as the war in South Africa cames to an end. Lord Wolseley, his predecessor, complained bitterly in Parliament of the fact that he had been reduced by the action of the secretary of war to the position of a mere figurehead, and that while responsible in the eyes of the nation for the condition of the army, he had no means whatsoever of accomplishing anything. The royal Duke of Cambridge, a cousin of the late Queen Victoria, held the position of generalissimo for nearly forty years before being deprived thereof, and throughout his long tenure of the office he was perpetually denounced by the government of the day, and by successive secretaries of state for war, as an insuperable obstacle to every project of military reform. True, there was some excuse for the existence of such an office as that of commander-in-chief of the army during the reign of Queen Victoria. For as a woman she was naturally prevented from fulfilling herself the duties of generalissimo incumbent upon the sovereign or chief magistrate. But there is no longer any reason for the continuance of the office now that King Edward has succeeded to the crown. For he is thoroughly qualified by his military training to avail himself of his prerogatives as commander-in-chief, having as his principal military adviser and lieutenant in connection with all army matters a chief of the general staff.

The great Duke of Wellington was never tired of urging upon the late Queen Victoria the fact that the commander-in-chief of the army is one of the most valuable prerogatives of the crown, and was wont to insist that since the sovereign happened to be a woman, the office of generalissimo should be vested in her husband, the late prince consort, or at any rate in some scion of the reigning house. He spoke not only as a devoted servant of the queen, but likewise as a professional soldier. For he realized that if there was at the head of the army a generalissimo who was neither the monarch, nor a prince of the blood, he would inevitably be subordinated to the civilian element in the war department and to the cabinet of the day. He entertained the professional soldier's prejudice against civilian and political interference in military matters, and believed that the only way of preventing it would be by keeping the commander-in-chief of the army in the hands of the sovereign, or of a member of the royal family, who would be independent of the secretary of state for war, and while ready to work in unison with the latter would never allow himself to be subjected to his authority.

In Germany, in Austria, in Italy, and in Russia, four countries which may be described as military powers in the fullest sense of the word, the sovereign is in each case the active commanderin-chief of the army, and finds time to fulfil his duties as such. He has, as his principal military adlatus and lieutenant, a chief of the general staff who works in thorough unison, but on a footing of complete equality with the minister of war, the sovereign, jealous of his prerogatives as generalissimo, being on guard to see that there is no usurpation of authority on the part of the minister. The chief of the general staff of the German army is General Count Schlieffen, who now fills the place occupied for nearly forty years by Field Marshal Count Moltke. There is no minister of war for the empire. But each one of the sovereign States constituting the confederation known as the German Empire has its own minister of war, that of Prussia being General von Gossler, who all work in unison with General Count Schlieffen, the chief of the general staff. Emperor Francis Joseph has as chief of the general staff of Austro-Hungary General Baron Beck, while the minister of war is General Baron Krieghammer. Czar Nicholas has Lieutenant General Sakharoff as chief of the general staff. He has taken the place of General Obrutcheff, while the minister of war is General Kouropatkine. At Rome we find General Saletta as chief of the general staff, with General de San Martino as minister of war.

In France the commander-in-chief of the army, as well as the navy, is President Loubet, a fact which many people even in France seem to ignore, as one frequently finds this or that general referred to as generalissimo. The acting chief of the staff is General Pendezec, while the minister of war is General André. But owing to the unsavory scandals in which certain of the principal officers of the general staff became involved in connection with the Dreyfus and Esterhazy cases, it lost much of the prestige which it had previously enjoyed, while the subsequent discovery that others of its chiefs were in sympathy with either the monarchical cause or the nationalist movement, and as such disloyal to the present government, led to the general staff being completely reorganized by the minister of war, General André, who in consequence thereof has it now working more or less under his direction, as a subordinate rather than as an ally. There is no chief general of the French army, or any one filling the position occupied by General Miles in the United States. There are merely certain generals designated by the plan of mobilization to command certain groups of army corps in the event of war. There will be some six or eight of these commands, the most important one, that of the northeast, being, it is understood, assigned to General Brugere, now vice-president of the supreme council of war at Paris. But all these generals in command of groups of army corps will be, according to present arrangements, in the event of war, subject to the directions theoretically, of the President of the Republic, acting through the chief of the general staff, but in reality to the minister of war, acting through the same agency.

From this it will be seen that the scheme for the organization of the general staff in Washington, embodied in Senator Hawley's bill, and which has received the indorsement of the administration, is thoroughly in line with the systems employed by the leading military powers of Europe, and that it is destined to prevent rather than to facilitate any usurpation of authority in military matters by the secretary of war. For the chief of staff responsible to the commander-in-chief, namely the President, will be infinitely more independent of the secretary of war than General Miles as commanding general is now, while on the other hand, the demoralizing spectacle of disputes and animosities between the commanding general or field marshal and the secretary of war such as have been witnessed in England and in this country in late years, will be avoided.

Contemporary Celebrities

Jacob Hendrick De la Rey One needs to give the right form and accentuation to the syllables of this surname. The bearer of it, as

are so many of the South African Boers, is of French or Huguenot descent. Along with Cronje, De Wet, and Botha, General De la Rev stands out conspicuously as a leader of that little band of farmer soldiers who are defending so pertinaciously and successfully the mightiest combination of a military sort the world has ever seen for the conquest of any people. The victory gained recently by De la Rey over Lord Methuen, wherein the latter was captured and his force practically annihilated, near Lichtenburg, in the western part of the Orange Free State, seems to indicate somewhat clearly that he is even the ablest in that quaternary of Boer generals. The Lichtenburg fight, the issue of which so aroused the attention of the entire world, was, as a matter of fact, the second of two decisive victories gained by the same small force of troopers and their leader within a fortnight, the capture of Von Donop's convoy, involving the infliction of a loss of 632, being the first, followed by this more significant victory immediately upon the heels of the other. The sketch here given is condensed from Michael Davitt's new book, The Boer Fight for Free-

Jacob Hendrick De la Rev first saw the light in this very Lichtenburg region where he has just gained renown. That was fifty-four years ago. His father was born in the Orange Free State, and took part with Pretorius in driving the English out of Bloemfontein in 1848. For that he had his farm and property confiscated after Sir Harry Smith had reversed the situation by forcing the old Boer warrior back again across the Vaal. The De la Reys sought a new home in the western part of that region, and there Jacob Hendrick spent his early life. The general is a man of more than medium stature, is sinewy in build, and remarkable for his quiet, dignified manner. He has dark, deep-set eyes, a prominent Roman nose, and a heavy brown beard, giving to his face a strong, handsome, and patrician expression.

He was born of a fighting family, and has had the training of campaigns in conflicts with hostile Kaffir tribes. His first command was in the war which the English incited the Basutos to wage against the Free State in the early sixties, when he was quite young. These experiences qualified him for a prominent military position when the present war broke out, and he was unanimously elected to the command of the Lich-

tenburg burghers who became part of Cronje's western column.

He represented his native district in the Volksraad for ten years, and was a constant supporter of the Joubert as against the Kruger following in that assembly. He favored a large franchise concession to the Uitlanders as a means of averting a conflict with England, but soon saw that a demand for political reforms was only a pretext for precipitating a conflict. He was one of the most ardent advocates of an attacking as against a defensive military policy when England forced a resort to hostilities upon the republics.

Like Cronje, General De la Rey carries no weapons in the field. His field glass, wooden pipe, and, last but not least, his Bible, are his inseparable companions. He is a universal favorite with the burghers of both republics, and inspires great confidence in his men by his almost unerring military judgment, splendid generalship, heroic courage, an indomitable tenacity of purpose, and an all-round resourcefulness in all emergencies. Remarkably self contained in his actions, he never gets excited, even in the thickest of the fight, but always remains cool, cautious, and alert.

In the early days of the South Lord Methuen African War the distinguished general, so sorely defeated and himself taken captive in his latest fight near Lichtenburg, used often to be heard of in the dispatches. He was severely criticized in England for his course at Magersfontein, and for the bloody fighting about the Modder River, the passage of which he effected, though at a terrible cost. It was reported then that his mind had become unbalanced, and that he was in failing health, but after his relief of Kimberley such harsh strictures ceased. General Paul Sandford Methuen was born in 1845 of a family famous as soldiers and diplomats. He entered the Scots Guards in 1864, though for some time thereafter he saw no service. At his earnest request he was permitted to go to the Gold Coast in 1873, and the following year, for distinguished conduct, was appointed brigade major in Ashanti. In 1877 he was made assistant military secretary to the commander-in-chief in Ireland; then was military attaché in Berlin; next was assistant adjutant general and assistant quartermaster general for the home district until, in 1882, he was appointed to the important position of commandant at headquarters in Egypt. Soon after he was made deputy adjutant general in South Africa, and in 1890 became a major general. Succeeding

to the peerage the next year, from 1892 to 1897 he was in command of the London home district. Notwithstanding his late defeat and capture at Lichtenburg, it can hardly be said with any fairness that Lord Methuen has not in the main been as successful as any of his associate British commanders in this extremely trying South African conflict.

There are those who will be greatly Ex-President Fairgratified when we turn from the child of Oberlin record of warriors to the story of men of peace. James Harris Fairchild, born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1817, was brought as a babe in arms the following year to what was then the wilderness of northern Ohio, and there he grew up a country lad on his father's farm, not far from the present little village of Brownhelm, Lorain county. In his seventeenth year Oberlin College was started, and the boy entered its first freshman class, graduating in 1837. In 1840 he completed his theological course, but the succeeding year was appointed classical professor; in 1847 was transferred to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy; in 1858 was elected professor of theology and moral philosophy, and, President Fuiney retiring, was in 1866 elected his successor, holding that position twenty-three years, resigning eventually in 1889 because of infirmities. His usefulness, however, was even then by no means exhausted, as he continued to conduct courses in the college and served as theo-

logical professor emeritus in the theological

seminary till near the end.

President Fairchild, dying at the advanced age of eighty-five, represented the last of an extinct race. Of him, as of Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, it has been said: "Their successor is not likely to appear, partly because the modern training is not adapted to breed that sort of man, partly because the modern idea of a college calls for different, but not better, qualities in a college president. The modern head of a college is primarily a business manager; his success is measured by the smoothness with which he operates his machine, the deftness with which he advertises it, and his success in getting that universal lubricant -money. The ideal college president of the early American college was a great moral force, and his success was measured by the depth of the stamp which he put upon the young people who came under his influence." As a student, professor, and president, Dr. Fairchild was connected with Oberlin sixty-eight years. None can measure the power for good in the shaping of young lives that during that period went out from that one man. Then another thing worth noting: the back country farm, amid the dark, giant woods of

northern Ohio, that produced President James H. Fairchild, produced also two other college presidents, his brother Henry, for twenty-five years at the head of Berea College, Kentucky, and his brother George, for eighteen years the president of what claims to be the largest agricultural college in the world, the one at Manhattan, Kansas.

President Fairchild had traveled much in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and was markedly a broadminded, scholarly, and thoroughly progressive man. As an author he will be known by his Moral Philosophy, Needed Phases of Christianity, and Elements of Theology. He attracted attention everywhere because of his unique personal appearance; and he had the rare daily, habit, until eighty years old and past, of taking long horseback rides, his patriarchal figure and the graceful manner in which he rode being a source of general remark.

William Henry Moody, who suc-The New Secretary ceeds Honorable John D. Long as of the Navy head of the Navy Department at Washington, brings to the position the reputation of a man of great energy, strong conviction, and hearty public spirit. He is a native of Newburg, Conn., therefore within sound of the surf on the north coast of Massachusetts, where as a boy he spent many happy hours boating, bathing, and fishing in the salt water. He comes of a race of farmers and fishermen, being ninth in descent from William Moody, a Puritan immigrant, from Ipswich, England, in 1634. He is forty-eight years of age, and, until recently, he was simply a rising lawyer and a successful district attorney. Like his predecessor, he is a Harvard graduate, and began his law studies under Richard Henry Dana, famed the world over by his Two Years Before the Mast. In 1895, elected to Congress to fill a vacancy, he has been re-elected each term since. Soon chosen to serve on the Appropriation Committee in that service, he has been notably active, having in connection, and also as a member of the Committee on Insular Affairs, special training in naval matters. Mr. Moody is a clear and scholarly speaker, and is well liked by his fellow congressmen. His appointment to a cabinet position seems to be accepted everywhere as a decidedly good one. The new secretary, though extremely sociable, is not a society man, and so far in life has remained unmarried. His home in Massachusetts is at Haverhill, and his father, Henry Moody, now long past the four-score mark, lives with him, lovingly cared for by the son beneath the same roof-tree.

A Merchant Prince In the deaths of such men as Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, and of the artist, Mr. Albert Bierstadt, which occurred

nearly at the same time, and also later, as may be added, of Mr. Henry G. Marquand, it may well be said, in the words of the Outlook, that in their decease "New York has lost representative citizens who were fine types of American character and achievement." "Mr. Tiffany," it continues, "who had attained the great age of ninety-one, was born in Connecticut, received his early education at a little country schoolhouse and later at a country academy, took charge of a country store in his fifteenth year, came to New York at twenty-five, and opened a bric-a-brac store on Broadway on a capital of one thousand dollars. In 1847 he moved into larger rooms at the corner of Chambers street, and made a specialty of diamonds, jewelry, watches, silverware, and bronzes. The growth of the great concern, now a corporation, which has on Union Square probably the most complete store of the kind in the world, is part of the financial history of New York. Mr. Tiffany was much more, however, than a merchant. From the very beginning he recognized the art side of his business; and for many years past the world has honored him by every form of public recognition. Few men have contributed more to the development of the art spirit in this city. Mr. Tiffany was the founder of the New York Society of Fine Arts, a trustee both of the Metropolitan Museum and of the American Museum of Natural History, a Fellow of the National Academy of Design, and a member of many other organizations which had kindred aims. He was a keen lover of nature, a botanist of considerable knowledge, had a deep interest in astronomy, and was a man who, in his personal and social relations, and in his conception of the craft in the handling of which he had developed a great business, deserved the old title of 'merchant prince.'"

John Peter Altgeld Now that he is dead, the more noteworthy facts in the life of this Illinois governor may, perhaps, be very briefly recounted without calling down fierce opprobrium upon the one venturing to note them. The incidents marking that life and the outworking of that career in this country are eminently worth considering. Moreover, the things the man stood for, and the grounds on which he stood for them, will very likely bear consideration better than not a few things said to his reproach and condemnation. A great multitude will so think, at all events, though some will not. John Peter Altgeld was brought from Germany a three months infant in December, 1847, and grew up on a farm near Mansfield, O. From the very outset rude conditions and hardship beset him, and he could only snatch at scant advantages of education, though he went to school when he could. At sixteen he enlisted in the Ohio militia, and got \$100 bounty as a substitute, \$90 of which he gave to his father for the loss of his labor. With the 164th regiment of the State he went to the front and served till Lee's surrender; some of the time being in hospital, though he refused to be furloughed. At home again, he, in 1866, had a winter's schooling in which he earned a teacher's certificate, and for a year or two thereafter taught school, studied, and worked as a farm hand. Then "under the burden of an unreturned love," he became for a while a tramp, did odd jobs, living nearly on nothing as he royed from place to place. But, pulling himself together, he began the study of law with a raging persistence, and was admitted to the bar in Missouri in 1869, and in 1874 was elected State's Attorney of Andrew county, but a year after he resigned and went to Chicago, where he became prominent enough by 1884 to make a run for Congress as a Democrat in a strong Republican district. He was defeated, but he had made his mark in politics, and in 1886 was elected judge of the Superior Court in Cook county, which position he held for five years. No criticism was ever passed upon his judicial record, but when he became governor of the State in 1892 his attitude on public questions was widely represented as demagogic. "It was, however," says the Springfield Republican, "that of a man of the people who could not forget the people, and with whom the first question was the real public good and not that of intrenched financial interests, or of political manœuverers and their henchmen." Upon Altgeld's character and life current opinion will continue sharply to vary, but time will eventually sift out the truth and make everything clear.

The death at the Park Avenue The Tombs Angel Hotel fire in New York of Mrs. Rebecca Foster, was one very peculiarly lamented. She was the widow of General John A. Foster, and her fifteen years' devotion to personal charity, especially among women prisoners, in the Tombs, or city prison, gave her the title she bore. Beginning her missionary work in connection with Calvary Episcopal Church, her sphere of beneficence soon exceeded those limits, and she became well known to all the judges, lawyers, and officials connected with criminal procedure in New York, and so highly regarded as at length to be made a probationary officer of the Court of Special Sessions. A woman of unusual personal attractiveness, she was unassuming, and moved about in the crowded and often repellant surroundings of criminals awaiting or undergoing trial, untouched by the hardening influences that necessarily affect those who have had to deal with those classes. By her very presence she shed forth around her the refinement and inspiration of a pure, unselfish, and sympathetic woman. So little did she seek publicity that she was not widely known in New York, except in circles which for some special reason came in contact with her work, and yet "her death," says the Outlook, "means a loss to the welfare of the city greater than it would suffer from the death of many a prominent official. Her love for humanity was so strong that the outcast and suffering criminal turned to her with confidence and an open heart; and her ability to read human character and to form the right estimate of the essential parts of the individual was so sound and unerring that the judges of the Criminal Court almost invariably followed her advice in their treatment of those cases of which she had made an investigation."

One of the few Americans to Dr. Horace Howard whom the English University of Cambridge has given the D. Litt. degree is Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the well-known Shakespearean scholar. Over thirty years ago the first volume of Furness's Variorum edition of Shakespeare was issued. "Dr. Furness's work," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "is noteworthy because, in addition to giving all the readings of the old edition, it records the text that was given the preference by the best modern scholars. His work has been so accurate that Dr. Rolfe, himself a careful student, declares that he could find no textual errors in Furness's collation of thousands of references. and he adds that the work of Furness 'will be reckoned the noblest contribution of the nineteenth century to the literature elucidating and illustrating Shakespeare's work."

Dr. Furness has received degrees from the leading universities of America and Europe, amongst them being the degree of Ph.D., conferred by the University of Halle, a branch of the German National University; the degrees Litt.D., from Columbia University, and LL.D., from Harvard. Dr. Furness resided abroad for two years, studying in the leading European cities, and upon his return, in 1856, he took up the study of law. Three years later he was admitted to the Philadelphia bar, but seems to have done little in the way of legal practise. His work on the Variorum edition covers a period of over thirty years.

A Great Hebraist and Bible Critic P.D., LL.D., D. Litt., occupied the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in New College, Edinburgh. Like many others eminent in the United Free Church—

as Walter C. Smith, Robertson Smith, Elmslie, Robertson Nicoll-Dr. Davidson was a native of the northeast corner of Scotland, the knuckle-end of Britain, being born in the parish of Ellon, Aberdeenshire. Since his recent death the world has been made to know the unbounded admiration and affection in which he has always been held by his students, past and present. Unaccountable this to outsiders, for to "the man in the street" Dr. Davidson was one of the least known of Scottish theological professors. He was ever modest and retiring to a degree, and though delightful and moving as a preacher, he was not in the ordinary sense popular, preaching seldom and in obscure churches. Nor was he popular as a teacher as the late Professors Bruce and Drummond were, or as Professor Dods, of the same church. "Yet," says the Sunday Magazine, "he was, without gainsaying, the most distinguished and influential scholar and teacher of the Free Church of Scotland for the past thirty years. And more, in his own department he holds a recognized pre-eminence, standing as the real pioneer and master of modern Old Testament scholarship in Great Britain. But in his Edinburgh classroom Dr. Davidson exercised his commanding influence and formed the memorials of his work. The late Professors Robertson Smith and Elmslie, and Professors Harper, of Sydney; George Adam Smith, of Glasgow; and Skinner, of Cambridge, were amongst the men whom he made. . . It was given to no single man to mold so largely the thought of his church, as hundreds of its manses can testify. The intelligent and often intense part the Free Church has taken in the controversies arising out of the higher criticism of the Old Testament has been mainly due to the impulse received in the Hebrew classroom of New College."

In Eugene F. Ware, of Kansas, Eugene F. Ware, the newly appointed commissioner of Kansas of pensions, the President seems to have made a popular choice. "Ironquill," as Mr. Ware is known in the world of journalism, through his service in the Federal army from '61 to '65, is much beloved by the veterans over whom, as pension commissioner, he will serve. He enlisted when a boy of nineteen in the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, as a private, but rose to the rank of captain through gallant conduct. After the war Mr. Ware studied law, and served his State in its Senate for six years. His political life ended with his race for Congress, in which he was beaten, it is said, through a lack of "wirepulling." Mr. Ware's fame as a poet rests on his Rhymes of Ironquill, published in 1885, and widely quoted in the newspapers of the day.

The World's Progress: Social, Industrial and Commercial

The Nature of a Security-Holding Company.... World's Work

The security-holding company, while it is a perfectly logical and natural outgrowth of existing conditions and tendencies, is also a creation of such a startling kind as to rise to the dignity of a new discovery in financial management. The credit of its first use belongs probably to the late C. P. Huntington. If he had no other claim to distinction the discovery, or the creation, of this device would entitled him to remembrance as a daring and constructive financial mind.

The device is simple, in theory at least. But the discussion provoked by the recent ruling of the Supreme Court and by the President's action has so covered up the real nature of it with politics and legal conjectures that it seems worth while to explain it in the simplest terms. It is one of those theoretically simple and powerful devices which in practise quickly become exceedingly complex. No other device so well illustrates the swiftly moving machinery of financial management.

Suppose A be a railway company of ten millions of dollars' stock and B be another company of the same capitalization. Their combined stock is twenty millions. Suppose an individual own fifty-one per cent. of each company's stock, his holdings must be ten and a fifth millions of the stock. In order to keep control of the two companies an individual must keep control of more than ten millions of stock.

But suppose a corporation be substituted for the individual. This corporation by owning fifty-one per cent, of the stock of these two companies would, of course, control them. But the controlling corporation may issue shares of its own, as an individual cannot; and the holders of . fifty-one per cent. of this corporation's stock will control it and consequently control the roads controlled by it. In other words, the holder of fiftyone per cent. of the company's stock can by this device control both railroads. Whereas, to control both these railroads an individual must own more than ten millions of their stock, a man or a group of men by holding only a little more than five millions of the security-holding company's stock may control them both. In other words a little more than five millions of dollars (counting all stock at par) can by this device exercise the same power that an individual could exercise with ten millions.

This supposed case is the theory, in its simplest form, and it shows the principle of the security-holding company. In practise the foregoing plain suppositions would seldom work out precisely as indicated. But it is possible that even a smaller proportion of capital might control both railways. Suppose, for instance, that the stock of the security-holding company did not represent railway stock share for share, but was watered. Then the organizers of the security-holding company might retain control of both railways by investing in or retaining an even smaller proportion of the par value of the railway stock than about one-fourth.

In other words, the security-holding company is a device of enormous possibilities of manipulation and concentration, with a chance of obtaining or of retaining the control of properties without actual physical consolidation of them and by the ownership of securities of very much less than the value of half the railway properties. Such are the possibilities of the device for securing or retaining control of properties.

Look at it now from the outside or minority investor's point of view. An investor of a million dollars at par in one of the railway's stocks would own one-tenth of that one railroad. An investor of a million in the security-holding company's stock would own no share of either railways, but only the equivalent of one-twentieth of both railways, if the security-holding company's stock represented, share for share, the stock of the railways; and he would own a smaller proportion if the security-holding company's stock were issued on a different basis. The security-holding company, therefore, is a device that appeals to controlling owners more strongly than to minority investors; and it requires a greater degree of confidence in its management to attract investment than an ordinary company requires. In fact, it is a piece of machinery that can be used to advantage only by strong men who control great properties and who inspire the greatest confidence. An investor who buys stocks in such an organization buys not any concrete property whatever, but he invests in the men who manage it.

As machinery for hastening the control of great properties by a small group of men, by a proportionately small investment, the simple device is a work of genius. The actual power that the credit and the confidence of strong men in the control of great properties gives them can, by means of it, be enormously increased. By extending the operation of a great security-holding company a very much smaller sum of money could conceivably control all the railways in the Union than would be required to own even a small part of them. Men who own a bare majority of the stock of a group of railways may relieve themselves of nearly half their investment and still retain control. It marks a new epoch in the possibilities of consolidation—rather of control without consolidation.

It is little wonder, then, that it came into being somewhat under suspicion and that it has encountered criticism and opposition, and provoked a succession of efforts to thwart its development. It will not be developed further till its legal status is more clearly determined; but there is little doubt that it is a device that has come to stay, whatever the decisions of the court may be.

But, like all other large organizations, security-holding companies will grow about strong personalities and great successful companies. They can have no safe and legitimate place in connection with companies that have not already proved to be permanent and sound; and in order to inspire public confidence they require even a stronger degree of confidence in their management than any other kind of financial organizations.

The Konieh-Bagdad Railroad......St. James Gazette

The new railway from Konieh on to Bagdad is certain to be built. A glance at the map of the near East, together with a little consideration of the drift of international policy, will convince any political student that the motives impelling the commercial and the political worlds alike insure such a consummation. Germany is bound to exact payment from the Sultan. There is only one possible way of securing compensation. Territory cannot be annexed. That is obvious. Russia's consequent demands would be simply enormous. France would instantly seize Syria. She cared nothing for Mytilene; but her heart is fixed on a more important appanage which Louis Napoleon renounced at the request of Palmerston when he wanted England as an ally. Everybody who understands the Eastern question knows that Russia is bound for Diarbekr. That is the strategic center of Greater Syria, as a simple view of the map instantly shows. It is doubtful whether any power or powers can ever hinder the descent to that point of the Slav legions from the Caucasus.

Now, the Konieh-Bagdad Railroad absolutely blocks any further serious aggressions beyond Diarbekr, the British highway to India. So much the better for Britain, as long as Germany chooses to be friendly. And as the cost of the line will be very great, if only on account of its immense length, and as, moreover, German capitalists do not for a moment contemplate paying anything like the total amount to be invested, English finance will ere long inevitably become tangled in the undertaking. The simple fact that the Turkish administration is guaranteeing part of the outlay is quite sufficient for any student of Oriental conditions. Anything more hollow than such a source of support could not be conceived. It is in such cases that England always comes in, and England always scores.

The country through which this great line is to run is one of the most interesting in the world, both on account of its historical antecedents and because of the romantic beauty of the districts between Konieh and Mosul. The railway will traverse the entire heart of Asia Minor, and it will open up the most ancient of the Bible lands, seeing that it will set the locomotive rolling all through the home countries of Abraham and his patriarchal predecessors. When the shriek of the steam engine echoes past Ur of the Chaldees, and along the banks of the Euphrates, and the train traverses wastes where Nebuchadnezzar's sway flourished, it may indeed be said that modern civilization has annexed the cradle of the world's earliest life.

The railway line will be carried over that gap which forms the pass between the Bulgar Dagh, the range running down to the coast near the town of Tarsus, and the Anti-Taurus range, that beautiful sierra which exactly bisects Asiatic Turkey, forming the boundary between Angora and Kurdistan. Then comes a lovely valley between Anti-Taurus and the Taurus range, in which the heights are of much greater altitude, though the length is much shorter. Nearly all the engineering difficulties of the line will be encountered in the 300 miles between Konieh and Marash, the city on the eastern side of the Taurus. It will be seen that the railway in its Anatolian section, for this space of 300 miles from Konieh, keeps to the south of the great central plateau of Asia Minor, which is in many parts barren, and thus the region traversed is one of the most fruitful in the world. The character of the vast tract beyond Anatolia, after the Taurus is crossed, is altogether different. For a considerable distance, however, the line will run through exceedingly fertile soil, until Mosul is reached, and until Birejik is passed. This town is the northernmost point in the grand Euphratean plain known today as El Jezireh, but still generally called among Western people by its ancient name of Mesopo-

By far the longest section of the line will be the Mesopotamian. This will measure not less than 700 miles, for it will follow the bank of the mighty The railway will forsake the Euphrates after crossing it at Birejik, and will cross Mesopotamia to the Tigris. The vast Mesopotamian plain is a singularly varied region. Big areas of spongy bog and swamp skirt the sides of the famous rivers, many of these being salt marshes, for bituminous tracts abound. Sometimes the caravans pass through many miles of tamarisk shrub. But here and there beautiful grassy plains are traversed, and there is abundant cultivation on the southern half of the plain, where the Tigris and Euphrates approach more nearly to each other. Bagdad stands in the midst of a grand oasis of palm groves and gardens.

The Tigris is here only thirty miles from the Euphrates. It is a far cry to Koweyt, which is undoubtedly the ultimate railway objective in the mind of the Kaiser, for the Persian Gulf is very nearly 600 miles from Bagdad by the river. It will be many years before Smyrna is connected by railway with Koweyt, but when the grand scheme is finished the railway through the whole length of Asiatic Turkey will measure 2,200 miles. By that time Turkey will be fully in pawn to the Powers, and international interests will have become so entangled that the Eastern question will be of even more importance than it is already. Those are the most mistaken people who fancy that this interminable problem of the near East is losing its interest. The tremendous eruption of that political volcano is only a question of time.

Wages and the Cost of Living Springfield Republican

Judge Simeon Baldwin's advice to workingmen, that they should not get married until they have at least \$100 ahead, that they should then adhere to a less expensive and more vegetarian dietary than is now common in this country, and that they should be less extravagant in furnishing their homes (mentioning lace curtains particularly as an example of needless but common expenditure)this counsel given to a Connecticut audience has not met with a very cordial response, even from the so-called "capitalistic" press. The attitude of the organs of prosperity is that the American workingman is now earning a luxurious livelihood and ought to enjoy it, along with heavy meat dinners and lace curtains. But when it is remembered that the average American workingman still receives hardly \$600 a year, his limits of luxurious indulgence cannot be described as very broad. He is still subjected to conditions compelling the most rigorous self-denial. Judge Baldwin simply recognizes a condition and considers how best the workingman can meet it.

There is much talk of the advance made in the last half-century in the average wage worker's command of an ample and comparatively luxurious living. Unquestionably there has been such an advance; yet it may be said with truth that what we may call the general standard of living has advanced far out of proportion to any increase in the ability of the wage earner to come up to it. A member of an old New York family wrote to the Times of that city some time ago, giving some interesting facts bearing upon this point. He instances an uncle who, in the first twenty-five years of his married life, earned never more than \$12 a week. But on that income he supported a family in perfect comfort. In the last years of the \$12 period the family consisted of ten persons, and they were able to live in an entire house and lead a refined and respectable life in the heart of the city. It would to-day, he says, take four times that income to support such a family in much less comfort His mother when a young woman could buy the material and pay for the making of a silk gown for church and visiting wear for \$18, whereas now a woman in the same social position would have to spend ten times as much to appear equally well dressed. This correspondent so well describes the change that has taken place, by way of accounting for the discontent which prevails in the presence of great material progress, that we cannot do better than use his language:

"In considering the question of the relative cost of living we must take into account the difference in customs and standards of living. We have now innumerable artificial wants, many of which, considering our surroundings, amount to necessities, from which our grandparents were happily free. The improvements and conveniences, also, of our modern life must be paid for. Many of the new wants are wholly artificial and unnecessary, and are the outgrowth of the ever-increasing luxury of the rich. This constitutes a standard of living which strongly influences the grade below, and that the next, and the next, until all to some extent are affected by the standards of the millionaire. This is one of the great evils and threatening dangers of our modern life."

Of conveniences and luxuries that have come to count as necessaries-here comes in the great change which so cramps the common man and eats away all that he has otherwise gained in the purchasing power of his wages, and more, too. He feels as though he should have a house—be it ever so small-which is heated by furnace, lighted

by gas and plumbed for hot and cold water, and he buys such a house at a price, say, equivalent to a rent of \$15 to \$18 a month. In the old days he could get a much larger and better house for much less money, and with more land for a garden. But the house then would be lighted by candles or whale oil lamps, and heated by stoves. Darkness and chill would prevail in all but the living rooms. He now has more light, more heat, water running into the house and not lugged_from a well, and like conveniences unknown in the earlier period. And he pays for them-not all in first costs, but much in the endless drain for repairs that formed a very small item in the cost of maintaining a house in the older time. Furnace repairs and renewals may be counted as offset by former stove repairs and renewals-cold-water pipes, hot-water pipes, gas pipes, faucets, jets, etc., all in need of repeated looking after, and one little break will often cost the house owner a day's wage to have mended. The old doorbell he could mend himself, but the electric doorbell, now found in very humble homes, must have an expert, with an expert's charges, to fix up. If he chooses to rent a house instead, the landlord will see that the rental covers all these costs.

So it goes all down through the modern family economy. The little conveniences that step by step enter into the life of the day are almost infinite in their ramifications of cost, and so it comes about that the wage which fifty years ago would establish a livelihood of a high degree of comfort and respectability compared with the best community standards, would to-day, notwithstanding its power to buy far more cloth or hardware, pinch severely the possessor who would live as "respectable people" do. The possessor of this average wage may now, by consenting to live in a few rooms of an old house lighted by oil lamps and heated by stove, and by eschewing lace curtains, which may, even in the cheapest cotton, be considered as giving a touch of beauty and refinement to the home but which are not only useless, but a positive injury in helping to shut out the sun-the possessor of this average wage, by this and otherwise rigidly cutting down the scope of his livelihood, can probably save by more against sickness and old age than could his grandfather. But he cannot do so and enter into the tide of the life of his time. And, accordingly, there exists, and will continue to exist in more and more acuteness, a popular discontent which the established social and economic system will have to reckon with most seriously. Judge Baldwin's counsel is wise and excellent as a conditional proposition, but it will not be accepted by the working classes as bearing upon an industrial and social finality.

An excellent instance of what can be accomplished when the Czar wills it is furnished by a Russian achievement on the east coast of Manchuria—a part of the world that a few years ago was almost unexplored, that was absolutely unknown to commerce, and that, so far as the Occidental peoples were aware, was of no particular value. On the east coast of the Liao-Tung Peninsula, exactly on the thirty-ninth degree of latitude, Russia has created a city which it is no exaggeration to say is more perfectly arranged and more suitably ordered for the purpose in view than any other city in the world.

It was on July 30, 1899, that the Czar's edict ordering the creation of a commercial seaport in this far-away region was promulgated. To-day the seaport exists, lines of steamships make it their terminus, it is a busy administrative center, and, according to the opinion of those best competent to judge, it is destined to be one of the

most prosperous ports of Asia.

When the great Trans-Siberian Railway was well under way the Czar's councilors began to realize that a Pacific coast terminus free from ice was an absolute necessity. Russia's own ports suffered from the disadvantage of being iceblocked for a large part of the year, and consequently it was necessary to go outside Siberia for the land desired. As to the clever diplomacy which secured from China the rights that Russia sought, it is unnecessary to say anything here. Russia obtained permission to build the Central Manchurian and Chinese Eastern Railways, and also secured land on the coast for the termini of those branches of the Siberian road. The next step, the ordering of the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway terminus, is best explained by the Emperor's edict, which was in part as follows:

To the Minister of Finance: Our Empire, which comprises immense territories in Europe and in Asia, has been summoned by Divine Providence to contribute toward the friendly intercourse of the people of the Occident with those of the Orient. In attaining this historical object, we have had the friendly co-operation of the Emperor of China, who has ceded to us the use of the Port of Talien-Wan and of Port Arthur, and has opened to us through his possessions an outlet for the great line of rail-way from Siberia to the Yellow Sea. Thanks to this wise decision of the Government of his Majesty the Bogdokhan, the extreme limits of the two continents of the Old World will soon be united by a continuous line of rails, which will secure to all nations the incalculable advantages of easy communication, and will bring new regions into the general development of trade.

In our constant solicitude for this undertaking of such general usefulness, we have carefully considered what a position of importance the starting point of this line, Talien-Wan, will occupy when the road has been constructed. As we declared at the time of its occupation that this port should be open to the commercial fleets of all nations, we have now decided to begin the erection near to it of a city, which we shall call Dalny.

The Russian word "Dalny" means "far away."

Each section has been planned to serve a special purpose. Everything has been segregated. In the commercial city a building to be used as an auction hall and exchange is in the center, and surrounding it are private banks, the Russo-Chinese Bank, a town club, a theater, the judges' office, a post and telegraph office, the police office, and the offices of the Town Council. Slightly to the east are the mayor's office, the quarters of the military employés, the mayor's residence, and the boys' and girls' museums. Still further east are the private residences for Europeans.

To the northwest is the administration town, which contains the railroad shops for making cars, etc., railway repair shops, steamship construction and repair shops, port, steamship, and railway headquarters, residences of mechanics and general employés, and a Russian church.

Some distance away, to the southwest of the commercial quarters, is the Chinese native city, and it is worthy of notice that the market hall has been placed about midway between the European and Chinese cities, so as to be easily accessible from both.

It is, however, not in the city itself, but in the work on the water front, that the remarkable nature of the Russian undertaking is most apparent. It may be mentioned that Talien-Wan Bay is one of the finest natural harbors of the Pacific. It is entirely free from ice, and ships drawing thirty feet can enter at low tide without any difficulty and even without the aid of a pilot. They will steam or sail up to immense docks or piers, well protected by breakwaters, where their cargoes can be loaded directly onto cars that will run direct to St. Petersburg, over 6,000 miles away. Henry B. Miller, the United States Consul at Niu-Chwang, who has provided, in a report to the State Department, most of the data from which this article is taken, says that the deep water area of the bay is sufficient to accommodate all the shipping of China.

Mr. Miller sends a number of photographs of Dalny showing the city to be most picturesque and of typical Russian architecture. At just what time the city, so far as the Russian government is concerned, will be complete is not stated, but as auction sales of land are to begin on April 1 it is to be supposed that everything will, before long, be in working order.

Two of the five large piers were completed last year. These piers are constructed of blocks of stone and cement weighing from twenty to fifty tons. The piers vary in width from sixty to several hundred feet, and in length from a quarter to half a mile. Each pier is to be supplied with numerous railroad tracks, immense warehouses and elevators, gas, electric light, and water. A large breakwater is being constructed across the pier harbors, so that ships can lie at the piers and load and unload regardless of what the weather may be.

The docks for the foreign vessels will be between these piers and along the shore for two miles. Docks, piers, and anchorages for Chinese craft are to be constructed in another part of the bay opposite the native city.

Two splendid drydocks are also being constructed at Dalny. One of them will be large enough for any vessel (either of commerce or war) afloat. The other will be suitable for ordinary ocean steamers.

The Russian officials who designed Dalny seem to have left absolutely nothing that can insure the prosperity, beauty, and agreeableness of the city unprovided for. They have even arranged for a large section for greenhouses and gardens, for the growing of flowers, shrubs, and trees for parks, lawns, and streets. A competent horticulturist is in charge of this department, and he already has many acres under cultivation. Electric lights are now in operation, and a complete system of electric street cars is in course of construction. The water, light, and street car services are not to be controlled by the Town Council, which, otherwise, will manage the city.

The fine sea beach about three miles to the southeast of the foreign settlement is not to be wasted. A summer resort there is planned, and already an excellent highway is being constructed to connect the beach with the town.

Russia intends to spend slightly over \$18,000,-000 on the new city. It must be remembered that this amount means vastly more in far-away Manchuria, where the coolies work for a few cents a day, than it would mean here. Last October there were 23,000 men at work on the construction of the port and town, and at that time the total population of Dalny was about 50,000. It is intended that the city shall be free to all nations, and the enlightened policy which has governed its design is also to be applied to its government. The ratepayers will elect the Town Council, and the only stipulations in regard to the nationality of the members are that two of them must be Russian subjects, and that not more than two of them can be Chinese or Japanese.

A Home-Coming and a Departure

By Ellen Glasgow

The following incident is chosen from Miss Ellen Glasgow's novel* of life in Virginia preceding and during the Civil War. The hero, Dan, has gotten into a youthful escapade, has fought a duel, been incarcerated in jail, and suspended from college. He returns home to make his peace with his grandfather, the man who has more than a paternal affection for him. The heroine, Betty, is a girl with whom he has grown up and played all his life, and with whose sister, Virginia, he has sometimes fancied himself in love. The first real knowledge of his love for Betty and Betty's love for him comes in the episode which follows:

The major sat down at his writing table and spread his papers out before him. Then he raised the wick of his lamp, and, with his pen in his hand, resolutely set himself to his task. When Cupid came in with the decanter of Burgundy, he filled a glass and held it absently against the light, but he did not drink it, and in a moment he put it down with so tremulous a hand that the wine spilled upon the floor.

"I've a touch of the gout, Cupid," he said, testily. "A touch of the gout that's been hang-

ing over me for a month or more."

"Huccome you ain't fit hit, Ole Marster?"

"Oh, I've been fighting it tooth and nail," answered the old gentleman, "but there are some things that always get the better of you in the end, Cupid, and the gout's one of them."

"En rheumaticks hit's anuur," added Cupid

rubbing his knee.

He rolled a fresh log upon the andirons and went out, while the major returned, frowning, to his work.

He was still at his writing table, when he heard the sound of a horse trotting in the drive, and an instant afterward the quick fall of the old brass knocker. The flush deepened in his face, and with a look at once angry and appealing, he half rose from his chair. As he waited, the outside bars were drawn, there followed a few short steps across the hall, and Dan came into the library.

"I suppose you know what's brought me back, grandpa?" he said quietly as he entered.

The major started up and then sat down again.
"I do know, sir, and I wish to God I didn't,"

he replied, choking in his anger.

Dan stood where he had halted upon his entrance, and looked at him with eyes in which there was still a defiant humor. His face was pale and his hair hung in black streaks across his forehead. The white dust of the turnpike had settled upon his clothes, and as he moved it floated in a little cloud about him.

"I reckon you think it's a pretty bad thing, eh?" he questioned coolly, though his hands

trembled.

The major's eye flashed ominously from beneath his heavy brows.

"Pretty bad?" he repeated, taking a long

breath.

"If you want to know what I think about it, sir, I think that it's a damnable disgrace. Pretty bad!—By God, sir, do you call having a gaol-bird for a grandson pretty bad?"

"Stop, sir!" called Dan, sharply. He had steadied himself to withstand the shock of the major's temper, but, in the dash of his youthful folly, he had forgotten to reckon with his own.

"For heaven's sake, let's talk about it calmly,"

he added irritably.

"I am perfectly calm, sir!" thundered the major, rising to his feet. The terrible flush went in a wave to his forehead, and he put up one quivering hand to loosen his high stock. "I tell you calmly that you've done a damnable thing; that you've brought disgrace upon the name of Lightfoot."

"It is not my name," replied Dan, lifting his

head. "My name is Montjoy, sir."

"And it's a name to hang a dog for," retorted the major.

As they faced each other with the same flash of temper kindling in both faces, the likeness between them grew suddenly more striking. It was as if the spirit of the old man had risen in a finer and younger shape, from the air before him.

"At all events it is not yours," said Dan, hotly. Then he came nearer, and the anger died out of his eyes. "Don't let's quarrel, grandpa," he pleaded. "I've gotten into a mess, and I'm sorry for it—on my word I am."

"So you've come whining to me to get you out," returned the major, shaking as if he had

gone suddenly palsied.

Dan drew back, and his hand fell to his side.
"So help me God, I'll never whine to you

again," he answered.

"Do you know what you have done, sir?" demanded the major. "You have broken your grandmother's heart and mine and made us wish

^{*}The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. Double-day, Page & Co., New York: \$1.50.

that we had left you by the roadside when you came crawling to our door. And, on my oath, if I had known that the day would ever come when you would try to murder a Virginia gentleman for the sake of a bar room hussy, I would have left you there, sir."

"Stop!" said Dan again, looking at the old

man with his mother's eyes.

"You have broken your grandmother's heart and mine," repeated the major, in a trembling voice, "and I pray to God that you may not break Virginia Ambler's—poor girl, poor girl!"

"Virginia Ambler!" said Dan, slowly. "Why, there was nothing between us, nothing, nothing.

"And you dare to tell me this to my face, sir?"

cried the major.

"Dare! of course I dare," returned Dan, defiantly. "If there was ever anything at all it was upon my side only-and a mere trifling fancy."

The old gentleman brought his hand down upon his table with a blow that sent the papers fluttering to the floor. "Trifling!" he roared. "Would you trifle with a lady from your own State, sir?"

"I was never in love with her," exclaimed Dan,

angrily.

"Not in love with her? What business have you not to be in love with her?" retorted the major, tossing back his long white hair. "I have given her to understand that you are in love with her, sir."

The blood rushed to Dan's head, and he stumbled over an ottoman as he turned away.

"Then I call it unwarrantable interference," he said brutally, and went toward the door. There the major's flashing eyes held him back an instant.

"It was when I believed you to be worthy of her," went on the old man, relentlessly, "whenfool that I was—I dared to hope that the dirty blood could be made clean again; that Jack Montjoy's son could be a gentleman."

For a moment only Dan stood motionless and looked at him from the threshold. Then, without speaking, he crossed the hall, took down his hat, and unbarred the outer door. It slammed after him, and he went out into the night.

A keen wind was still blowing, and as he descended the steps he felt it lifting the dampened hair from his forehead. With a breath of relief he stood bareheaded in the drive and raised his face to the cool elm leaves that drifted slowly down. After the heated atmosphere of the library there was something pleasant in the mere absence of light and in the soft rustling of the branches overhead. The humor of his blood went suddenly quiet, as if he had jumped headlong into cold water...

While he stood there motionless his thoughts were suspended, and his senses, gaining a brief mastery, became almost feverishly alert; he felt the night wind in his face, he heard the ceaseless stirring of the leaves, and he saw the sparkle of the gravel in the yellow shine that streamed from the library widows. But with his first step, his first movement, there came a swift recoil of his anger, and he told himself with a touch of youthful rhetoric, "that, come what would, he was going to the devil-and going speedily."

He had reached the gate and his hand was upon the latch, when he heard the house door open and shut behind him and his name called softly from

the steps.

He turned impulsively and stood waiting, while Betty came quickly through the lamplight that fell in squares upon the drive.

"Oh, come back, Dan, come back," she said

breathlessly.

With his hand still on the gate he faced her, frowning.

"I'd die first, Betty," he answered.

She came swiftly up to him and stood, very pale, in the faint starlight that shone between the broken clouds. A knitted shawl was over her shoulders, but her head was bare and her hair made a glow around her face. Her eyes entreated him before she spoke.

"Oh, Dan, come back," she pleaded. He laughed angrily and shook his head.

"I'll die first, Betty," he repeated. "Die! I'd die a hundred times first!"

"He is so old," she said appealingly. "It is not as if he were young and quite himself, Dan-Oh, it is not like that—but he loves you, and he is so old."

"Don't, Betty," he broke in quickly, and added bitterly, " are you, too, against me?"

"I am for the best in you," she answered

quietly, and turned away from him.

"The best!" he snapped his fingers impatiently. "Are you for the shot at Maupin? the night I spent in gaol? or the beggar I am now? There's an equal choice, I reckon."

She looked gravely up at him.

"I am for the boy I've always known," she replied, "and for the man who was here two weeks ago-and-yes, I am for the man who stands here now. What does it matter, Dan? What does it matter?"

"Oh, Betty!" he cried, breathlessly, and hid his face in his hands.

"And most of all, I am for the man you are going to be," she went on slowly, " for the great man who is growing up. Dan, come back!'

His hands fell from his eyes. "I'll not do that

even for you, Betty," he answered, "and, God knows, there's little else I wouldn't do for you—there's nothing else."

"What will you do for yourself, Dan?"

"For myself?" his anger leaped out again, and he steadied himself against the gate. "For myself I'll go as far as I can from this damned place. I wish to God I'd fallen in the road before I came here. I'll live on no man's charity, so help me God. Am I a dog to be kicked out and to go whining back when the door opens? Go—I'll go to the devil, and be glad of it!" For a moment Betty did not answer. Her hands were clasped on her bosom, and her eyes were dark and bright in the pallor of her face. As he looked at her the rage died out of his voice, and it quivered with a deeper feeling.

"My dear, my dearest, are you, too, against

me?" he asked.

She met his gaze without flinching, but the bright color swept suddenly to her cheeks and and dyed them crimson.

"Then if you will go, take me with you," she

said

He fell back as if a star had dropped at his feet. For a breathless instant she saw only his eyes, and they drew her step by step. Then he opened his arms and she went straight into them.

"Betty, Betty," he said in a whisper, and kissed

her lips.

She put her hands upon his shoulders, and

stood with his arms around her, looking up into his face.

"Take me with you—oh, take me with you," she entreated. "I can't be left. Take me with you."

"And you love me—Betty, do you love me?"

"I have loved you all my life—all my life," she answered; "how can I begin to unlove you now—now when it is too late? Do you think I am any the less yours if you throw me away? If you break my heart can I help its still loving you?"

"Betty, Betty," he said again, and his voice

quivered.

"Take me with you," she repeated passionately, saying it over and over again with her lips upon his arm.

He stooped and kissed her almost roughly, and then put her gently away from him.

"It is the way my mother went," he said, "and, God help me, I am my father's son. I am afraid—afraid—do you know what that means?"

"But I am not afraid," answered the girl steadily. He shivered and turned away; then he came back and knelt down to kiss her skirt. "No, I can't take you with me," he went on rapidly, "but if I live to be a man I shall come back—I will come back—and you——"

"And I am waiting," she replied.

He opened the gate and passed out into the road.

"I will come back, beloved!" he said again, and went on into the darkness.

Cecil Rhodes: The Life and Character of the South African Colossus

The death of Cecil Rhodes has turned out to be of very special interest to the people of the United States, owing to the provision of his will by which Americans become the chief beneficiaries under his great educational scheme. His will itself was a voluminous document bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to establish a vast number of scholarships, two of which, valued at \$1,500 each, are to go annually to two students from each State and Territory of the United States. All these scholarships are for education at Oxford. Their purpose being, as Mr. Rhodes explained in his will, as follows:

I desire to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which, I implicitly believe, will result from a union of the English-

speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage in the students from the United States who will benefit by these scholarships an attachment to the country from which they have sprung; but without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth.

Cecil Rhodes was not an American, but believed in American institutions. Once when the home rule agitation was going on in England he exclaimed rather impatiently:

Why don't they go and read the Constitution of the United States instead of speculating on this and doubting about that? There is no speculation or doubt about it. Home rule is not an experiment. It has been worked out and solved in the United States for more than a hundred years.

Another time, commenting on the villification that was being poured into the English papers on South African ambitions and on him personally, he said:

That is the sort of talk that led to Bunker Hill. I am loyal. The Cape is loyal. But continued injustice and misrepresentation will alienate the most loyal. If England interferes with us—well, the United States of South Africa is not an ill-sounding name.

This federated South Africa was a dream of his. He stood for the right of the governed to a voice in the government, yet he was a British citizen to the core, and his career was a constant exemplification of his patriotic attachment to the empire. This being the case, there seems to be something inscrutable in his lavish gifts to Americans. The people of the United States have their Carnegies and their Stanfords-colleges and men in plenty to see that American students shall not suffer for want of educational facilities. gifts which Rhodes makes to the United States are nevertheless more lavish than those to the English colonies. One is at a loss for a satisfactory explanation of this phase of his generosity. It has been suggested that his aim in this may have been in a measure to broaden the ideas of the students of Oxford by association with the best types of American manhood. Such an indirect scheme of benevolence to Great Britain would not have been unlike him. His biographer, Howard Hensman, frankly declares that "Rhodes is a bundle of inconsistencies, and we no sooner feel that at length we have estimated his character correctly and fathomed all its depths, than he does something which upsets the whole of our calculations." That Americans should be among his principal heirs was a fitting surprise with which to end his career.

Cecil Rhodes was a peculiar product of the present times. Starting as a penniless lad, he died before his fiftieth year, the possessor of a fortune of many millions, and recognized as one of the notable characters and forces of the day among contemporary Englishmen. We shall endeavor to give in what follows some account of his life and characteristics from the literature of the day. His biographer, Howard Hensman, has just brought out, through the Harpers, a study of his career to which readers may be referred for detailed accounts of his political life and for a complete version of his part in the Jameson raid, which was the one colossal blunder of his life.

RHODES' LIFE

A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser gives this general account of his life:

Cecil John Rhodes, born in Herefordshire, England, July 5, 1853, the fourth son of a country parson, was the great originator and apostle of

the modern imperialistic idea. His friends called him the greatest empire builder since Napoleon, and said he had the face of a Cæsar and the ambition of a Loyola. His enemies the world over carried their hate of him to corresponding extremes, charging him with the worst sort of unscrupulousness and dishonesty in everything he attempted. He was one of the best loved, most hated, and best known English laymen of the last century.

He went to South Africa first in 1871. He had caught cold rowing in England, and the cold developed into lung disease. He went to South Africa, the doctors said, to die. He joined his brother Herbert, who had a cotton plantation in Natal. The disease disappeared. Then diamonds were struck at Kimberly, and Rhodes stamped there. His claims made good. Sitting at a table sorting diamonds, driving black Kaffirs to work, this tall English lad with a down-drawn nose, a mouth pulled down at the corners, began to dream. He had the constructive imagination, and he saw in his mind the continent he was on red on the map—British. He would realize that dream.

To carry out his plan he needed money. The first of it came from an ice-making machine that ground big profits from the thirsty diggers. Then mine pumping and other speculations. His claims paid, he began buying out his neighbors. He grew rich. He formed a partnership with a man named C. D. Rudd. He had his start in life, and returned yearly for a while to England, during the southern winters, and got a degree from Oxford.

In the late '70's competition among the diamond diggers was so keen that the price of diamonds fell, and no one was making money. Rhodes saw that the only remedy for this was in combination. He went to England, and the Rothschilds listened to his schemes. The De Beers company was formed, with Rhodes its president.

THE COUNT AGAINST HIM

Following this Rhodes entered politics, becoming premier of Cape Colony; in his business ventures he forced consolidation on his competitors, and in general so played his cards that he became virtually the master mind in the development of the Kimberley diamond district and of the Rand gold region. Politically he stood for equal rights for all white men, and was supported by the Outlanders, but was an enemy of Kruger, who kept up a running fight against him until the Jameson raid ended Rhodes' political usefulness. There are serious differences of opinion as to his disinterestedness during this period. The New York Evening Post, which can be depended upon to voice the sentiment of pessimists, describes this part of his life as follows:

His distinction is that of a man who got rich through acquiring a diamond mine by methods quite familiar in our own financial world, and described as "cornering," "freezing out," "getting the cinch," and by other expressive epithets. Having secured the continuance of his prosperity by developing a system of slave labor, he conceived the ambitious design of exploiting the continent

of Africa, for which undertaking he naturally thought the assistance of the British government would be indispensable. As Sir William Harcourt said of his schemes, "All he asks us to do is to give up free trade and restore slavery. So far, he has got only half what he asked, but he may yet have the whole." In order to attain his purpose, he projected a telegraph line and a railway "from the Cape to Cairo," obtained title to the vast desert known by his name, and instigated the notorious Jameson raid. His "chartered company" has been a failure, and his attack on the Transvaal republic has cost his country a thousand millions of dollars, untold number of lives, and the regard of England's truest friends. She has incurred the enmity of Europe and the undying hatred of the Dutch people of South Africa. These are very considerable achievements, but it does not yet appear that they will win Mr. Rhodes the gratitude of posterity.

This opinion is not a universal one, but that others shared it may be seen from the following

paragraph from the London Star:

It is easy to say nothing but good of the dead; it is hard to say what is true. In our judgment, it is necessary to protest against the insincere eulogies which hold up Cecil Rhodes as the patron saint of imperialism. It is necessary to warn this nation that money is not everything, that territory is not everything, that the lust of dominion is not everything. Better than these things are justice, and mercy, and truth, and the duty of loving our neighbors as ourselves. Mr. Rhodes believed that he could "square" anybody with a cheque. He used his money with an unscrupulousness which has no parallel in recent English history. He and his coadjutors not only controlled the South African cables but the South African news markets: by thus controlling the news sources they kept a firm grip on the great English journals which are burning their incense to-day. By this means they debauched public opinion, and forced on a duped nation a war which would never have been provoked if they had not provoked it. Public crimes of this magnitude do not permit of post mortem extenuation. They call for stern rebuke. Against Mr. Rhodes as a man we say no unkindly word. He had his virtues, one of which was his freedom from religious cant. Although he gave both land and money to the Methodists and other denominations, he gave it and received results. He paid for political support and got it. Doubtless his personal magnetism endeared him to his friends, but as a political and social force he was a curse to his country. He was a man candidly without conscience, a materialist who openly glorified in his materialism, and a terrible example of the social peril which is involved by the possession of power without morality.

COMPARISONS

In general, opinions have been far more favorable than these, some of the English journals praising the magnificence of his services to England. The Daily Chronicle speaks of him as the successor of Clive and Hastings. The New York Outlook finds the resemblance to Drake and Raleigh more striking:

Cecil Rhodes was a man of the sixteenth century, living in and working in the nineteenth

century; a man who embodied again the energy, the vitality, the audacity, the patriotic purpose, the unscrupulousness of Drake and Raleigh, and whose work was done in a part of the world that was in the same stage of development as that through which the New World was passing in the time of Drake and Raleigh. Their virtues are his virtues, their faults are his faults; but, unlike Drake and Raleigh, Cecil Rhodes had been bred in the standards of the nineteenth century and was judged by those standards. A sixteenth century man, Cecil Rhodes must conform to nineteenth century standards. By those standards he had great and serious failings. He is not to be accepted as one of the high types of the men of his period; his example is not to be held up as a model for the young men of our time; but it is idle to deny the great qualities which he possessed, or to ignore the great work which he did and which is likely to remain as his monument. He was an idealist, although his ideals were not of the highest; he was a dreamer in spite of his immense practical activities; he had great aims, though he was not choice in his use of means to secure them.

The New York Journal of Commerce draws an interesting parallel between him and Kruger, his lifelong enemy.

Mr. Rhodes' methods were not worse, and probably they were better, than those of most adventurous spirits who have extended the limits of civilization. They were certainly not worse than the means by which Kruger attempted to establish Dutch power northwest and southeast. Kruger's purposes were less favorable than Rhodes' to the general welfare, for he planned barriers to trade and settlement as a means of sustaining his policy of political isolation. Mrs. Schreiner has accused Rhodes and his chartered company of every imaginable cruelty to the blacks. But, on the whole, the English treatment of the blacks has been better than that of the Dutch. Rhodes made all his territorial acquisition under color of concessions from native kings; there is plenty of testimony to rebut that of Mrs. Schreiner. Rhodes certainly tried to keep liquor from the blacks, and prohibited flogging them in the territory of the chartered company. He generally had the blacks on his side against the Dutch, and he settled the Matabele insurrection in 1897 by going unarmed among them and inducing them to leave the "warpath." His personal influence over white men was Napoleonic, if nothing else about him were, and he seems to have had nearly equal facility in influencing the blacks. Mr. Rhodes accomplished great things in extending British power in Africa, and proved a serious obstacle to German aggression in that part of the world.

THE JAMESON RAID

The turning point in his career was in the Jameson raid. This was aided and abetted, if not inspired by Rhodes. The London correspondent of the Tribune writes:

Mr. Rhodes' faith in the efficiency of money was without doubt the secret of the colossal blunder of his career—the Jameson raid. It has never been authoritatively explained whether that disastrous movement originated in Cape Town, Johannesburg, or Mafeking. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who knew as much

about it as any one, has said, "Perhaps it germinated when Dr. Jameson read the life of Clive! Probably it was the result of discussion, and no one man's idea. At any rate, arms and ammunition were purchased and arrangements were made by which they should be smuggled into the country concealed in machinery or gold mining appliances." This movement, however, whatever was it origin, would never have been undertaken without Mr. Rhodes' knowledge and consent.

Earl Grey, a warm personal friend, gives this explanation of Rhodes' part in the raid:

Rhodes, in the first place, was premier of Cape Colony. He knew that Kruger would fight to the death any federation of South Africa under our flag. He knew that South Africa must either come under the Dutch flag or the British, or else suffer the alternative of the "national" system, or, rather, the chaos you see in South America to-day. If the Transvaal, arming to the teeth, continued this condition of preparation, then also every man in our colony of Natal must similarly arm.

Then, again, Rhodes had great financial interests in the Transvaal; these gave him the moral right to effect a revolution if he could. Here was a socalled republic refusing to a majority of its community the franchise, while levying taxes at the rate of \$90 per capita per annum, and turning two-thirds of this misbegotten revenue into munitions of war. Kruger aimed at arming all the Dutch in South Africa with the gold he levied from the Rand I don't want to discuss the ethics of our war or the causes of the war, but I do want to make it clear that my friend hoped by an effective coup d'état to destroy Krugerism at a blow, and secure for the Transvaal the same political conditions, namely, equal rights for all white men, as obtain in Cape Colony and Natal. He failed; the raid failed; Dr. Jameson "upset my apple cart," as Rhodes phrased it, and the abortive raid presented Rhodes to all mankind in a false light.

PERSONALITY

As to his personality the following paragraphs from Hensman's biography will give our readers a picture of the man:

The keynote of Rhodes' whole life is unconventionality, and unconventionality, it must be confessed, he carries at times to extreme limits. In illustration of his original methods of conducting business, it may be mentioned that a great part of his work is transacted in all sorts of out-of-theway places. He has been seen standing in the streets of Kimberley tranquilly writing cheques with as much disregard for his surroundings as though he were in the privacy of his own office.

In his dress and person Mr. Rhodes is simple to a fault; outward show is nothing at all to him. This is well illustrated by his visit to the Cannon Street Hotel in London, in May, 1898, to address the shareholders of the British South Africa Company on the result of his negotiations with the British government and the German Emperor concerning the construction of the Cape to Cairo railway and the transcontinental telegraph wire. The courtyard of the hotel was filled with an interesting crowd, waiting to see Rhodes arrive. Many carriages drawn by high-stepping horses rolled in, and as each of these drew up at the entrance to the hotel the spectators pressed eagerly

forward to see if Rhodes was the occupant; but on each occasion they were disappointed. At length, when the crowd was growing almost tired of waiting, a ramshackle old "four-wheeler," pulled by a horse that was, like its driver, obviously "in the sere and yellow leaf," entered the courtyard and made its way to the door of the hotel almost without notice. Before those on the watch could realize what was going forward, Rhodes and one of his private secretaries quickly alighted, and entered the hotel almost unnoticed. The crowd had be a proposed that a millionaire would ride about London in a broken-down "growler."

Mr. Rhodes' principal, and, indeed, almost his only, form of outdoor recreation at the present day is riding. From his youth he has been accustomed to rise early in the morning and set off for a long ride before the sun has had time to take the edge off the keen air. Nearly every morning about six o'clock, when he is residing at Groot Schnur, he goes for a gallop over the slopes of the mountain. These rides are usually taken alone. Sometimes an intimate friend may be invited to join him, but this is of rare occurence. Riding by himself over the deserted slopes of Table Mountain, and with that stupendous work of nature frowning down upon him, Rhodes is able to commune with himself in peace, and many projects have been worked out and solutions found for many difficulties during these morning rides, from which he returns refreshed alike in mind and body. When Rhodes is in London he is to be seen early every morning cantering along the Row.

With regard to his indoor recreations, his great hobby is reading, in which his taste is very catholic. His favorite subject is history, especially the history of his own country. He is a great admirer of Froude and Carlyle, and is credited with knowing Gibbon almost by heart. Biography is also another favorite subject, and reference has been made already to his delight in classical story. In fiction, his favorite book is Vanity Fair, which he enjoys more than any other book he has ever read. With regard to his fondness for reading, he has often lamented that the vast amount of work he has to get through daily prevents him from devoting more time to his books.

Apropos of this, there is a story related of him to the effect that, just after the trial at the bar of Dr. Jameson and his companions, and when Rhodes was being attacked on all sides, both in South Africa and in London, a friend said to him, more in a joke than in earnest, "Suppose the imperial government decided to send you to prison along with Jameson, Rhodes, how will you like that?" Rhodes turned the matter over in his mind for a moment in that curiously grave manner in which he approaches even the most trivial subjects, and then said: "Well, I suppose I should get along all right. There are a lot of books I have been wanting to read for many years now, without having an opportunity of doing so. I should go in for a course of reading; I suppose," he went on meditatively, "they would allow me to have books in prison." This story incidentally illustrates the philosophical temperament which Rhodes brings to bear upon the events of his life, and his steadiest determination to look ever on the bright side of things. As a noted figure in London society once remarked, "Cecil Rhodes is the high priest of optimism."

Aunt Nag's Duck

By Sarah P. McL. Greene

This little sketch is from Miss Sarah P. McL. Greene's Flood Tide,* lately brought out by Harper & Brothers. It can be recommended in the highest term as a character study of life in a Maine coast town. A delightful appreciation of humor runs through the book, and we might have selected a half dozen other sketches as perfect as this one. As to the dramatis personæ, Dinsmore is Dorna's son, and Grandpa, or Captain Gleeson, a sort of village oracle, and a member of the same family.

"Ef it had been anybody but Aunt Nag's duck," said Dorna, "I could stand up in the middle o' the situation and face it square to the front; but you all know what makin' settlements with Aunt Nag is."

"What was ye a-doin' of, Dinsmore?" said a voice anxious to hear the remarkable incident repeated.

"I was down by the cove lettin' ding at the ducks, an' this one par'lyzed."

"What was you a lettin' ding with?"

" Rocks."

"Wal," said the listener, mildly, "mebby if you was a-lettin' ding with rocks jest the time Aunt Nag's duck par'lyzed, then mebby, old as she was, Aunt Nag's duck didn't keel over an' par'lyze jest that minute out of old age."

"Dinsmore has not denied," said Dorna, putting her arm around her son—her stanch attitude since the accident—"but what the duck was tunked. But what did he do? Did he run off and never say nothin', in which case nothin' would ever been known? No! He come a-draggin' of the carkiss home to me, a-cryin' louder'n ever Rachel or Rahab pitched their voices at.

"So I fostered him with my arm, same as I'm a-fosterin' of him now, and ever shall do, and together we took the carkiss over to Aunt Nag's an' never flinched, but held it up full len'th afore her very eyes. 'Dinsmore was down to the cove lettin' ding at my ducks,' says I, 'an' the rock slippened an' tunked your duck. But ef you'll come over an' selec' ary duck you wish, be he duck or drake, out er my flock, it's yourn. Or I'll pay you here an' now the reg'lar price o' a duck, which has been twenty-five cents, old or young, big or small, dead or livin', sence time was,' says I."

"What did she say?"

"She said money hadn't no attractions to her

alongside o' her duck, an' ter take the remains back home with us—it was a case for a co't."

"How we goin' to have a court here to the Bar?"

"I don' know," said Dorna, sadly; "my only regrets is that I hadn't 'a' hove it in her face."

Though she spoke thus boldly, Dorna was desperately worn with her travails over the dead duck; and still desiring to face all emergencies rather than to fly from them, yet the intimation of a court, as an unknown quantity, mysteriously oppressed her. She held the lifeless form in question suspended by the legs; its head, trailed over much territory by this time, still maintained a general expression of indifference to earthly vicus-situdes and of absolute content at its release therefrom.

"Aunt Nag says her father was a jedge, and in case where any objec's been tunked, the body haves to be kep' by the crim'nal till the co't assembles. I'm go'n' to find out ef that's so, and, ef it is, the's go'n' to be a co't here to the Bar inside o' two hours. Dinsmore and me has hauled this old carkiss everywheres we been sence the accident, and I'd rather face my verdict than take out any furder contract on the job."

Dorna shifted the duck to her other aching

hand and sighed.

"Ef we drop it down a minute the coon gets at it, an' ef we shet it up the mice is possessed. Every neighbor's house I been to I have to go luggin' this carkiss, an' when Mis' Beam's rusticator came in this mornin' I had ter meet her at the door an' set down in the parlor with her a-hangin' on to this old rut o' feathers as ef it was a clover bunch! But time's up, jedge or no jedge, an' somethin's go'n' to be done."

"Woman," said Grandpa Gleeson, from the edge of the group, "where's your suttility? Aunt Nag was mistakened. I be'n jestice o' the peace over this deestrict thirty year, an' know all the

rules o' cappit mortar.'

"Wal', Pa Gleeson, here's the duck, and the finer the mortar you make out of 'er the better I'll be pleased."

The old man gave a compassionating laugh.

"Afore you can go off free, woman, an' legality be satisfied, we here assembled shall have to set over the body."

"I've done everything 'ith this old duck except set on er," said Dorna, almost in a tearful tone;

^{*}Flood Tide. By Sarah P. McL. Greene. Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Bros.

"ef that's required, I can do it, though my in'ard feelin's to'ds this old carkiss is to let it go in peace."

"To set, woman, as a cor'ner's jury."

"Ef I'd know all it needed was cornin'," continued the vicarious culprit, earnestly, "I could 'a' done that long ago, an' welcome."

"Let the women now keep silence!" exclaimed Grandpa Gleeson, wisdom glittering so severely from his eye that we there present fled metaphorically to the arms of this sage of jurisprudence.

"Dinsmore Gleeson, as the pris'ner afore the bar, I summons you to hold up the defunk in full view o' the co't."

"Ef you mean the duck by that sickenin' name," said Dorna, "the' ain't a soul here but what's pawed it all over a'ready, and knows it's Aunt Nag's old duck 't lost an eye two years ago by comin' in shore under Flat Rock an' gettin' into a fight with Tim's coon. Furdermore, Dinsmore Gleeson ain't nothin' to do with the duck, dead or alive. The whole responsibility o' killin' the duck lies on me, an' here I stand forever upholdin' and confessin' to the same."

"Sho! Dorny," said the jedge, "ye hadn't no more to do with the demittance o' that duck 'n I had. Now be keerful—be keerful—or I shall have

to commit ye for contemp'.'

"All the contemp' on the Bar," replied Dorna, "and scorn as ever was, and flat oars poundin' on my back, can't move me from the platform where I now stand, Pa Gleeson, and that you know full well!"

"Wal, wal, all I want ye to do, Dorny," sighed Grandpa Gleeson, conciliatingly, " is jest to let me pilot this co't along to a verdick. In course ye know I shouldn't let no harm come to little son. I'd had ye both akitted an' clean red o' the duck by this time ef ye could 'a' kep' yer clack still an' let me 'judicate."

"Gentlemen o' the jury, I opine that this duck, havin' a predestination to heart disease—"

"Pa Gleeson," cried Dorna firmly, "when I clear my skirts by lyin', I shall stand more in fear o' death than I do this minit! Aunt Nag's old duck didn't die o' no heart disease—it didn't have no heart anyway; nor anythin' made in the peaceable form of a duck, it was a fightin' old crittur', and it died o' bein' tunked in the head. I give you plain words; now le's hear your verdick!"

"Woman, woman," said grandpa, testily, "for a time an' a time an' a beginnin' o' times, we rest under the dispensation o' 'arthly law, and this law you hain't got no more knowledge of than a herrin' has of a glue-shop. Silence! while the court 'judicates."

"Havin' a predestination to heart disease, re-

ceived a shock from a stun 't slippened by clear sheer accident---"

"No sech a thing! Dinsmore was a-dingin' at them ducks."

"Clear sheer accident from the hand o' Dinny, Gleeson, which heeled it over on that final eend which was already approachin'. The duty o' the court pernounces the verdick heart disease. Now, han' me over that duck!"

"I wish 't somebody 'd listen," said Dorna, with a deep gasp of relief as she delivered up the subject, "and in placin' that carkiss in your hands, Pa Gleeson, I feel myself in the situation o' old John Buntin's Pilgrim's Progress, when his harissments rolled off'n him into the ditch. But as for your opinions on the law," she added, with righteous scorn to him whose sinuous and painful labors had just acquitted her, "to say truth, I despise 'em, an' I shouldn't want the last trump to sound an' find me hangin' on to no sech legalities as them!"

Grandpa Gleeson, quite undismayed, toddled off with the duck. Dorna and Dinsmore stood like lovers with arms entwined.

"Say, ma," said Dinny, beguilingly, "can I go an' harness up the steer in a trace-yoke?"

"Yes, darlin', you may," said Dorna. "You've been a-steppin' on nettles for the last sixteen hours, an' it's no more 'n right 't you should have a season o' peace an' contentment a-breakin' in yer steer. An' ef you run afoul o' Aunt Nag an' she threatens ye with a co't, tell her it's all over an' the co't has set; but don't add nothin' sassy to them final words."

Dinsmore, with smothered insolence in every thinning spear of his fur cap, sped away.

"You're a-handlin' that boy with too easy a

rope, Dorny," said one.

"He's one o' this kind 't won't take shape from no handlin'," affirmed Dorna; "he's got to grow up slow by the processes of elocution. Ef I should hire a private tutor for Dinsmore Gleeson, the first schoolin' 't took place between 'em' u'd have to be to show 't Dinsmore knew more 'n what the tutor did; then they could go on to some other branches."

"Bad readin', for one thing, has been a-corruptin' of him lately," said Dorna, sadly. "A rusticator left him a pile o' magazines, Harpins an' Scribblins an' Centurions, that she said was high class readin', an' I gave Dinsmore free excess to 'em. I seen him a-hangin' on to 'em hour by hour an' his eye a-glitterin', an' when he went off ter take a swim I investigated into 'em myself. Wal, the results was that I took 'em all down an' hove 'em into the cove. Salt water is the best condiment for sech yarns as them, and they're a-restin' in it down there ten feet deep."

The Battle of Pieters Hill*

By "Linesman"

Three years ago it was nothing, only a protuberance on Mr. --- 's farm, and a shady resort for his cattle, much condemned by the lazy Kaffir herdsman for its steepness, albeit convenient for sport, with dusky, odoriferous amaryllis, with bosom of quivering bronze flecked by the sunshine under the mimosas. Two years ago it was a blazing, thundering hell, the wrath of millions of devils screeching up and down its terraces, and roaring terribly upon its blasted summit; the mimosas smoked and crackled, the red boulders split asunder, the deep kloofs howled miserably to one another. That was two years ago. Today Pieters Hill is what it is, a memory, with Memory basking in the noonday upon its great bulk, like the little pied lizards on the stones, blinking drowsily in the sunshine, but with unsaurian tears in her eyes, and with soundless trumpet-calls of glory pealing in her ears.

What a fight it was! Down there by the Tugela, glittering in its deep gorge like a strip of silver braid running through dark green velvet, lay line upon line of infantry, behind line upon line of ridiculous little walls of ruddy stone. They are there yet, empty of everything but memory, looking like rusty gridirons along the steep hillside. Over there, in the green thickets between Hlangwani and Monte Cristo, and behind the rusty little kopjes of Colenso, lurked the guns, seventy-four of them, the armament of Nelson's men-o'-war, lined up in one mighty broadside, peeping hungrily up under their eyebrows between the trees and through the stone embrasures, as Nelson's old barkers peeped from the portholes at the very spot upon which we are standing. Across to the right, over the deep bed of the Langewachte Spruit, lay more infantry, all jumbled up with themselves and the Dutchmen amongst the indefinite waves of the Onderbrook Kopjes, a regular lúcky-bag of fighting men, with pointed rifles and keen eyes squinting along them behind every stone, every tree stump, and in every shadow, all day, all night, and in all directions. From where we are standing the musketry from this low-lying turmoil of kopjes must have sounded like the clicking of a busy typewriter, incessant, far away, meaningless. Boers there then, and all up the Langewachte as far as the twin Breasts of Sheba behind our right shoulder, and many far across to the right of the great

sweeping flank of Grobelaars Kloof, all these the fringe or tassels to the main body upon this very spot, mobile, indefinite and "unpinnable" as is the way of fringes, hanging onto and dancing around the main fabric, giving warning as a cat's whiskers do, and warding off the body-punches like the guard of a boxer. Metaphor, however mixed, is vain to describe the clouds of moving Boers who surround the foot of a position upon which other Boers have determined to stand fast, and tactics must be good to penetrate them without heavy loss, which we have rarely done.

All the way back from Colenso and Monte Cristo we had chased the flying scud, up the railway, in and out amongst the tortuous dongas and woody kloofs, up the little kopjes, down the other side and round the corners, sometimes one side, sometimes another, often behind, never long in the same place, never in the same place twice, but laying ever a lengthening trail of British dead over the course, a dreadful paper-chase to tell those behind which way the leading men had gone. Until now, on the 22d of February, two years ago, it really seemed as if the scud had all been forced back against the mountain, and that the moment had arrived when it must either be burst into shreds or overwhelm the lines of tired yellow mannikins crouching around it. So the broadside opened upon the banked up Dutchmen, gun by gun, howitzer by howitzer, slowly, relentlessly, from that tropical plateau across the river, each piece methodically finding and noting the range and grunting, in its own infernal satisfaction. Now on a woody knob, now in a sleepy hollow, now on the very nipples of Sheba's lancelike breasts the shells would burst, with fearful pauses as the gunners spied for their handiwork through their telescopes, and carefully entered the results in their range-books, passing them from gun to gun to save trouble and ammunition. And on no part of the position was more of this appalling labor expended than on that upon which we stand, just in front of the main trench, running like a great rough scar across the rounded backbone of the hill. There was to be no guesswork here, every British gun must know all about it for itself; and all day the heavy throbbing from the thickets sounded in its face, and the big shells came sailing inquiringly over the Tugela-the shrapnel spouting showers of lead from high in air as if from a "rose," the awful slamming of the lyddite, swift

^{*}Blackwood's.

and terrible from the long naval guns, with nervedestroying slowness from the cocked-up howitzers—one by one they came; nearer and nearer up the hillside came the crash and the unholy sulphurous pother, smothering other and unseen trenches on their way, until by evening not a gun but could dash its fist into the very face of the strong trench behind which the Boer main body lay in waiting, peering down the slope between the explosions for something they feared more than the whistling fragments of Woolwich steel—the yellow form of the slow, silent British soldier, with whose strong arm and stronger heart

they knew the ultimate issue rested. Next day he came; running up from the Tugela gorge silently and straight, hundreds of him, right into the open below this trench and the others beneath it. Down there, just where the slope dips to a precipice in a line of scrubby thorn bush, you may imagine how he looked from here, and how the Dutchmen must have gasped at his folly. Up and up he came: the lower sangars blasted him off the face of the earth; but his friends rushed them with tremendous loss, and swept on upward toward this frowning wall. The broadside howled and roared over them, and the wall grew troubled and shaky, falling in and falling out, dimly seen amid the curtain of smoke and flame whirling about the leaping stones. But steady eyes were glaring where they could through the dun clouds and the sheets of fire, and steady fingers were pulling trigger rapidly and incessantly. The crackle came unbroken and clearly heard from the very midst of the uproar thundering up at the trench, as if the great shells were bursting into a million rattling fragments, and down the slope the yellow figures were tumbling fast, one under that tree, three in front of that stone, a dozen on that naked flat, until there were no more to shoot-the attack had been wiped out! The broadside roared in anger and anguish, but the steady eyes, after a steady look for more yellow figures, turned steadily away, and their owners leaned the smoking rifles against the wall, and sat down to wait. Think how you would flinch if I were to hurl a stone with a sudden shout at you as you stand there dreaming. Multiply the stone and the shout by twenty million, add fire and smoke and filthy ochreous vapors, and imagine the ground quaking and the air full of whirlwinds-even then you will not picture to yourself the terror of that artillery assault, and the stupendous gallantry and calm of the dingy farmers who stood up straight and shot true from the very midst of it. But war is war, and if ever men meant war this trenchful of dingy farmers did. So, without ever having read a

syllable of any chapter on "Counter-attack," they straightway proceeded to exemplify its precepts in a way which would would have made dried-up old German Clausewitz roar with artistic joysneaking from every recess in the hillside, pouring through the shallow kloofs, flopping down behind the boulders, all shooting incessantly, all invisible, and working around the flanks and rear of the breathless remnants hanging onto the lower sangars, an advancing, enveloping thunderstorm of musketry. Ruddy chips and powder fly from the paltry little breastworks down the slope, some of the brown stones turn bluish-gray with a coating of splashed lead, and for a time there is nothing behind them but silence and rows of exhausted men pressed flat against the ground. Then a British rifle speaks in reply, then another, then a thousand, fierce faces and broad shoulders arise like magic-nothing like shooting to banish the fear of being shot! The crawling Boers pull up and cower, and the thunderstorm grows fitful -nothing like being shot at to make shooting shaky and uncertain. If the stag took a Lee-Metford with him down to his rill at eve, he might drink his fill despite the trim lessee glowering down upon him with a hundred-guinea Holland & Holland nestling to his Harris-tweed shoulder!

And so the thunderstorm died away, as thunderstorms do in the evening, with little growls and rumbles in the distance, leaving everybody listening and talking in low voices, oppressed by the receding booming and by the silence which remains behind. A burst of firing here, single shots from unseen holes and hollows, which made heads which had not moved at the millions of shots echoing around them all day turn in that direction, so lonely were they in the evening air; the melancholy song of a belated shell, dreeing its weird up in the pale green sky, and its far-off thudding fall, the fall of a stone, the rustle of the rapid rivers below—what unforgetable music all this to the thousands swallowed up in the dark billows of the land, lying and listening, trying not to hear the faint calls from the darkening hillside above. Night fell terribly for the poor wounded out there: one had better not think of it; yet even after two years, in this cheerful sunny noonday, the whole hill is shrouded in a scented gloom, from whose depths tired, miserable voices call awfully and incessantly, "Help! Help! O-o-h! Stretcher-Bearer-r-r!" throughout the night, throughout the years, for ever, unless memory will become as deaf as the ears through which such unutterable sadness wailed into her.

Two days after, the ground was cleared of the dead and wounded, as one washes a dirty plate for the next course, and sundry cunning prepara-

tions were made for dishing it up. Troops were drawn from the inconclusive left and sent to thicken the crowds clustering in the Tugela gorge below our hill. Guns followed suit, crawling one after the other over the pontoons, climbing the steep roads over the shoulder of Hlangwani, and disappearing silently into the woods between it and Monte Cristo. The broadside was contracting from seven miles to four-pulling itself together, as it were, for one terrific final punch at the big trench on this hilltop, the "mark" of the Boer position. Then a path, well known for fifty years to Kaffirs and cattlerunners, was miraculously "discovered" by the Intelligence, and very soon swarms of soldiers were digging on either bank of the river, preparing approaches for the pontoon, which by the night of the 28th was in position, right behind the sangars of the Irishmen. All the time the firing in front was incessant as the stir and labor behind. The history of war has few situations more intense and perilous to show than that in which the advanced lines of Boer and British riflemen found themselves during these four days of indecision. Thousands of keen-eved men were lying flat within a few hundred yards of each other along the stony shelves and ridges, peering, ducking, shooting all day and all night. And such shooting! A rifle that will kill at 3,000 yards is a curious weapon at 300. Words cannot describe its instantaneousness and force, or how the bullets rushed across the trifling space with so many thousand yards of energy to spare, smiting the stones like millions of hammers, splitting the smaller ones into bluish chips, splashing the larger with hot films of shining lead. The air was one tremendous crack of rifles-no one could say whether of Mauser or Lee-Metford, so close were the volleying lines of friend and foe. No one could look over his sangar; even the wagging in the wind of a little tuft of grass upon a sod placed as head-cover here and there on the low walls drew a hundred whistling bullets toward it, until the rectangle of turf disappeared, blown to sand in a succession of dusty puffs which filled the eyes of the soldier lying under it.

The dawn of Majuba Day, "came up like thunder," and with peal after peal of thunder "outer China 'crost the bay," out of the billowing tangle of scrub between Monte Cristo and Hlangwani across the river. The long broadside was "letting itself go" like an angry woman; one were happier dead than alive upon this hill; even untouched, one would have been unable to stand where we are standing now, so fiercely was the breath of the great shells blasting across it in hot, staggering gusts, the dry trees bending and cracking before it, the hundreds of dirty squares of

cartridge paper which strewed untidily the front of the big trench behind us twirling and soaring up in the ceaseless whirlwinds which arose suddenly in the still air as the projectiles tore by. Even untouched, one would have felt one's body rending to pieces as one looked where a shell burst in the midst of a trench, and heard the filthy squelch and sharp cries above the roar, and saw the awful faces through the red glare and curtain of powdered stones, and the fragments which remained behind-bloody hunks of meat left to lie in the roasting sun, with a few rags attached, all that was left of half a dozen strong fighting men. The Boers suffered terribly up in this trench; the sea which they had hoped to reach-England's sea-had come up to them instead. "You want me?" it roared. "Well, take my weapons first!" And the long guns swung on their swivels, and cocked their snouts, and smothered this unhappy hill as their great mother smothers breakwaters and outlying rocks on her days of anger. And the jolly sailors spat and swore and sweated around them: all one to them whether the gunnery lieutenant's telescope was leveled across rolling ground or water, so long as it looked toward the enemy; and, after all, a rocky mountain is easier to hit than a dancing ship. And very few shells went astray. This thick wall, less cunningly placed than usual, looked to the naval gunners like a low black superstructure running across the mighty fabric beneath it. They smote it, they battered it; they flung it high in air, and crushed it to the ground. They played tricks with it, inviting the little shrapnel guns to join the sport; for after a salvo of lyddite on a particular spot, the latter would burst a hurricane of shrapnel over the same spot at exactly the right interval in which to dash to the ground any Dutchmen creeping to the rear unnerved by the first cataclysm. It was splendid sport, and what manner of death to the frogs only those who looked into this trench after its capture can say, and then only if they know a little of the technicalities of the butcher's shop.

Somewhere near midday Barton's fusiliers ran along the deep Tugela gorge toward the "Eagle's Nest," a lofty monument of rock put up by God to commemorate the birth of His lovely handiwork all around, and, turning to their left, swarmed up over the cliff and across the grassy slopes above it on to Pieters Hill itself—a bare conical eminence somewhat wide of the main position, and to its right. A heavy fire met them as they clambered over the crest of the cliff, coming chiefly from a donga which flanked them like a huge trench still farther to their right. And for a time they were stopped, as British soldiers

usually are stopped, after a series of spasmodic forward rushes which died away because all the men who made them had died. Behind them Kitchener's North-Country brigade had streamed down the gorge, and like them had turned to the left facing the terrible fortified shelves of Terrace and Railway hills-that is to say, immediately below where we stand. Over the cliff-crest their attack began, a long, shimmery, indefinite rush, lines and arcs of men pouring up from the low ground from all sides like a vast pack of hounds spreading for a lost scent, multitudinous, never stopping, unstoppable. The big Boer trench shrieked at them and forgot all about the shells crashing into it at the rate of fifty a minute; and a sound as of a waterfall rolled down from it toward the charging soldiers-a ceaseless roar of rifles and rush of bullets, with wild shouts between, and sudden appearances and disappearances of faces and figures in the smoke and dust, sometimes from the very midst of an explosion of lyddite. For the big shells would not be forgotten. Skimming but a few feet over the heads of the British fighting line, they burst upon the trenches and on the ground below them, when attackers were so close to attacked that the gush of oily smoke hid and blinded both, and both the death yell and the yell of triumph and fury which broke out around every explosion were drowned by its own tremendous shout.

Kitchener's men kept steadily upward. Never did an attack move straighter, nor was there ever one with less apparent order in its movement. Little groups and little wavy lines, even little files and single soldiers, poured like dreamfigures up through the clamor and confusion that rose and fell along that terrible hillside. From all sides they came-from behind trees, from dips in the ground, over the summits of low rises, along water-runs. Most of the men seemed to be without officers, most of the officers without men-a curious concourse to watch, so apparently motiveless or spontaneous was the steady trot, trot toward the top of the leaden waterfall. The shells blaring over them and bursting a few yards in front seemed to be shouting "Faugh a' ballagh!" "Clear the way!" for the strange stern figures silently toiling behind them, heads bent, eyes fixed for the most part on the ground. For it was impossible to look up at the great Boer trench. So terrible a fire was crashing from it that to raise one's eyes toward it was an effort similar to that of gazing straight into a cutting winter wind or into the doors of It seemed safer to look a ship's furnaces. down; and in any case there was not much to see -only a brown wall, with a few flat hats wobbling over it, dimly seen through the great spouts of fire and whirlwinds of tawny dust leaping and playing along it. Men appeared from nowhere and pressed forward to nowhere, seen and lost in a moment like figures in a fog. Sometimes the wounded fell with a crash; sometimes the dead sat quietly down, aping life dreadfully with affected attitudes upon the stones; here a corpse pretending to declaim like an orator with head flung back and outstretched arm; another there was a pianist with all his fingers contracted upon a boulder as if frozen in the midst of an arpeggio. The wounded usually began to undress, looking furtively from side to side; some moving thus were hit again and again, and they took the blows wincing, with patient faces, which sank quietly to the ground when a bullet came at last to end it all. And all the time the swarm of living rolled on and up until only a few yards separated them from the main Boer work. The broadside pulled itself together and hurled salvo after salvo into it, the great wall danced and crumbled, vanished in parts, in parts grew higher, with suddenly born battlements and turrets as the boulders were flung in confusion along the parapet, grinding and splitting and shaving their cold blue inner surface. Not a shell went astray, the parapet received them all in its rocky face.

Oh that last five minutes' bombardment! The lovers of sober writing must not read of war, for the artist has not yet lived who can write of hell with heavenly temperance; and if ever hell was let loose upon the uncondemned, it was upon those farmers manning the wall upon the roof of Pieters Hill. In one great explosion they stood and fired, in one atmosphere of blasted air and filthy. fumes, in one terrible green and brown darkness, in one continual earthquake. They seemed to go mad, as well they might. As the trotting soldiers drew near many of them actually leapt from behind their cover onto the top of the parapet itself, and were seen against the sky wildly firing from the very midst of the bursting shells down at the advancing Britons; and the great cheer that arose from all the army behind as they closed was not all for the mannikins waving helmets on bayonet ends, but in part also for those that could be seen falling backwards with uplifted arms. The last stand was over. Had the Boer army never stood again, their name was made: even now, two years after, the heart beats faster and the eye dilates as those little figures on the parapet and those trotting toward them are conjured up. With the capture of the main trench on Pieters Hill the position was won, and the British army swept up and over it as if no fortress would ever stop it again-and in that mood none ever will!

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

Consolation J. J. Montague Portland Oregonian

He saw the rich men speeding by
Along the boulevard,
And breathed a sad and bitter sigh,
For he felt that life was hard.

The splendid throng on the avenue Were puffed with pride of gold, But around his ears the chill wind blew, And his heart was bleak and cold.

The handsome mansions along the street Blazed forth with the glare of wealth; But he, with furtive, halting feet, Passed by with the step of stealth.

Their life was a round of gayety, And his was a load of woe, And it made him envious to see Them proudly come and go.

Born as free as the grandest there, It filled him with bitter hate To think how cruel, how unfair, Was stern, relentless fate.

For they were fortunate and rich, And he was poor and sad, He owned a million dollars, which Was every cent he had.

A Great Fianist.....Judge

Faderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee
Was the greatest pianist you ever did see;
He rendered fantasias, gavottes and cantatas,
Cadenzas and overtures, fugues and sonatas.
He could play like the sweep of a rushing cyclone.
Or as softly and low as the south wind's faint moan.
He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt,
Of Wagner and Chopin—not one had he missed.
He gained honors and laurels wherever he went,
And he knew he deserved them, so he was content.
But his pride had a fall, for one summer day
A dear little girl came to hear this man play;
And she said, as he turned politely to greet her,
"Please, sir, can you play 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin
eater'?"

He was deeply chagrined, and he felt very blue, But he meekly replied, "No, I can't, dear; can you?"

"Oh, yes," she responded. She flew to the keys. With her two fat forefingers she played it with ease; And she afterward said, "I would rather be me Than Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee."

All Hall the Microbe!......Baltimore News

Go draw the curtains, sister, and stop up all the chinks,
For microbes and bacilli are kicking up high jinks;
Go sterilize the water and disinfect the cook—
The germ is grimly stalking like some pursuing spook!

And while you're doing these things You'd better do 'em twice— And when you've got 'em finished, Go down and boil the ice! Be careful of the mutton (oh! guard ye well the meat!)

It's full of varied microbes we would not care to

And trace the antecedents of that seductive stew— We know not how much danger is lurking in the brew!

> Go, vaccinate the oatmeal And sulphurize the rice— And once again, dear sister, DON'T fail to BOIL the ICE!

The Wedding of the Sales-Lady.....T. A. D...... Catholic Standard

She was a stylish sales-ladee. A night-watch-gentleman was he. He loved, and asked if she'd agree A clergy-gentleman to see. She murmured "Yes," and grew quite red, But quickly fixed the day to wed. The wedding was a swell affair— No common "men" or "women" there. To be "en règle" was her aim.
So only "gents" and "ladies" came.
The cashier-lady of the store, The gentleman who walks the floor. The elevator-gentleman. The scrub-lady—and so it ran.
Then when arrived the parting time, Cab-gentlemen with two sublime Real lady horses, snowy white Whirled bride and groom into the night: And e'en the trunks that with them went Were handled by a baggage-gent.

I.

I wish, some day, when she's typewritin' and I've took a note out for the boss somewhere, They'd be some outlaws sneak in here and scare That long-legged clerk to death, and then the band Would steal her, and nobody else would dare To try to save her, and they'd run away To where they had their cave, and keep her there

And ast more for her than her folks could pay.

Then I would get a gun and bowie-knife
And take the name of Buckskin Bob or Joe,
And track them to their den, and then I'd go

A-gallywhoopin' in, and save her life, And she would say: "My hero's came at last!" And we'd stand there and hold each other fast.

II.

My darling, often when you set and think Of things that seem to kind of bother you, You put your pencil in your mouth and chew Around the wood and let your sweet teeth sink Down in it till it's all marked up and split, And yesterday I seen you when you threw A stub away that you'd bit up; it flew Behind the bookcase, where I gobbled it.

I put it in my mouth, the way you'd done, And I could feel the little holes you made— The places where your teeth sunk in—I laid My tongue tight up against them, every one, And shut my eyes and then you seemed to be There with your lips on mine and kissin' me. N. B .- Please drop all the Rs.

There's a worry in the morning because the coffee's

There's the worry of the postman, and the "paper" to unfold.

It's a worry getting on your boots, and going to the train.

And you've got to put your hat on and take it off again!

It's a wonder how I live with such a constant strain-

I've got to put my hat on and take it off again!

There are "worries" in the noontide, and "legion" is their name;

There's the worry of the luncheon that always tastes the same.

There's the worry of the 'baccy, that's the greatest worry, save

The humiliating worry when you know you want a shave!

That's a "weally wicked worry," and your pardon must I crave,

If I use some strong-ish language when I mention that I shave!

There are worries in the evening; you've got to dress and dine:

There's the worry of the speeches that accompany the wine: There's the worry of remembering what card your

partner led: And then the awful worry of getting into bed!

Of all the fearful, awful bores this really is the

And the world's one great "da capo" of the worrying Motif!

Velocipedestrianisticalisturianologist......Punch (London)

O list while I sing Quite a short little thing Of him who was known as the champion king Velocipedestrianisticalicalist (Here I pause to take breath) -urianologist.

There are those who may possibly think it absurd To use such a sesquipedalian word, But a word of six feet is par excellence meet For such a performer of feats with his feet.

Perhaps it is not very easily seen What some of these curious syllables mean; But, whatever they be, You will doubtless agree With him and with me That no rival has he As a ve-

locipe-(You had best take a rest ere you finish it) -destrianisticalisturianologist.

Put on my football noseguard: Encase my legs in greaves: Hook up my leather jacket With chain-mail breast and sleeves: Dust off my brazen helmet, And rest it on my brow: I go to save my country-I'm in the Senate now.

Oh, he who is a statesman May not wear what he likes. Bring forth my shoes, and shine them, And sharpen all their spikes. The statesman is a bronco That strenuously bucks. First manicure my fingers Then get my iron knucks.

Load up my seven-shooter, My trusty rifle, too: I shall address the Senate Upon the proper view To take of wicked warfare-How we should end all strife. Now fasten on my eyeshields, And whet my bowie knife.

With slungshot in my pocket, My speech shall not be vague. I'll orate to my colleagues About the tryst at Hague Which worked for peace as happy As that of babbling brooks-And any rash opponent Will surely get the hooks.

Who?......Chicago Tribune

"Who befriended Uncle Sam?" I," said John Bull, "I used my Pull.
I befriended Uncle Sam."

"Who helped him lick Spain?" " I," said the Kaiser. "I stood right by, sir. I helped him lick Spain.'

"Who stood off the Powers?" I," said the Czar, " I was right thar. I stood off the Powers."

" Who's his friend now?"
"I," said they all,
With unanimous bawl, "I'm his real friend now!"

This book's one thing. My foot's another; Touch not the one For fear of the other.

Our Descent From Monkeys: Habits and Characters of Babies Which Testify to This*

By S. S. Buckman

A character in which a baby so much resembles a monkey is its face. Aristotle noticed that all babies were snub nosed, which is correct. And this snub nose, which is about as broad as it is long, and has the end cut off obliquely, showing two wide nostrils which seem to open almost straight into the head, is a character which goes back to quite a low form of monkey. And it was so recognized a monkey character as to give the Latin name for a monkey, simia, that literally means the "snub-nosed one." We use it in our term simian.

In regard to its upper lip, the baby also takes us back to a low form of monkey, or even further. The particular character of the upper lip is the furrow beneath the nose; and with some babies there is a scar down the middle of the furrow. Now this furrow is a relic of the time when the lip was in two distinct pieces, as in the rodents; and each piece was capable of being moved separately—in fact, the hare lip. In course of time, as independent movement was no longer necessary, the two lips grew together to form a single lip.

In another respect babies are comparable with monkeys and with other lower animals—namely, in the projection of the nose and jaw beyond the line of forehead. This facial feature is known as prognathism. In some children it is very marked; in all it may be observed more or less. It may be noticed in Millais' celebrated picture, "Bubbles." It is a special character in the physiognomy of negroes: they retain it throughout life. But white races do not retain it.

A monkey feature of the human ear was first noticed by Darwin. It is a small lump or point, situated about the middle of the edge of the earflap. Sometimes, indeed, it is not shown at all; at other times it may be observed on one ear, and and not on the other; but it may be noticed in adults, as well as in children. This point is the relic of the pointed ear once possessed by our ancestors in common with all monkeys—an ear like that of a dog.

But with us, as with many of the higher monkeys, the ear has degenerated very much—the pointed portion has grown smaller and smaller, and at last only a tiny lump is left as a relic thereof; and that has in many cases disappeared.

In other respects the human ear has degenerated. Once we had the power to move the ears—to turn them or prick them up like other animals. The muscles are there now, but in most cases they are functionless from disuse. Every now and then, however, one may notice a person who can move the ear, and move it quite sharply, when startled.

One feature which specially appertains to monkeys is the hairy coat—a character general to the mammalia. In certain cases, notably man and the elephant, the hairy coat has been almost lost. Yet babies retain many traces of it; on the back and arms, over much of the forehead, on the jaw, and on the cheeks beneath the eyes may generally be seen much of a woolly covering. I say retain advisedly, for it is known that the hairy coat is only lost just about the time of birth. Sometimes it is retained longer in its full development. There are hairy races of men, like the Ainos of Japan and the native Australians; but perhaps with the latter the feature is of the nature of a reversionary character.

The absence of a tail is another character popularly supposed to distinguish the man from the monkey. But it does not; for many of the higher monkeys have lost the tail. And, again, the examination of any human skeleton will show that man has the remains of a tail—the few small vertebræ which form the continuation of the backbone.

Babies until they are about four or five vears old show on their bodies the place where the tail would have protruded through the flesh. It is a small circular depression at the base of the vertebral column. This tail mark is just what the scar would be, if the tail had been amputated and the flesh had healed over the wound. With newborn babies it is very noticeable; as they grow older it becomes shallower, and then disappears. But in the gerilla this tail mark remains throughout life.

The baby's feet are the degenerate hind hands of the monkey. The big toe is a thumb really; and, like the thumb, is the only digit in which the

^{*}Pearson's.

last joint can be moved independently of the others. The space between the big toe and the other toes answers to the space between the thumb and the first finger, as may be seen in the hind hands of monkeys.

The baby has the power to move its toes independently—that wriggling of the toes so often commented upon by mothers. This form of movement is a heritage from those ancestors who, like modern monkeys, would have used the fingers of their hind feet as we do the fingers of our hands.

A frequent action with babies is to turn the soles of the feet sideways, opposite to one another, while the legs remain straight. Just this attitude would be assumed by a monkey when climbing a tree, or walking on a branch in order to grasp the stem with its hind hands.

The inherited effects of thus grasping treetrunks or limbs with the hind hands are often very marked in young babies. The bow legs, which are a feature of infancy, and a matter of some anxiety to mothers, are no more than the relics of the tree-climbing stage. And the mother need not be frightened about this character—any normally healthy baby will grow out of it soon enough.

Then if a young baby be held so that its feet touch the ground one may see that the feet are not put flat to the surface; instead, the outer portions of the feet rest on the ground; while the soles of the feet are more or less opposed to one another—they have the bough-grasping attitude.

It has been noticed above that monkeys use their hind paws like hands; their front paws they employ as implements by which to suspend their bodies from trees. For such purpose the thumb is not necessary: all that is required is a kind of grasping-hook, which the fingers make efficiently by themselves. The monkeys which do most tree-climbing have quite lost their thumbs; their front hands are, in fact, merely grasping-hooks.

Disuse of the thumb may be observed in other monkeys when they are grasping bars; and it is noticeable in babies when holding sticks or grasping a flowerpot. An adult taking hold of a flowerpot would put the thumb inside and make a lever of it. But the baby does not act like an adult: it does not put out its hand to take the flowerpot as an adult would do. Instead, it dabs at the rim of the flowerpot with the palm of its hand downward, just in the manner that a monkey dabs at a branch.

The manner in which babies hold their hands in a clasping attitude is a result of the ancestral bough-grasping habits. This attitude may be seen in monkeys generally; and in those species which lead the most arboreal life it has become a permanent feature, because of the difficulty of straightening the fingers after exertion.

The instinct to grasp tightly is one which babies have inherited from monkey-like ancestors. Most mothers have more or less painful experience of the strength of a baby's clutch when it sees fit to get a good hold of its mother's hair. Many fathers know that the uncautious approach of a bearded face within reach of the baby's hand results in a grip being taken of that beard which is not easily loosed.

The dog and cat of the household are aware how strongly the baby can hang onto their hairy coats; and the infantile delight in a woolly toy lamb is mainly caused by the pleasure of gripping the long fur. Quite in accordance herewith is the anecdote related by Dr. Russell Wallace of the young monkey which he had caught—how it would not be comforted until it could grip a hairy skin thrown over a bar.

However, it is not only in the power of grip that babies show the strength of their fore limbs derived from their tree-climbing ancestors. They are actually able to sustain their own weight when hanging on to anything with their hands, even soon after birth, as was described by Dr. Louis Robinson some years ago. As the result of experiments on about sixty infants he found "that in each case, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or a small stick three-quarters of an inch in diameter by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and sustain the whole weight of its body for at least ten seconds. In twelve cases of infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed, and in three or four nearly a minute." The strength increased with age up to two or three weeks; one infant at the latter age hung on " for two minutes thirty-four seconds."

Nowhere, however, are the arboreal instincts more plainly shown than in the desire of infants and children for climbing. They seem to have a particular aversion to remaining on the level; they appear to be impelled by some desire to climb up something or other. The infant in its earliest efforts will try to claw up its mother as she carries it, or it will climb its crib, or a footstool, or the fender. Given a fair chance, it will develop a perfect mania for stair climbing, and a bump of locality as regards the position of the stairs in the household geography—to perpetrate a bull. It will make for the stairs on all possible occasions, and it will climb with loud crows of delight.

Tumbles and consequent bruises have no effect on the child's climbing instinct; and really it regards them far less than the prohibition of its climbing feats by a too fond mother. On occasion it will tumble the whole length of a flight of stairs; and then it will lie at the bottom howling, not so much, perhaps, on account of injuries received, as at the unexpectedness of the catastrophe, with, perhaps, a feeling of disapprobation at its own clumsiness. But, this episode over, it will within a quarter of an hour bravely attack the stairs again, quite undeterred by its late disaster. An instinct held so tenaciously cannot be regarded as something fortuitous.

Other childish actions, however, may be seen to have their origin in the ancestral food-acquireing instinct. Thus there is with young children a sadly destructive habit—that of picking at anything loose, any piece of wallpaper, for instance, or any part of a thing that is half-detached, in order to tear it off as if to see what was underneath. This habit is the relic of a food-acquiring instinct on the part of ancestors, who acted thus

in a search for insects.

Crevices under stones, or under slightly detached pieces of bark, would be just the places to search. "Baboons turn over every stick and stone looking for insects, scorpions, or snails; and these they seize and eat." A quaint account by an old author says they turn over stones "all for the sake of the worms that lye under, a sort of dyet which they relish exceedingly. They are very greedy after emmets." Quoted in "The Living Animals of the World."

The same author goes on to say: "They are pernicious to fruits and apples, and will destroy whole fields and gardens unless they are looked after." Herewith may well be compared the predatory instincts of young children, commencing with the infant's excursions to the coal-scuttle to make experiments on the edible qualities of coal, and continuing in after years as an almost irresistible impulse for stealing, particularly where fruit is concerned.

"I must eat it if I see it," was the plaintive remark of a child reprimanded for indulgence in fruit. It is not only ripe fruit, but the hard, green, sour fruit, that seems to give just as much pleasure and to offer the same temptation.

Stealing certainly points to a time when every animal had to depend on its own exertions for what food it got, and when the readiest method was to appropriate, without question, whatever it might come across. The capacity for hard and unripe fruit indicates a necessity which would be incidental to the life of monkey-like animals—in times of scarcity anything in the shape of fruit, no matter what it might be, would be gladly welcomed as food.

Another trait may here be mentioned-that

children take pleasure in hiding away a private hoard of fruit, and that they are delighted should they, by chance, discover the private hoard of another child. I am assured by a mother that children will bury fruit or nuts as a private store; also the desire to take fruit or food to eat in bed should be noticed.

There is a matter connected with nurses and infants which seems particularly reminiscent of the tree-tops—the manner in which babies are got off to sleep by rocking in the arms or in the cradle. Is not this an inheritance from tree-dwelling ancestors—the rocking being an imitation of the to-and-fro swaying of the branches, which would be the natural accompaniment of

sleep with arboreal dwellers?

In their first efforts at progression babies assume the attitude of a four-footed animal, which, of course, would be the normal gait of monkeys and a long line of their predecessors. This attitude of a baby trotting up the garden path was the subject of a snap-shot. It was no chance episode; it was the child's ordinary gait-a true four-footed mode of progression. Certainly this gait is rarely seen among the children of civilized parents, but it is an attitude often adopted by the infants of African natives. The children of civilized parents more frequently assume a kind of degenerate four-footed attitude known as crawling. Their inability to compass the true four-foot method is probably due to too much swaddling in clothes and to overcoddling.

Why, however, should infants adopt any kind of a four-footed attitude, seeing that their parents only use two feet? The answer is given by the theory of evolution. The ability to walk on two feet has, comparatively speaking, only been quite recently acquired by the human stock. In fact, it is only in process of acquirement now, for man does not fully transmit this ability to his infant; all that he does transmit to them is the ability to change from quadruped to biped between the age of one and two years. The reason for this is that man's prehuman ancestors habitually progressed on their four feet; and their long-acquired ability in this method of progression is still part of man's inheritance-something which appears in the young stages of his offspring, along with other characteristics obtained in the same way.

One reason why the baby does not walk on its hind legs is that those limbs are not adapted for the purpose. The inherited quadrupedal character is too strong; the limbs must undergo a gradual change, just as the face does. Now the great distinction between a quadruped and a biped—like man—is this; in the former the trunk is more or less horizontal, set at about right

angles to the hind limbs; in the latter the trunk is vertical, straight with the hind limbs.

When a four-footed animal like a monkey or a cat tries to stand on its hind legs it has not sufficient "give" in the joints to be able to put its trunk straight with its legs, nor can it straighten out the knees. So a young child attempting a similar position has just the same difficulties as these animals—it cannot straighten itself out; the trunk is at an angle to the body, and the knees are bent.

The strict anatomist will perhaps object to the comparison of these attitudes of the child and the monkey. He might point out, and rightly, too, that the child stands with its heels to the ground, while the monkey or cat is really standing on its toes with its heels (its hocks) well off the ground.

. A monkey or cat with its heels to the ground cannot straighten out its knees in the least. The

child has passed beyond that stage, and further improvement is shown when it grows older.

Then the knees are rather straighter, but the body is still at an angle to the legs. Further improvement is shown when the child is yet older—in fact, success is then almost attained. After much trouble and many tumbles the child has accomplished the true bipedal gait, and is able to poise itself on end.

These different stages in the development of children show how the human being had to pass gradually from a quadruped to a biped—illustrating the changes which the ancestors of the human race had to go through as, in the course of many generations, they gradually developed from monkeys into men—each generation becoming more and more perfect in the ability to walk on the hind legs, and consequently exhibiting that ability earlier and earlier in life.

A Study in Calms

By Professor Edwin Grant Dexter

Among the suggestive things which have been noted in the course of a series of studies which I have made in an attempt to discover the influence of the weather upon human conduct, no one has been more interesting or unexpected than the seeming effects of calms. Few people are immune to weather influences, and most of us are in a more or less apologetic mood for our behavior during some meteorological condition. East winds and leaden skies are made scapegoats for many a sin of omission or of commission, but it has not been my observation that conditions of calms were often used in that way.

That they do exert a marked influence upon human activities I hope to demonstrate in this paper. The method is wholly an empirical one. Various records of the occurrence of different abnormalities of human conduct were made use of, and the average daily occurrence of these phenomena for a number of years, compared with their average daily occurrence under definite meteorological conditions. The study was for the city of New York—a fact that must be borne in mind since it has an important bearing on the present problem—and covered a period of twelve years, for every day of which the mean tempera-

ture, barometric pressure and humidity, the wind movement, the precipitation, and the character of the day were determined and used in the tabulation.

The conditions covered by this problem, the number of data, and their sources are as follows:

| Registration in Fubile Schools, School | |
|--|---------|
| Records | 118,020 |
| Deportment in Public Schools, School | |
| Records | 14,020 |
| Deportment in Penitentiary, Penitentiary | |
| Records | 3,981 |
| Arrests for assaults and battery (males), | |
| Police Records | 36,627 |
| Arrests for assaults and battery (females), | |
| Police Records | 3,981 |
| Arrests for drunkenness (males), Police | - |
| Records | 44,495 |
| Arrests for insanity (males), Police Records | 2,467 |
| Arrests for insanity (females), Police Records | |
| Suicide, Police and Coroner's Records | 2,046 |
| Deaths, Board of Health Records | 74,793 |
| Policemen off duty for sickness, Police | |
| | |

The only influences which I wish to discuss in this paper are those of calms. For present purposes I have considered those days as calm for which the total registration of the anemometer for the twenty-four hours was less than 100 miles.

Clerical errors, Bank Records...... 3.698

The whole number of data considered is 497,262.

^{*}Popular Science.

This would mean an average hourly movement of about four miles.

To explain more fully the data given above and discuss them: Under "Registration in the Public Schools" is shown the exact number of single day's attendance which the registers of the schools studied would have shown if none of the pupils had been absent. As a matter of fact 9.2 per cent. were regularly absent. These absences were of course distributed throughout the whole school year, and, consequently, throughout all kinds of weather. As would naturally be expected, they varied to a marked degree with the weather. On excessively hot and cold days, on very windy or rainy days, there was a falling off in attendance for reasons that are patent.

The fact of importance from the standpoint of our present study is the falling off on calm days. For the two years studied, the average of absences for days upon which the total movement of the wind was less than 100 miles, was 29 per cent.: more than three times the average for all kinds of weather-an excess of 214 per cent. based upon the expected, or average number. Here is something which on à priori grounds would scarcely have been looked for. Why were the pupils at home? The most logical answer to that question is, I believe, that they were not well enough to go. That they were suffering from some of the many indispositions to which childhood is subject. Not necessarily measles, nor mumps, nor scarlet fever, but the simple lack of condition which the woman in the next flat understands perfectly when his mother remarks that " Johnnie was not feeling well this morning, so I kept him home from school."

The next class of data has to do also with deportment, though not in public schools. It is marked "Deportment in the Penitentiary," and is based on the record of the prisoners committed to solitary confinement in the dark cells at the penitentiary on Randall's Island. The number so punished for misdemeanors occurring on calm days was 80 per cent. of the daily average for all kinds of weather, showing a deficiency of 20 per cent.

The data for the next five classes of misdemeanors mentioned above were all taken from the blotters in the record room of the New York 'chief of police. Crime is there classified under 136 different heads, and the arrests for each recorded for each day. The classes considered by me were studied for periods varying from two to seven years. The figures indicate the total number of arrests made for those periods by the entire police force of old New York, the present Borough of Manhattan.

The terms "assault and battery" and "drunkenness" are, I think, self-explanatory. Each arrest for "insanity" meant that some one had been picked up on the streets in a state of acute mania, or that the police had been called to some house to remove a person in such a condition. In most cases it probably meant an initial attack of the disease, or the beginning of a recurrent attack. Otherwise the person would have been in an asylum, or other authorities than the police

would have been appealed to.

To state in the briefest possible manner the seeming influence of calm days upon the distribution of these crimes: The number of males arrested for assault and battery upon such days was 89 per cent. of the normal-by which term I mean the average daily occurrence for the whole period studied; of females for the same crime, 45 per cent. of the normal; of males for drunkenness, 77 per cent.; of males for insanity, 67 per cent.; of females for insanity, 34 per cent. The figures show that there was a deficiency in the occurrence of all these crimes, the magnitude of which may be computed in each case by subtracting the percentage of occurrence from 100 per cent., which is expectancy. In securing the data for suicide, two sources were made use of. In fact, it is not solely a study of successful suicide, but of suicidal intent. From the standpoint of our study it is just as valuable a datum from which to work, to know that somebody tried to die at his own hand even though he did not succeed, as to know he was successful in the attempt. An attempt at suicide is a crime and is so recorded in the police records, which were tabulated for a period of five years. This gave us 984 of our data. The remainder were secured by going over some 28,000 death certificates for the same period in the coroner's office. The results showed that but 63 per cent. of the normal number of suicides (and unsuccessful attempts) occurred on calm days.

The next class of data given in the list is that of death. It is based upon the record of deaths for all causes in the city for a period of two years. In it we have a notable difference from the crimes and misdemeanors we have been studying, in that the occurrence for calm days was above the normal, being 104 per cent. In this respect it resembles the study of attendance in the public schools, and also the last two classes of data given, those of the "policemen off duty for sickness" and of "clerical errors." Of these two, the data for the first were taken from the annual reports for five years of the chief of police of New York city. It was not there stated that sickness was the cause of absence from duty, but it is safe to assume that it was the usual one. It is, how-

ever, rather interesting to note that immediately following Christmas, New Years, and other holidays, an unusual number was laid off, but we may charitably suppose that the weather was excessively deadly in its effects at those times. The tabulation shows that 105 per cent., or 5 per cent. in excess of the normal number, were off duty on calm days. This would hardly be more in accordance with our expectation than was the school attendance under such conditions. If perfectly calm days were the most agreeable of all kinds we might suppose that our stalwart guardians of the peace had chosen them for picnics, but gentle breezes are generally accepted as being more delectable than dead calms, and we must look for some other causes for the absence of bluecoats under the latter conditions.

The last class of data given, that having to do with "clerical errors," was studied as a makeshift. I wished to determine the influence of different weather conditions upon the intellectual as well as educational states of man, and to that end sought long and earnestly for school records which showed a daily marking of class work, but without success. If any teacher who may read this has such, I should be very grateful to him if they could be placed in my hands. While wondering what other records might be made to supply the lack, I came across the statement that in the Bank of England certain sets of books, an error in which would prove cumulative and produce disastrous results later on, were never worked upon during some kinds of weather, especially London fogs, as it had been proved that clerical errors were much more frequent at such

Following the clue here given I gained access to the books of some of the largest banks in the Wall street district, with the result that in the records for two years the number of errors stated were found and tabulated with reference to their daily occurrence. The results showed 104 per cent. of the normal, or an excess of 4 per cent. for the calm days.

To state in a sentence the occurrence of data of all these classes under the condition of calm: absence from school, death, policemen off duty, and clerical errors were all above the normal, while misdemeanors in school and penitentiary, arrests for assault and battery, drunkenness and insanity, and suicide, were below.

The facts so far given do not show whether the change with an increase in wind was a gradual one or not. As a matter of fact it was not. Had it been so, there would have been less excuse for this paper. The most striking thing about the curves upon which it is based is the sudden change which takes place in the occurrence of nearly all the activities (or cessations of activity in the case of death) with a slight increase in atmospheric movement. In the case of arrests for assault and battery and for insanity (both males and females), and of misdeeds in the penitentiary, all of which had shown deficiencies for calms-and some of them very large ones-excesses were shown for wind movements between 100 and 150 miles per day, while misdemeanors in the schools were also above the normal before a movement of 200 miles had been reached. On the other hand, policemen off duty and death, both of which had been excessive in number during calms, took a sudden drop as the wind arose, and showed deficiencies for the next wind group (100-150 miles). Suicide, drunkenness, and clerical errors alone showed gradual changes with the wind. The appearance of the curves as a whole is such as to lead me to place calms in a class by themselves as far as wind influences are concerned. High winds seem to have an influence peculiarly their own, gradually merging into that peculiar to moderate and slight movements, but when the aërial stagnation of 100 miles per day or less is reached a sudden change takes place, and certain human phenomena suddenly increase in numbers, while others drop almost to a vanishing point. Which are the ones in excess? Absence from school, absence from police duty, clerical errors, and death. But absence from school means sickness, absence from duty the same, clerical errors the same in milder forms, and death the same at its maximum.

To restate: during calms, those life phenomena which are due to depleted vitality are excessive. But let us return to those phenomena which were deficient in occurrence during calms. They were misdemeanors in public schools and penitentiaries, cases of assault and battery, insanity, drunkenness, and suicide. To analyze each briefly: In the public schools, sins of commission rather than sins of omission are usually the occasion of bad marks in deportment. It is usually the active, energetic boy, the one with vitality to spare, who gets the demerits. The anæmic youngster may never stand at the head of his class, but he is very likely to delight his fond mamma with a mark of 100 in deportment. If that be so, and I speak with authority upon this point if upon no other, disorder in the school room is an active thing, and an evidence of excessive vitality. With the penitentiary inmate I have had less experience, but upon à priori grounds would argue that what is true for the child in question of deportment would not be radically different for the adult. In fact the wardens in charge, upon being questioned

on the matter, gave it as their opinion that the prevalence of disorder bore a pretty close relation to physical health, varying directly with it; that order was only preserved through evidence of superior force on their part; that a sick person was always a good one, but that with a return to health conditions were frequently very different. We may then conclude that in the penitentiary misdemeanors are evidences of excessive vitality.

With persons arrested for the crime of assault and battery the same is, I believe, demonstrably One might feel like fighting, and perhaps more frequently does feel so, when possessed of "that tired feeling" which is the fortune of patent medicine venders, but to feel like fighting without doing so never brought a man before the police judge for the crime which we are considering. There must be both the inclination and the consciousness of strength to back it up before one would be likely to figure in this class of data.

In the case of the next class, that of arrests for insanity, we shall take the word of the psychiatrist that acute mania increases with any condition which tends to augment the output of nervous energy. The daily fluctuations in strength which all have experienced are not so much those of physical, as of nervous energy, if the distinction may be made, and with any having tendencies to mania the results would be those which our records showed.

With the occurrence of drunkenness and of suicide we have seeming contradiction to the belief which I have been attempting to maintain for the other phenomena which were deficient during calms, namely that they were evidences of excessive vitality. To discuss the peculiar problem which each of these presents would take us too far from our present subject, so I will simply refer any who are interested in following the subject further to papers already published by me on the subject.

With these possible exceptions we can say: that during calms those life phenomena which are due to excessive vitality are deficient in number. If these theses have been sufficiently defended, and figures are not in existence with which to refute them, the next logical question would be, " Why?"

Two hypotheses may, I believe, be presented in answer. The first is based upon the general facts bearing upon ventilation, and the second upon those of atmospheric electricity. The first would only be applicable to the conditions of large cities-and I will again call attention to the fact that all the data of the present problem were for New York city-while the second would be valid for any spot on the earth's surface. In discussing the first I would call attention to the fact that combustion of any sort, whether within the lungs of animal organisms or in the ordinary processes of burning, depletes the air of its oxygen and surcharges it with carbonic acid gas. If the normal proportions of oxygen are to be maintained in the immediate vicinity of such combustion, fresh air must by some means be brought in to take the place of that, the normal mixture of which has been disturbed. We are quite familiar with these facts in their bearing upon the ventilation of buildings, but there is no difference except that of magnitude between a building in which the air is being robbed of its oxygen through combustion and a city in which the same process

is going on.

Three million animal organisms (not all human) and half as many more fires, all without adequate vegetable organisms to reverse the process, should, we would argue, make tremendous inroads upon the atmospheric stock of oxygen. That this is true has been demonstrated by Dr. J. B. Cohen in an article appearing in the Smithsonian Reports for 1895, p. 573. He there shows that the proportion of carbonic acid gas varies to a very marked degree in the center of the city of Manchester, England; that the variation extends from the normal amount at times to more than four times that amount at others, the average being nearly three times the normal. Although he makes no reference to the fact, it is, I believe, safe to assume that these variations bear a fixed relation to wind movements. Certainly when the wind was very violent no considerable difference could exist between the composition of the atmosphere in a great center of population and in the surrounding country, where the normal mixture of gases would be found. It is safe also to assume that what was true for Manchester would be for New York city, and to assume at least as a working hypothesis that during calms the atmosphere for that city contains an excess of carbonic acid gas and a consequent deficiency of oxygen. The devitalizing effect of the former gas upon life processes and the importance of the latter to them are facts too well recognized to need discussion here. That they are demonstrated by the conditions stated earlier in this paper I shall maintain until some more tenable hypothesis is brought forward.

Some interesting facts not already alluded to are suggested by this study, and in conclusion I shall mention two of them very briefly.

First, there would seem to be reason to infer that the influence of calms upon children is more marked than that upon adults. The basis for this belief is found in the fact that the absentees from

school were increased three-fold during their prevalence, while no one of the classes of adults was affected to anything like such an extent.

Second, that women seem to be more sensitive to such influence than men. Evidence of this is to be found in the study of arrests for assault and battery where the sexes were tabulated separately.

In explanation of my own conception of the whole problem of weather influences, I would say, in closing, that we cannot suppose peculiar meteorological conditions to be the immediate cause of many of the abnormalities of conduct which vary with them. I have determined that suicide is much more frequent when the barometer is low than when it is high, yet would not

wish to assert that low barometrical conditions ever drove a man to self destruction. The only thing supposable is that during such atmospheric conditions the general emotional states are of such qualities that other things are more likely to do so.

This would be just as true for any of the other abnormalities of conduct studied. We can on the strength of the whole series of studies claim to have demonstrated that the metabolic processes of life to some extent vary with the weather states, and that these variations in metabolism make themselves evident both through physiological and psychological manifestations. More than this we do not at present claim.

A Chance Shot

By Henry Wallace Phillips

Reddy and I were alone at the Lake beds. He sat outside the cabin, braiding a leather hat-band—eight strands, and the "repeat" figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside, with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me, and newspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say: "Don't use the 'Princess' Slipper,' Kid—that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day, and they threw as many as two drinks into me; I know that for certain, because when we took the parting drink I had a glass of whisky in both my right hands, and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home, I felt mighty good for myself—not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it any, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty I can sing? Cock-eyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two-by-four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rags of wetness, when a flat-faced swatty at Fort Johnson halted me. Now it's a dreadful thing to be butted to death by a nanny-goat, but for a full-sized cowpuncher to be held up by a soldier is worse yet.

To say that I was hot under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

"Why, you cross between the Last Rose of Summer and a bobtailed flush!" says I, "what d'yer mean? What's got into you? Get out of my daylight, you dog-robber, or I'll walk the little horse around your neck like a three-ringed circus. Come, pull your freight!"

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosthead and forty braves are some'ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cayoodling and whoopin' fit to beat hell with the blower on, and if you get tangled up with them, I reckon they'll give you a hair cut and shampoo, to say nothing of the trimmings. They say they're after the Crows, but it's a ten dollar bill against a last year's bird's nest that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled, the disease is d—d catching. You'd better stop a while."

"Now, cuss old Frosthead, and you too!" says
I. "If he comes crow-hopping on my reservation, I'll kick his pantalettes on top of his scalplock."

"All right, pardner!" says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to halt every one going

^{*}From Red Sounders, by Henry Wallace Phillips. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

through; but I ain't a whole company, so you can have it your own way. Only, if your friends have to take you home in a coal-scuttle, don't blame me. Pass, friend!"

So I went through the officers' quarters forty miles an hour, letting out a string of yells you might have heard to the coast, just to show my

respect for the United States army.

Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after a while, and I went sound asleep in the saddle, and woke up with a jar—to find myself right in the middle of old Frosthead's gang; the drums "boom-blipping," and those forty-odd red tigers "hyah-hayahing" in a style that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in blazes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can 'most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh Doctor! but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war song put a crimp into me that Jack Frost

himself couldn't take out.

It was as dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't

know which way I ought to go.

Says I to myself, "Billy Saunders, you are the champion all-around, old-fashioned fool of the district. You are a jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. You sassed that poor swatty that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your bazoo like a man peddling soap; but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?" and I didn't get any answer, either.

Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my handkercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injun ponies, and prepared to sneak to where I'd

rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out of a mighty spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half-mile start, and I could show the whole Sioux nation how I wore my hair.

I cut for the place where the İnjuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound, and breathing only when necessary. We got along first-rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher hole, and walloped around there like a whale trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and, as it blazed up, the whole gang spotted me.

I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons into

Laddy, and we began to walk.

I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I knew the boys were short-handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the North Pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back; and, as the trouble seemed all over, I was just about to turn for the ranch, when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-boiling up a draw not half a mile away. That knocked me slab-sided. It locked like I got the wrong ticket every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space—Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scart kiyote making for home and mother.

A ways down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I

headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his under-rigging.

"Hi, there! What's eating you?" he yells.

"Injury coming pardner! The country's its

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just oozing Injuns! Better get a wiggle on you!"

"All right—slide along, I'll ketch up to you,"

says he.

I looked back and saw him hustling out with his saddle on his arm. "He's a particular kind of cuss," I thought; "bareback would suit most people."

Taking it a little easier for the next couple of

miles, I gave him a chance to pull up.

We pounded along without saying anything for a spell, when I happened to notice that his teeth were chattering.

"Keep your nerve up, pardner!" says I.
"Don't get scared—we's got a good start on 'em."

"Scared be derned!" says he. "I reckon if you was riding around this nice cool night in your drawers, your teeth 'ud rattle some, too."

I took at look at him, and saw, sure enough, while he had hat, coat, and boots on, the pants was missing. Well, if it had been the last act,

I'd have had to laugh.

"Couldn't find 'em nohow," says he; "hunted high and low, jick, Jack, and the game—just comes to my mind now that I had 'em rolled up and was sleeping on 'em. I don't like to go around this way—I feel as if I was two men, and one of 'em hardly respectable."

"Did you bring a gun with you?"

He gave me another stare. "Why, pardner, you must think I have got a light and frivolous disposition," says he, and with that he heaves up the great-granduncle of all the six-shooters I ever did see. It made my forty-five long look like something for a kid to cut its teeth on. "That's the best gun in this country," he went on.

"Looks as if it might be," says I. "Has the foundry that cast it gone out of business? I'd like to have one like it, if it's as dangerous as it

looks."

"When I have any trouble with a man," says he, "I don't want to go pecking at him with a putty-blower, just irritating him, and giving him a little complaint here and there; I want something that'll touch his conscience."

He had it, for a broadside from that battery would scatter an elephant over a township.

We loped along quiet and easy until sun-up. The Grindstone Buttes lay about a mile ahead of us. Looking over a rise of ground, we saw the Injuns coming over a rise of ground 'way in the distance.

"Now," says my friend, "I know a short cut through those hills that'll bring us out at Johnson's. They've got enough punchers there to do the United States army up—starched and blued. Shall we take it?"

"Sure!" says I. "I'm only wandering around this part of the country because this part of the country is here—if it was anywheres else I'd be

just as glad."

So in we went. It was the steepest and narrowest kind of a cañon, looking as if it had been cut out of the rock with one crack of the axe. I was just thinking: "Gee whiz! but this would be a poor place to get snagged in," when bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and m-e-arr! goes the bullet over our heads.

We were off them horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and

that's saying a good deal.

"Cussed poor shot, whoever he is," says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here till the rest come up, I presume."

"That's about the size of it—and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect."

"Oh, you can't always tell—you might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtful.

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't

know but what we'd have done better to stick to the horses, and run for it, but it's all foolishness; he'd sit behind his little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

He talked so calm it made me kind of mad. "Well," says I, "in that case, let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers—gettin' hosstyle right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, sonny, you keep your temper, and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

" Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face toward us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great, if you could work it!" says I. "But

Lord!"

"Well, watch!" says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so as not to give the Injun an opening, trained his cannon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be had.

"Say, pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make

many cigars at this game!"

"Now, don't you get oneasy," says he. "Just

"Biff!" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the Injun was knocked clear of the rock. I felt all along that he wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends afterward, if that gun did land on him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of hitched himself to the rock, and laying the rifle across it, and working the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" says I. I snapped at him, and smashed the lock of his rifle to flinders. Then,

of course, he was our meat.

As we rode up to him my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall, and looked us square in the eye—say, he was a man, I tell you, red-skin or no red-skin. The courage just stuck out of him as he stood there, waiting to pass in his checks.

My pardner threw the muzzle of his gun up. "D—n it!" says he, "I can't do it—he's game from the heart out! But the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul if he and I run foul of each

other on the prairie again!"

Then we shacked along down to Johnson's and had breakfast.

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

The Song of the Wounded Falcon...... Maxim Gorki Success

The sea slumbers, now murmuring its dreams in a slow monotone to the sand at our feet, and anon heaving with the deep unrest of a heavy ground swell whose shelving waves thunder on the shore as far as the eye can reach, but always seeming to repose quiescent in the distance, its soft-breathing breast tinted with the silver shimmer of the moonbeams. Vast, vague, and velvety, it blends far off with the dark blue southern sky, and mirrors the translucent woof of feathery clouds, which, becalmed, shroud not with their forms the golden arabesques of the stars. The overarching heavens seem to hover unusually low, as if anxious, in the quieter intervals, to catch the whispers of the wimpling waves that creep so drowsily landward.

Rahim lies at full length, his chest upon the sand, his head turned seaward. He leans upon his elbows, his chin resting on the palms of his hands, and gazes wistfully into the hazy distance. His shaggy sheepskin cap has slipped down over the back of his head, and his fine forehead, creased with a network of deep furrows, is being cooled by the briny freshness wafted from the sea. He is philosophizing, heedless whether or not I am listening; indeed, he is as unmindful of my presence as if he were holding converse with

the ocean.

"The man who is true to God," he says, "enters into paradise. And he who serves neither God nor the prophet? Perhaps he is there now in that foam. He may be one of those silvery patches on the water. Who can say?"

The darkling deep throbs visibly as lambent flakes of light fall here and there, as if scattered

carelessly by the moon.

"Rahim, tell me a story," I say to the old man.

"I've already told them all to you. I know no more." This means that he wants to be coaxed. I coax him accordingly.

"Would you like for me to sing you a new

song?" he at length inquires.

"By all means," I reply, whereupon he narrates the following fable in a melancholy recitative, striving to keep to the wild song-melody of the steppes, but woefully mangling the Russian words:

Far up among the pinnacles of the mountains crawled a snake, and he lay in a dark crevice, coiled in a knot and looking out upon the sea. The sun beamed from the heavens high above, the mountain's sultry heat rose toward the sky, and the billows below dashed against the crag. Adown the cleft in gloom and in spray a torrent rushed and bounded over the rocks. Lashed into foam, gray and strong, it rent the mountain and tumbled into the ocean, roaring angrily.

Into the crevice wherein the snake lay coiled a falcon suddenly fell with broken breast and bloodbespattered plumage. He screamed in agony and beat himself against the unyielding rock in

paroxysms of powerless rage.

The snake crawled aside in terror, but he soon saw that the proud bird's fierce life was ebbing. So he approached the wounded falcon and hissed straight into his ear:

"Art thou dying, then?"

"I am, alas!" groaned the falcon, "but my life has been glorious. I have known happiness. I have fought bravely. I have soared into the highest heaven. Thou wilt never see it so near. Ah, what a poor creature thou art!"

"Why, what is heaven, that I should care for it? 'Tis only empty space. How could I creep up there? I am very comfortable here, it is so warm and damp. Whether you fly or crawl, the end is the same: all will finally lie in the earth,

and will molder to dust."

But the dauntless falcon fluttered his wings, raised himself a little, and, having summoned all his strength, cried out with aching heart and exquisite pain:

"Oh, might it but be vouchsafed to me to soar to heaven for only one last time! I would clasp my foe to the wounds of my breast, and he would be choked with my blood. O the bliss of battle!"

"It must, in truth, be good to dwell in heaven," thought the snake, "since he groans thus from mere yearning for it." Then, turning to the brave bird, he said: "Drag thyself forward to the edge of the gorge, and plunge downward. Thy wings, mayhap, will bear thee up, and thou mayst live yet a brief while in thy native element."

The falcon quivered with excitement at the suggestion, uttered a faint cry, and moved to the precipice, slipping with his claws along the slimy rock. He spread his wings abroad as he reached the edge, sighed heavily from his full breast, flashed a remnant of their former fire from his eyes, and sprang downward. But his old power of flight had gone forever, and he fell like a stone, slipping and tumbling from rock to rock, breaking his pinions and losing his plumage. The billows of the torrent caught him up, and, washing away the stains of blood, shrouded him in foam and swept him on to the ocean. But the waves of

the sea, with woeful wail, dashed against the crag, and the lifeless body of the bird was seen no more in the tumultuous tossing waste of waters below.

Lying in the rocky cleft, the snake pondered long over the death of the falcon and its passion-

ate yearning for heaven.

"Now what could he have espied," soliloquized the snake, "in this vast wilderness void of ground and bounds? Wherefore do such as he, when breathing out their lives, bewilder the soul with their love for soaring heavenward? What light is shed upon them there? All this might I learn, could I only fly up to heaven, were it but for a few fleeting moments!"

So said, so done. Having coiled himself in a circle, he sprang into the air and glistened like a slender thong in the sunlight. But what is born to creep, as says the proverb, shall never fly, and he fell heavily upon the stones. Yet, as he hurt himself not unto death, he laughed aloud.

"This, then," said he, "is the charm of soaring up to heaven! It lies in the fall. Ridiculous birds! Knowing little of the earth, and fretting while on it, they aspire to high heaven, seeking what they call the fullness of life in an empty waste. Light, indeed, is there in profusion, but food is lacking, and no firm footing can be found there for a living body. Whence, then, comes their pride? What mean their taunts of all who cannot fly? Are they not merely masks wherewith to disguise the madness of their strivings and the aspirants' unfitness for the business of life? Foolish birds! But their phrases will never again deceive me. I have fathomed all their secrets myself. I have beheld the heavens from a bird's point of view. I have soared up to them, I have measured them, and I have known the sensation of falling; yet was I not dashed to pieces, but only moved to a firmer faith in myself. Let those live on delusions who are incapable of loving the earth. As for me, I have attained unto truth, and in the enticements of birds I shall never again put faith. A creature of earth, I will live upon it." He then coiled himself in a tangle on the stone, puffed up with pride.

In the lionlike roar of the waves resounded the song of the proud falcon, while the rocks quaked on encountering their shocks, and the welkin

quivered at this, their wild chant:

"We sing glory to the reckless daring of the brave! The frenzy of courage is the wisdom of life. O dauntless falcon! Thou hast bled to death in battle with thy foes! But the time will come when the drops of thy scalding blood will scintillate like sparks in the gloom of night, enkindling many venturesome hearts with the mad

thirst for freedom and for light. What recks it that thou art dead? In the song of the brave and the strong spirit thou shalt live evermore, a type, a proud cynosure in the path to freedom and to light. We sing a chant of praise to the madness of the brave."

Hushed is the deep in the opal-tinted distance, and with melancholy wail the waves dash into foam on the sands. I breathe no word as I gaze upon Rahim, who has finished the song of the falcon to the sea. More thickly studded grow the slumbering waters with the silver flakes of light showered down by the moon. Our little kettle of chowder begins to boil.

A wave sweeps playfully along the beach, and, aggressively plashing, creeps toward Rahim's

head.

"Where are you bounding to? Begone!" cries Rahim, and, as he brandishes his arm threateningly toward it, it rolls pliantly back into the sea. Neither laughable to me nor terrible seems Rahim's sally, as he thus personifies the breakers. Everything around looks curiously alive, subdued, and friendly. The sea is so impressively calm that, in the freshness it breathes upon the mountains, not yet cooled from the sultry heat of noon, one seems to feel the hidden presence of an overwhelming force held well in check. On the deep blue firmament, in the golden runes of the stars, is written something solemn that bewitches the soul and captivates the mind with its delicious promise of some significant revelation.

Everything slumbers, but with the semi-wakefulness born of strong tension, and it seems as if, in another second, all things will suddenly start up, loud-sounding, in the tuneful harmony of unutterably dulcet strains. Those sounds will tell the story of the secret of the universe, will unfold it all to the mind, and will then quench it forever as a will-o'-the-wisp, drawing the soul high up with themselves into the deep blue abyss where the trembling figures of the stars will sing their old morning song in the soul-melting music of

the universal Psalm of Life.

The Dead Level of Intelligence Gerald Stanley Lee Critic

There was a time once, when, if a man revealed in a conversation that he was familiar with poetic structure in John Keats, it meant something about the man—his temperament, his producing or delighting power. It means now that he has taken a course in poetics in college, or teaches English in a high school, and is carrying deadly information about with him wherever he goes. It does not mean that he has a spark of the Keats spirit in him, or that he could have endured being

in the same room with Keats, or Keats could have endured being in the same room with him, for fifteen minutes.

There is no more sorry or significant inconvenience in modern life than the almost constant compulsion in it of finding people out-making a distinction between the people who know a beautiful thing and are worth while and the boors of culture-the people who know all about it. One sees them on every hand to-day, many of them occupying positions of importance. They have been taken through all the regular means of education, from the bottom to the top, but they always belong to the intellectual lower classes whatever their positions may be, because they are clumsy and futile with knowledge-because they are not masters. Their culture has not been made over into themselves and does not belong to them, and cannot be made to belong to them. They have acquired it largely under mob influence (the dead level of intelligence) and all that they can do with it-with what they do not want-is to force it on other people who do not want it.

Whether in the origin, processes, or results of their learning, these people have all the attributes of a mob. Their influence and force in civilization is a mob influence, and it operates in the old and classic fashion of mobs upon all who oppose it.

It constitutes at present the most important and securely intrenched intimidating force that modern society presents, against the actual culture of the world, whether in the schools or out of it. Its voice is in every street, and its shout of derision may be heard in almost every walk of life against all who refuse to conform to it. There are but very few who refuse. Millions of human beings, young and old, in meek and willing rows are seen on every side, standing before It-THE DEAD LEVEL-anxious to do anything to be graded up to it, or to be graded down to it-offering their heads to be taken off, their necks to be stretched, or their waists-willing to live footless all their days-anything-anything wbatever, bless their hearts! to know that they are on the Level, the Dead Level, the precise and exact Dead Level of Intelligence.

The fact that this mob-power keeps its hold by using books instead of bricks is merely a matter of form. It occupies most of the strategic positions just now in the highways of learning, and it does all the things that mobs do, and does them in the way that mobs do them. In a frenzy of labor it despoils gardens, lays its own palaces low, dictates fates to those who build palaces for the world and keep them open in it. With its workhouses in parks, jails called schools—factories to

learn to love in, treadmills to learn to sing in, it girdles its belt of drudgery around the world and carries bricks and mortar to the clouds. It shouts to every human being across the spaces—the outdoors of life: "Who goes there? Come thou with us. Dig thou with us. Root or die!"

Every vagrant joy-maker and world-builder this modern day can boast—genius, lover, singer, artist—has had to have his struggle with the hod-carriers of culture, and if a lover of books has not enough love in him to refuse to be coerced into joining the huge Intimidator, the aggregation of the Reading Labor Unions of the world, which rules the world, there is little hope for him. All true books draw quietly away from him. Their spirit is a spirit that shall not know him—a spirit he shall never know.

The time was when knowledge was made to fit people like their clothes. But now that we have come to the point where we pride ourselves on educating people in rows and civilizing them in the bulk, "If a man has the privilege of being born by himself-of beginning his life by himself, it is as much as he can expect," says the typical Board of Education. The result is-so far as being educated is concerned-the average man looks back to his first birthday as his last chance of being treated as God made him, and as he isa special creation by himself. "The Almighty may deal with a man, when He makes him, as a special creation by himself. He may manage to do it afterward. We cannot," says the board, succinctly, drawing its salary; "it increases the tax rate.'

The problem is dealt with simply enough. There is just so much cloth to be had and just so many young and two-legged persons to be covered with it—and that is the end of it. The growing child walks down the years—turns every corner of life—with Vistas of Ready-Made Clothing hanging before him, closing behind him. Unless he shall fit himself to these clothes—he is given to understand—down the pitying, staring world he shall go, naked, all his days, like a dream in the night.

Manners Chambers's Journal

Few people are indifferent to the charm of good manners, even though they do not possess them —which is quite another thing; for some people like manners as others love music—without practising it. Even Doctor Johnson describes, with a sort of envy which does not obscure his admiration, a manner of perfect address: "I remarked with what justice of distribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what address he offered to every man an occasion of indulging some favorite

topic or displaying some particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his inquiries after the absent; and . . , I soon discovered that he possessed some science of graciousness and attraction which books had not taught; that he diffused upon his cursory behavior and most trifling actions a gloss of softness and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that, by some occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, softened the superstitious, and opened the reserved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners, which left me no hope but not to offend, and at the insufficiency of rustic benevolence which gained no friends but by real service." This portrait is useful in drawing a distinction which lies at the very portal of our subject; there is all the difference between good manners and what the writer means to describe as a good manner. Good manners are the art of always knowing how to behave ourselves. A good manner sets its possessor off on all occasions. The one is decorum, the other grace; the one avoids giving pain, the other imparts positive pleasure; the one guarantees us from censure and ridicule, the other excites respect and admiration; the one admits to any company, the other enables its possessor to take the lead in it; the one can be taught and acquired, the other is a gift of nature, fostered by favorable circumstances. The essence or secret of good manners, as of goodness in all other things, consists in suitableness, or, in other words, of harmony. When we speak of harmony, we necessarily imply the relation between two things. We signify that the relation between them is what it should be; that the just proportion between them has been observed; and that out of this justness of proportion, this relation as it should be, springs what is designated by the significant word pro-

The conclusion to which one comes after studying any of the many writers who have tried to formulate rules of social procedure, from Epictetus down to the compiler of the latest manual on etiquette, is that there exists a nescio quid-a spirit intangible, not to be described, but essential to the sweetness and light of human intercourse-without which "the rest is all but leather or prunella." Manner is so impalpable a thing that there is no crucible in which it can be impounded, no scales, be they ever so fine, in which it can be weighed. It has its source far too deep to be learned by practise and rote; it is no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on like a grenadier's cap to make one of consequence; it must be innate-an intuitive consideration of the feelings of others and a forgetfulness of self.

Nothing stands in the way of fine, easy manners so much as the extreme hurry and bustle of modern life. They require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners, too, require time, and are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. This does not mean that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy; but the exertion must be equable. the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical.

Another serious element which is radically hostile to the cultivation of good manners is the method practised by those who wish to win the respect of others and yet betray all want of selfrespect. People are generally valued at the rate they set on themselves-not, of course, what they aim at, but what their actions show they rate themselves at. Let a person come to act as though anything is good enough so long as nobody else is the wiser—that he can cut a figure to the world and be pitiful in private; but let such be not deceived. The secret will always betray itself

some way or other, sooner or later.

Manners change like the fashions-are, in fact, as much the sport of fashions as bonnets, skirts, mantles, or collars; but the gulf that separates the well bred from the ill bred remains as deep and wide as ever. The people with money (and nothing else) who take a house and have it decorated. and then send for the society papers to describe it, are separated by an impassable moral gulf from many in humble life, who-like the wayside flower drawing filth of the gutter into its veins. and filtering it by its own virtue into a beneficent juice-change the use of adversity or the humiliation of neglect into a spirit that sweetens all their surroundings.

The great danger of our time, due to the relaxed habits of family life, is that manners should be left to form themselves; neglected manners are rarely good manners. Nobody is born with manners. The most that can be said is that certain people seem born with a facility for learning the lessons of social intercourse more quickly and easily than others. This is probably the reason why little girls have better manners than boys. Just as they learn to speak and read more quickly and easily than boys, so they learn more readily to have good manners; but if manners are a matter of education, what is learned must first be taught. The danger to-day is not of people forgetting their manners, but of never learning them; and the ideal to be kept in view is the fine taste of the best man of the world wedded to the spiritual life-the union of the sons of Zion with the sons of Greece.

Choice Verse

Trade-clouds! trade-clouds that hold your courses down,
Down along the monsoon way, across the Sulu Sea,
Oh, will you tell my sweetheart—hard by the little town—
That she shall have the milk-white pearls long since she asked of me?
And one is for the thought of her that keeps me ever true,
And one is for the promise that she gave to me that day—
And one is for the message sweet—for her I give to you—
"Oh, milk-white pearls on milk-white breast forever may they sway!"

Trade-clouds! trade-clouds that half the world have turned, Full well you know the coral reef where lies the mother shell, And well you know by what dire toil the milk-white pearls are earned—Set in their guardian chamber like white nuns in a cell; And one is for the virgin soul that lives without a sin, And one is for the tender heart that beats for me—I pray—And one is for the wish you bear, the breath of love therein—"Oh, milk-white pearls on milk-white breast forever may they sway!"

A Toast to Our Native Land......Robert Bridges*

Huge and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream Of Washington and Franklin, men of old Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold. This is the Land we love, our heritage, Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage And full of promise—destined to be great. Drink to our Native Land! God Bless the State!

A Love Sonnet...... William Ordway Partridge Metropolitan

My love for you is like the depths of Heaven,
That overhang this night—so calmly deep—
And all aglow with stars of hope once given—
It makes me tremble and it overcomes like sleep,
Then stirs to strenuous life, until I save
Whatever of the child my heart still holds—
I know not if you asked it—or I gave
This gift of gifts—that all of life enfolds;

And what is your return? The right to rise
And look into your soul, and find its peace,
To know that love shall live whatever dies,
And still sing on, when all earth's songs must
cease,
And every hour my soul stands brave and true
You do not know—I count it passed with you!

Every laneway hath its lure,
Every path its pledges:
There is happiness, be sure,
Hidden in the hedges,
And where rills go purling pure
Down the mossy ledges.

*From Bramble Brae, by Robert Bridges. Charles Scribner's Sons.

So, since joy is in the land, Come, ye lads and lasses! Let us rove, a loving band, Where the south wind passes, Hand in hand, hand in hand, Through the leaning grasses!

Spring Song...... John Vance Cheney...... Country Life in America

Squirrel red and mouse are out,
On the bank a muskrat scout;
Lopes the spotted skunk at will,
Foxes canter round the hill:
Showers are falling,
Crows are calling;
Limbered swamp frogs rouse and peep,
Birds in thickets flit and cheep;
Old man Mist, with shaggy locks,
Totters 'twixt the pasture rocks:
Showers are falling,
Snakes are crawling.

Inheritance..... Grace Ellery Channing..... Atlantic

Lo, what am I? A patch of things. Mere odds and ends of lives flung by, From age-long rag-bag gatherings Pieced up by Fate full thriftily: Somebody's wornout will and wit, Somebody's habits and his hair, Discarded conscience, faith once fair Ere time, the moth, had eaten it; My great-grandfather's chin and nose, The eyes my great-grandmother wore, And hands from some remote—who knows?-Perchance prehensile ancestor; Somebody's style, somebody's gait. Another body's wrist and waist, With this one's temper, that one's trait, One's tastes, another's lack of taste: Feelings I never chose to feel, A voice in which I had no voice. Revealing where I would conceal Rude impulses without a choice; Faults which this forefather or that Unkindly fostered, to my ill, With others some one else begat And made the matter worser still.

a stone.

They chose, these masters of my fate,
To please themselves, bequeathing me
Base pleasures in the things I hate,
Liking for what misliketh me
Out of the ashes of their fires,
Out of the fashion of their bone,
They fashioned me, my mighty sires,
And shall I call my soul my own?

Ay, borrowed husk, head, heart, and hand, Slave on and serve me till we die!

I am your Lord and your Command!
But only God knows—what am I.

The Rose Light Lingered Winston Churchill Century

The rose light lingered on the hill, And turned to wine the waters at our feet, The leaves that prattled by our sides were still, This day—how sweet!

The sun fell down behind the crest,
Uplifted dark against the western sky,
And it stood brazen lined, in azure drest,
Within my heart—a cry.

Before her time, the silver moon Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light, A star beyond the hills arose—too soon, Then spread the night.

Her veil of mist to hide the deeps That once were warm. Upon our spirits, too, A silence fell, e'en as a cool air steeps The grass with dew.

Yesterday! So the ages roll
Unmoved. And yet I yearn that thou shouldst
know
How lingers still thy presence in my soul—
An afterglow.

O ghostly visitants That haunt the lonely heart, O trooping shadows of old joys, Echoes of words that still return Dream-like to paint anew The vanished happiness Of perfect yesterdays, Can I not live The old life once again, Can I never for one little hour Recall its poorest moment For my rare delight— The drift of perfume On the evening air, The harvest fragrance Of the distant fields, The memory of night and moonlight And the songs of birds, The clang and echo of far bells, The distant beating of the noisy iron-And hear the sweet benediction As the twilight falls, Of kind-voiced mothers Calling their sleepy children Home to bed, Strange memories of the heart That Daylight shuts away, That steal upon us in the night, Like ghosts from out the past?

The Short Cut to Rosses......Nora Chesson......Outlook (London)

By the short cut to Rosses a fairy girl I met;
I was taken in her beauty as a fish is in a net,
The fern uncurled to look at her, so very fair was she,
With her hair as bright as seaweed new-drawn from out the sea.

By the short cut to Rosses ('twas on the first of May)
I heard the fairies piping, and they piped my heart away;
They piped till I was mad with joy, but when I was alone
I found my heart was piped away and in my breast

By the short cut to Rosses 'tis I go never more,
Lest she should also steal my soul that stole my
heart before;
Lest she take my soul and crush it like a dead leaf
in her hand,
For the short cut to Rosses is the way to Fairyland.

Crimson sky and crimson sea,
You and I;
Crimson lilies on the lea
Where we lie;
Heart and hand and eyes and lips
Zephyr-fanned,
By the sun-warm wind that slips
Out of Dreamer's Land.

Gray-green sky and green-gray sea, You and I; Ghost of lilies—what are we?— Wander by; Heart and hand and eyes and lips Barrier-banned; Pity for Love's dark eclipse, Down in Dreamer's Land!

The Vigilantes Clinton Dangerfield Munsey s

The moon hangs out like an evil sign;
Slowly she labored up from the west,
She is red with the blood of the sun; the line
Of his crimson lingers. Now, onward pressed

By following legions, the great dark clouds Come out on the sky in whirling masses, And dead leaves dance, in their mazy crowds, Stirred by the wild wind as it passes.

Wilder yet are the eyes of fire, The flaring torches men hold alight. While he who pays for his heart's desire Screams out in vain to the empty night—

Cries in vain as the stolen steed, Riderless, bloody, and foam embossed, Waits till the ominous iron creed Is again fulfilled, and a soul has crossed

Over the border; while angry clouds Fling out wide banners in whirling masses, And dead leaves dance in their mazy crowds, Stirred by the night wind as it passes.

The Sketch Book:

A Complex Question of Law and a Dog......New York Weekly

A man called on a lawyer the other day and said:

"My name is Tomkins. I called to see you about a dog difficulty that bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on it. Might give me law points, so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not.

"Well, you see, me and Potts went into partnership on a dog; we bought him. He was a setter, and Potts and I went shares in him, so's to take him out shooting. It was never exactly settled which half of him I owned, or which half belonged to Potts, but I formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was mine and the front end Potts'. Consequence was, that when the dog barked I always said:

"'There goes Potts' half exercising himself.'
"When the dog's tail wagged I always considered that my end was being agitated and, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears or one of his shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sort of thing was good for the whole dog, and, second, because the thing would get about even when Potts' head would reach round and snap at a fly on my hind legs.

"Well, things went along smoothly enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running round after his tail. He was the most foolish dog I ever saw. Used to chase his tail round and round until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark, and you know I was frightened lest it might hurt the dog's health, and as Potts didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave.

"So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up against a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail pretty close up, and the next minute he was running round the yard howling like a boatload of wild cats. Just then Potts came up, and he made remarks because I'd cut off that tail.

"One word brought another, and pretty soon Potts set the dog on me—half mine, too, mind you—and the dog bit me in the leg. See that. Look at that leg. About half a pound gone—eaten up by that dog.

"Now, what I want to see you about is this—can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, recollect. I owned an individual half of that

Character in Outline

setter pup, from the tip of his tail right up to the third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I had a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites any one or when he barks at night."

"I don't know," replied the lawyer, musingly, "there haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this, but what does Mr. Potts say on the subject?"

"Why, Potts' view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half he draws a line from the head to the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one foreleg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him angry was that I wasted his property without consulting him.

"But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal, why, I'm going to sell my half of the dog at a sacrifice sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now, what do you think about it? Don't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the piece that's been bitten out of me?"

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well! And yet you talk about civilization, and temples of justice, and such things. All right. Let's go. I can't stand it; and don't ever anybody undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good-morning."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Tomkins, you've forgot-

ten my fee."

"F-f-fee! Why, you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly, for my advice. My fee is five dol-

lars."

"Five dollars! Why, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got a dollar to my name. But I'll tell you what'll I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you and you can go round and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me again I'll sue you and Potts as sure as my name's Tomkins."

It was a constant wonder to us how Joseph Preston ever endured the years he spent at college. Bright, more intelligent than the average man, with rare ability as an orator and debater, he was shunned by all because of his forbidding

face. With a monstrous dull head, swelling out to an unsightly protuberance on the chin, with a long ragged red scar from forehead to ear, such was Preston. His face reflected not a ray of intelligence, not a glimpse of the man underneath. Even his brilliant recitations in college could not overcome the natural dislike of his disfigurement, and conditions came to him that he surely did not deserve. During the years he roomed alone and ate his meals silently, at one end of a long boarding-house table. He would have been happiest, I think, on some lonely island where within himself he could live, conscious that no one was gazing at him.

Still, I was his defender. A girl leaning on my arm as we swung down the hall for the third time motioned with a toss of her head, a mass of curling brown, toward where Preston, deserted and alone, sat in a corner, staring with those sad eyes. "Oh," she whispered, almost shivering, "isn't he terrible, why is he here? If I had his looks I'd kill myself." I fear I answered somewhat bitterly, knowing as I did that the only thing that could bring him in such close touch with the world was his one passion-a wild, hopeless love for her in the clinging blue, with the deep sea in her eyes and the wild rose pink in her cheeks. It brought a wondering look to her eyes and then a quick flush of red to her face. In that moment, full of the impulse of my championship, I almost went over and spoke to Preston. But I hesitated, a girl was at my side, and when I was free he was gone, back to the solitude of his own heart. For him there was not even memory.

That must have been far along in the spring of our senior year when, the burden of his work well over, the approaching graduate sees with regret the days passing on apace, each a sad farewell to some favorite spot; to a certain seat in the bleachers where the thinness of a November sunlight has more than once left him shivering, as he stamps his feet and yells for the touchdown that is coming; to a scarred library desk where the name and fame of the class—the great class—will be stared at by next year's freshmen.

But it could not be that to Preston. To him it must have been escape from the associations that had been antagonisms to him. I did not meet him after that April night, though I heard that he passed his examinations successfully, as the occupant of the next seat, a certain Peters, who so far conquered his aversion as to copy from his blue-book testified.

Three years later, after the summer was over, I opened a law office in a small country town. One morning, lolling in an office chair with a ponderous law book in my lap, waiting for cases,

the door opened—not a client, but Preston, his face contracted into a ghastly leer as he tried to smile. I dragged him into a chair. Buried in the isolation of the country town, I was only too glad to meet any one who reminded of the university. Preston kept looking at me with what on other men's faces would have been a quizzical smile. "So you've settled here," he said, throwing his words out in little spasms which one not knowing him would think rudeness. "So have I."

The law book slipped to the floor. So he was to be my rival. After Preston had gone that day I wondered what could have brought him to the little village—but the next morning I met Bess on the street, and I understood. She was to be married during the month to the paying teller of the only bank in the village, an old Michigan man; I had known him distantly as a senior in my second year.

Events moved quietly in that town. Though Preston refused an invitation to the marriage, yet I often saw him watching her on the street, when none were looking.

As the months went on my practise grew. The newness was wearing off of the office chairs. Across at his desk I could see Preston, sitting sometimes with his head in his hands, again staring vacantly at the busy street. For, as everywhere he was shunned, a client's step was never heard on his office stairs. He was a failure. A couple of other young lawyers in the village and I alone knew what he really was—what an inexhaustible stock of legal knowledge was concealed within that misshapen head. Somehow we commenced going to him with our difficult cases, and oftentimes paid him for his opinions. It's something now to think of that these few dollars stood between him and starvation.

Suddenly there came a crash. The First National of Franklin went to the wall. The next morning there were arrests, the first, Ronald Norton. He was the scapegoat, the barrier behind which the crief promoters of the conspiracy were to shield themselves. While we little knew him except across the teller's desk, we all sympathized with Bess—and stood ready to offer our professional services. But we were unprepared for her choice of Preston, though we knew she was deeply in debt, and that there could be little for a lawyer.

But even I was unprepared for the trial. When the attorney for the defense rose in his place to plead for the prisoner a titter ran around the room while the women gasped and turned away at the sight of his distorted visage. The jurors looked at one another and then slid down in their seats. Even Bess trembled, and the prisoner, who had never liked Preston, bit his lip savagely, and

glared at his wife.

And then the gnarled, disfigured face began to speak. His words came slowly, and he often paused for a bit of reference or citation to strengthen his case. But as the simple current of his thought caught him, a change came-the laughter died out in the rear of the courtroom, while he leaned over the table and talked to the jurors. Fortified by legal knowledge as he was, it was no bookish argument that he presented, but a simple appeal for justice. He did not spare Norton. Again and again he exposed him as the tool, but the bitterness of his resentment was poured upon the prosecutors. In suppressed passion he referred to the men who were hounding the teller to a prison cell, the substitution of the innocent for the guilty, as he related the inside history of the bank. Even the best informed stockholder stared. The jurors straightened themselves in their seats; one bent forward in his interest.

Then he changed, no longer was it Norton the bank teller for whom he was pleading, but Norton the man. I knew it was for Bess. His words came faster and faster; in their burning eagerness he was forgotten; for the moment he had risen above himself. As he pleaded for the sobbing wife on the court railing, her light hair falling in wild disorder about her face, for the silent figure in the box, the jurors were almost upon their feet; behind him in the audience the laughter had changed to sobs. Then, as if utterly exhausted, he dropped back in his seat, while the silence of a multitude thinking came over the court. An hour later Roland Norton walked forth a free man.

In the corridor Preston met Bess. I did not know it was the first time. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she cried, running up to him; the inspiration of his plea was still upon her and she forgot his face. "You saved him, and all I can give you isn't what it's worth to me." With that she handed him a purse, to my surprise, its sides

bulging out.

For a moment he eyed it, then with a sudden movement he hurled the money across the room, so that the coins rang on the stone wall and bounding back hopped over the pavement. He did not look at her. "I don't defend guilty men for money," he said shortly, and with that he seized my arm and pulled me downstairs. As I looked back, she was standing there, wonder and something more in her face, and I remembered the night of the dance. A little boy was gathering gold pieces in his chubby hands. Then we turned the stair landing.

The Exile...... Emilie Ruck de Schell...... (March) Atlantic

"Raigs, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" The harsh, strident call rang clear and strong on the afternoon air. Old Rachel dropped her knitting, a flutter of excitement stirring her heart. Two long weeks she had been listening for that cry, and now that it had come the voice was that of a stranger.

What did it mean? Where was little Iky with his song-call, sweeter to her poor old ears than matin psalm or choir chant? What had become of old Aaron, raucous of voice, whom she herself had established in business? Vainly she had been watching the alley behind her spacious home. Why had the rag-carts ceased to come that way?

There was nothing for her to do in the magnificent home her sons had reared. Hirelings ministered to her children's wants. To her a little knitting or embroidery was permitted, and oh, how she loathed it all! Yet she had learned, in the years of her toil and privation, how futile it is to cry out against the established order of things.

Her sons were prosperous merchants, whose fingers glittered with diamonds large as hailstones. Her daughters adorned the best Hebrew society, and did credit to their satins. Assuredly their old mother should not humiliate them by reminding them and others of the cruel days of their childhood. She had everything the flesh could desire. Why was she not content?

Again that cry, "Raigs, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" resounded far down the alley. Rachel arose, and tiptoed to the back window of her room. Softly she turned the ivory blinds and peered out. There was no one in sight. The man must have stopped at the alley gate of some mansion farther down the street, to barter with a servant for a few old bottles or discarded clothes. Would he turn, after he had made his purchase, and go the other way? Tears sprang to the old woman's eyes. She longed to tear off the velvet house gown, the lace mitts that did their best to conceal her hard, misshapen hands, the cap of ribbons and lace that covered her scant gray locks. Her soul was filled with a wild yearning to pursue the filthy cart and its unwashed, unkempt driver. He would take her to her friends -friends against whom the doors of her home were forever barred.

To them she had gone, a blooming young woman, when death had stricken down the strong prop of her home. They had watched over her brood of little ones while she, clad in rags that ill concealed her comeliness, had wandered from alley to alley, a bag of coppers in her pocket and a stout sack over her shoulder. Jehovah, who

watches over the fatherless, had prospered her, and in time a donkey and cart had to be procured. It wrung her soul to part with the shining yellow coins, the price of the new outfit; but her children were growing, and must be put to school. Again the Lord prospered her, and she sent out numerous carts, each one bringing to her at nightfall its precious freight. With her own hands she had sorted out the cotton and woolen rags, the bottles and fragments of iron, the garments that, with a little mending, could be sold to the second-hand clothing dealer.

Then another change had come. Her sons had grown to manhood almost before she realized it, and prosperity had run with open arms to meet

At first the cook, Myra, with a few extra coppers in her pocket, had connived at clandestine meetings at the alley gate, or stolen visits in Iky's cart to the far-away Little Jerusalem. But young Gabriel's gold coins were more persuasive than old Rachel's pennies, and so the lonely exile had been driven to content herself with listening daily for the well-known cry-the slender plank that spanned the gulf between her and the past.

Now for two weeks no ragpicker's cart had invaded the neighborhood of her home. Strain her keen ears as she would, no call was borne even from the neighboring alleys. Had Gabriel forbidden her old friends to come near his house? Had he perhaps even done violence to them?

Tortured with fear and yearning, she waited and listened. Then a greater fear clutched at her heart, and a reckless longing for liberty dashed to earth the walls of prudence and self-control

that she had reared about herself.

As the cart clattered over the alley stones she turned and, with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, fled down the back stairs and out across the bit of lawn, uttering a low, gurgling cry, whereat the ragpicker started and brought his horse up with a sudden jerk. Who in this fashionable neighborhood possessed that call?

To his amazement, a little stooped woman in lace cap and velvet gown stood in the gateway, beckoning to him. In Yiddish such as he had not heard since he left his mother's knee she greeted him, demanded his name and news of her friends.

A pestilence had broken out among the ragpickers, he told her-a dread disease that carried them away like chaff before the flail. mother had already perished, and now the poor boy lay tossing in wild delirium, with no one to give him so much as a cup of cold water.

Suddenly Rachel straightened herself to her full height, and all the servile resignation was

gone from her haughty old face.

"I will go back to mine own people!" she cried. "These be flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, and yet are they strangers to me. Would I had reared them as honest ragpickers! Go thou but to the next alley and wait. I will ioin thee."

A half hour later the ragpicker lifted to the seat of his cart a little old creature wrapped in a dingy black shawl. No lace mitts covered her wrinkled hands. Her feet felt again the austere caress of sabots that had lain for years at the bottom of her

chest of sacred things.

Under the seat of the cart was a basket filled with food and wine for her suffering people. Rachel thought not, cared not, for the consternation that would fill the cold, handsome house when sons and daughters returned at nightfall to find the mother gone. Her people were in distress,

and she was going to them.

"Raigs, raigs, got any raigs!" The cry burst from her lips before she could suppress it. A light of ecstasy shone in her faded brown eyes. Oh, this was heaven, heaven itself! The captive was returning to Jerusalem. As the old, beloved call quivered on the air, a well-dressed man on the pavement stopped and stared at the cart. It was Gabriel, and at his side was a handsome woman, a Gentile, who would willingly barter her faith for the Hebrew's gold.

"Quick! down the alley! Don't spare the nag. My son has discovered me. He will take me back," the old woman whispered, full of terror

vet unsubdued.

Away they went through alleys and side streets. No more rags were purchased that day. At dusk the filthy, dilapidated houses of Little Jerusalem were before them-palaces these, yea, and temples, wherein the returned exile could worship forever.

Oh, the joy of ministering to the sick, of listening to their strident patois of German and Hebrew, of mixing cooling drinks for their fevered throats! Two days and nights she toiled among her people, and then the pestilence laid its burning fingers on her heart. There was no one left to minister to her. All were sick or dead. No one resisted when an officer in blue uniform, with Gabriel at his heels, entered the low door of the

"Mother, what does this mean? How dare

"Nay, my son, rebuke me not," the parched lips murmured. "I am come out of exile to mine own people. Already the gates of Zion stand ajar, and thy father beckons. Return thou to the Babylon of thy love; but for me the years of captivity are consumed."

The Faith of Sleicher Minor Z. Carn Outlook (London)

"O Lord, send down Thy Holy Spirit. Make me a good boy and forgive me my sins. O Lord, make me win the quarter-mile race. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

A little boy, perhaps twelve years old, rose from his knees in the bare dormitory. He had fair hair, almost white; he was spare and frail looking, and his large round eyes of a light blue, somewhat shrunken in the thin face, gleamed forth all the tenderness and exquisite susceptibilities of his little heart. It was Sleicher minor.

As he was coming downstairs, Fatty met him-

"Hullo, Sausage minor; wheryerbin?" Sleicher minor reddened up rather guiltily: he

tried to get past without answering. "Better hurry up and tell me, you young beast,

or I'll jolly well give you a lamming."

"Been upstairs, that's all."

"What for? Hurry up, now! One, two,

"Get a handkerchief."

"Why didn't you say so? Kid, you've been blubbing."

" No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have." "All right, I have."

"Good. That's one lamming for you for telling a lie!"

And Fatty passed on with a malicious grin.

That evening at supper it was extraordinary. Boys were actually scraping the meager dabs of butter from their bread. Potatoes were at a lamentable discount, and a slump had set in on jam. Fatty, it is true, had a pot in front of him and was guzzling hard; but then, Fatty was not going in for any race that he cared about. It was the sports to-morrow, and all the boys were

highly excited and "in training."

Porter, the school athlete, was in great form. He was practically dead sure of scooping up the hundred, the high jump, and the cricket ball, and he had more than a chance of being placed in most of the other events in the first division. Porter was "all there" that evening. "Cocky beast, that Porter man," remarked one small kid to another insignificant atom, as the domineering cricket captain strode past.

But of all the boys at Ashbury on that day before the sports, the most desperately anxious was Sleicher minor. For days and days now he had been secretly "training" by following the schoolboy method of half-starvation. The quarter-mile was the only race he had a possible chance at, but even in this there was not much hope, for the second division included boys under fourteen, and Sleicher minor was only twelve: it did not give him a fair run. And yet-why not? All things were possible.

The longing, the burning wish of young Sleicher minor to win this race amounted almost to a mania. He said nothing about it, but the desire and the hope were consuming him all day, and sometimes through the dark, wakeful nights. How he did want to win the quarter-mile! The school term might go on till the end of the year; impots might thicken; Latin might be given the whole morning, and half-holidays canceled for school ever-all this would not matter, only let him win the race! If he could only win.

The Rev. A. B. Pinkerton, M.A. (Oxon.), principal of Ashbury Preparatory School for the Sons of Gentlemen, was a good and earnest man. He rightly laid great stress on the moral and religious side of his educational system. As the school prospectus mentioned: "Especial care is taken in the moral and religious training of pupils. Particular attention is given that none but the strictly orthodox views of the Church of England shall be admitted to the religious instruction given at this establishment. While by constant precept, example, and general moral suasion, upright, earnest, and godly principles are early inculcated into the minds of our students.

On the evening of the Sunday before last it had been raining-raining so hard and so miserably that the Rev. A. B. kept his boys at school instead of sending them trooping off to evening service at far St. Peter's. As an alternative he had assembled the boys in the big dining room, and after a reading of the Book he had preached to them on "Faith." Last Sunday he had continued the trilogy by a discourse on "Hope," and on the following Sunday he would complete it by "Char-

Boys' hearts are either as hard as rock granite or as tender as a flower. Most of the fellows during those two sermons were utterly untouched. "Charley Derwent is a fool," wrote Atkinson in one of the prayer books, and passed it around the inattentive benches. A great bored indifference was the characteristic of the little congregation: the words did not come home to them. But with Sleicher minor, somehow, it was different. Every sentence sank right into his heart. Faith moved mountains, quoted the Rev. A. B.; anything, everything was possible to a great faith. Sleicher minor heard this, and he believed it. The learned, bearded man behind the reading desk had said this thing; it was true. And every word of the address on "Hope" was indelibly impressed on Sleicher minor's mind. It had been said; it was

Sleicher minor, too, had not forgotten the prin-

cipal's address one day last term on "The Efficacy of Prayer." Putting two and two together, Sleicher minor evolved a plan: he would act on the teachings. Faith moved mountains, and

prayer was efficacious. Very well.

That evening, long after the dormitory lights were out, Sleicher minor crouched down on his knees in bed. "O Lord, make me a good boy. Forgive me for anything wrong I did in the day. And, O Lord, I pray Thee make me win the quarter-mile race, or even the second prize if Thou wilt. Through Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

Then he lay down, glowing in exquisite anticipation. It would be all right. He would win the race. The great faith was in him-the certain faith that moved mountains. And was not prayer

So Sleicher minor had hoped and hoped with a wearing hope, and had prayed with a feeling that he thought was faith, from the words of the Rev. Pinkerton, till the day of the sport had come round.

Everybody's relations were there; whole troops of them, smartly dressed, tramped through the private entrance to the playground, gay with flag and color. Boys took their chums by the arm and introduced them to paters and maters and fraters. Also they were introduced to pretty sisters, and there and then, after an abrupt sentence or two, fell desperately in love with them, no matter whether thirteen or thirty-three, engaged or married. And then there was afternoon tea and ices, and a ripping band, jolly sight better even than the College had at their sports. Those unfortunate visitors who had arrived punctually were duly shown over chapel, class room, dormitory, and the drying chamber for the boys' linen. It was all so clean and tidy that even the boys did not recognize some parts. It was a model establishment.

The sports began with some heats and the junior high jump. Never were judges more important than the boys explaining to their maters and sisters all about it. And the paters, too, were in great regard: they had been known to give five-bob tips occasionally.

Just before the junior quarter-mile was called, Sleicher minor came running out of the house. Nobody noticed him; but it was a curious thing he should have been in the house: the house was

deserted on Sports afternoon.

"Go in and win, Sausage Two," some kid called out.

Sleicher minor smiled back radiantly. Yes, he would win all right-the second prize at any rate. Secretly he knew it would be the first.

The four contestants lined up at the starting point. There was a great lanky fellow, who looked about sixteen or seventeen at the least; there was his opposite, a well-knit, muscular little man with black racing knickers; there was a carroty-haired fellow with pink and green stripes sewed all over him; and there was Sleicher minor, slimmest and palest of all. Sensitive mothers asked who that thin boy with the white hair was, and pitied him.

Just before the gun went off Sleicher minor closed his eyes for a second. Then he stood to, nervously courageous, determined, certain. He took the lead right at the start. He did not want to; he had meant to hold back at first and let another do the pacing; but somehow he had to be first; he could not help it. They swung round the bend in a little knot. The band struck up a familiar tune. Boys shouted encouragement. At halfway Sleicher was still in front. He increased his pace slightly; this was the last round. Two or three yards behind him Lanky-fellow and Black-stripes were chest and chest. Carrots was lagging hopelessly. At the last bend there was panting and straining. Sleicher felt as if his feet would not move-a nightmare feeling. Track and spectators grew blurred, like a smudged wet painting. He was toiling along gamely. Oh! this beastly race, would it never end?

Coming along the straight the lanky fellow drew up level with him. He made a tremendous effort. His aching legs would not respond, and there was not a breath in his body. It was no The lanky fellow strode past him easily. Then the stout little boy passed him-helpless, weakening, hopeless. The race was lost! He

had lost the quarter-mile!

Not a person on the ground recognized the overwhelming sadness of that race. They cheered and gossiped and laughed; while Sleicher minor -dazed, benumbed-put on his blazer and a thick

coat stupidly.

Presently shouts and screams of laughter rent the air. Squeals of infantile joy went up over the gay ground. It was the obstacle race. The continued hubbub reached its culmination two minutes after in a concentrated roar of triumph. Fatty had won the obstacle race! Fatty, the school clown, whom to look at was to laugh, had stumbled home ahead of all. Was it comic? Boys fell over each other screaming; tears trickled down matronly cheeks; top-hatted fathers narrowly escaped apoplexy; tea cups were upset, elegant wraps crushed.

But Sleicher minor sat dumped up on the

ground staring into space-staring. Something had gone wrong.

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious, Queer

Negro Conjuring...Roland Steimer....Journal of American Folk-Lore

To cunjer a well, throw into the well graveyard dirt, an old pipe of a cunjer doctor, or some devil's snuff.

Devil's snuff, a large species of mushroom, when broken, is full of a powder of a slatish color, and is used in cunjer, singly or in combination with graveyard dirt and other things.

If a person is cunjered by a negro with a blue and a black eye, he will surely die.

If cunjered by a blue-gummed negro, death is certain.

To produce blindness by cunjer, take a toadfrog and dry it, then powder it up, and mix with salt, and sprinkle in the hat of the person to be cunjered, or on the head if possible; when the head sweats, and the sweat runs down the face, blindness takes place.

Wherever any one gets killed, the spot is

All old houses, that stand by themselves, and are unoccupied, generally get the reputation of being haunted. A cunjer doctor can lay haunts.

Graveyard dirt must be got off the coffin of the dead person, on the waste of the moon at midnight.

If you go through a place that is haunted, to keep from seeing the haunts and from their harming you, take your hat off and throw it behind you, then turn around to the right and take up your hat and walk fast by the place, so as not to aggravate the haunts to follow.

Spirits come in any shape, as men, cows, cats, dogs, but are always black. Some whine like a cat.

To see spirits, take a rain-crow's egg, break it in water, and wash your face in it.

To put a root with a cunjer-spell on it on the ground and let a person walk over it will hurt him.

If a man dies and leaves money buried, so that nobody knows where it is, his spirit will come back, and the color of the spirit is red.

A cunjer bag contains either devil's snuff, with worms, piece of snake-skin, some leaves or sticks tied with horsehair, black owl's feather, wing of a leather-wing bat, tail of a rat, or foot of a mole; any or all of these things may be used as needed.

To carry about the person a bone from the skeleton of a human being is proof against cunjer, but the bone must be gotten out of a grave by the person.

In excavating an Indian mound on the Savannah River, Georgia, the negroes working took each a metacarpal bone to protect them against cunier. If a negro finds a coat or article of dress lying nicely folded, with a stick lying on it, he will not touch it for fear of cunjer. On one occasion, where some cotton was left in the field, and thought to be cunjered, I could not get a negro to touch it. When I picked it up and put it in a basket, the spell left it, as the spell leaves after being touched by a human hand, the cunjer going to the person touching it. Cunjer can only be effectual against those of the same race. A negro cannot cunjer a white man.

To prevent a hunting dog from "running spirits," take a glass button and tie it around his

To stop a dog from hunting, rub an onion over his nose, and he will not trail anything; a piece of wild onion is sometimes found in a cunjer bag.

To keep witches from riding, you make an X on a Bible, and put it under your pillow.

Fish-bone is good for cunjer when swelling has occurred.

Pecune root is good for cunjer to rub with. Any trouble that befalls a negro that he can't

explain is laid at the door of "cunjer."

Many negroes say that they travel round with spirits, but they are generally considered cunjerers.

To keep from being cunjered, wear a piece of money in either shoe, or both. If you eat where any one is who you fear may cunjer you, keep a piece of silver money in your mouth while eating and drinking.

Red pepper in your shoe will prevent cunjer.

To cunjer by means of a hat, take a toad-frog dry and powder, and put the powder in the hat, or the dried toad may be put up over the door, or under steps. Toads, frogs, lizards, etc., must be all gotten at night on the waste of the moon, as that will insure a wasting away of the body.

I give an illustration of cunjer by hat and by water. While Bill Marshall, a negro, well known around Grovetown, Ga., was riding in a wagon with another negro, the latter's hat blew off. Bill Marshall picked it up, and handed it to the negro, who in a few days was taken sick and died; his death was laid at the door of Marshall. Marshall went to a well to get some water; he drank out of the bucket; a negro woman came after him, drank out of the same water, and died shortly after; the death was laid to Bill Marshall. I employed him to deaden timber in new ground; none of the negroes would have anything to do with him, but said he was a bad man, a cunjer doctor. One old negro said, "Look at tree Bill cut, die in

a week." I couldn't reason the question with them; Bill could get no place to stay or cook, so I had to discharge him. He is now living in a house he built far off from his fellows, and will be forced to follow "cunjering."

Some cunjer bags are made with snake-root, needles and pins, tied up with pieces of hair of the person to be cunjered in a bag of red flannel.

This mode of cunjer does not produce death, but much suffering and pain.

Sol Lockheart found a cunjer bag at his doorstep; he did not look into it, but picked it up with two sticks, and threw the bag and two sticks into

Cunjer as graveyard dirt is taken from a grave one day after burial. Negroes rarely if ever go near a graveyard in daytime, never at night.

One can be cunjered by shaking hands with any one, if he has rubbed his hands with graveyard dirt.

To sprinkle graveyard dirt about the yard, about a house, makes one sleepy, sluggish, naturally waste away and perish until he dies.

Take heads of dried snake, "ground puppy," scorpion, or toad-frog, pound them up, put in the water or victuals of any one; the "varmints," when taken into one's stomach, turn to life, and slowly eat you up, unless you can get the cunjer taken off.

Get a hair from the mole of your head, tie it around a new tenpenny nail, and bury it with the nail head down, point up, under the doorstep. This will "run one crazy."

Seventy-five St. Louisans Eat Dirt..... St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Newest and most singular of St. Louis sects are the dirt eaters, a community of seventy-five men and women whose Moses is William Windsor. The dirt eaters take every day a spoonful of dirt. Their leader believes that grit is necessary to every animal, and that because mankind will have no dirt in his food he is subject to many stomach troubles that no other animal has. So the dirt eater goes every day to his little sack of soil. He plunges a teaspoon in and brings it forth heaped with good old earth. He washes it down with a glass of water, smacking his lips and blinking his eyes as though no morsel e'er tickled the palate of man so deliciously as dirt.

Dirt eating is easy—when one is a child or an experienced dirt eater. At all other times it is hard, and it must be learned. It is not easy to forget that it is dirt. It is not reassuring to think that the particles of dirt in the stomach might cause a thousand diseases now unknown because dirt has been kept out of the stomach for hundreds and hundreds of years. But after a while the

dirt eater develops his appetite. He comes to relish his dirt as a girl loves her fudge. He carries a sack of it with him, and whenever he is seized by a feeling that he is getting away from the animal plan upon which he was created he steps into a corner and regales himself with a loam lunch. The dirt eater is particular, though, what sort of dirt he eats. He would be no true epicurean if he were not. This article of his singular diet is technically a sand. It comes from the river bottoms, and is made up of many little particles of granite, marble, quartz, and flint well rounded with age. The chief dirt eater has the sand collected and sterilized, and he distributes it among his followers at 25 cents a sack. The sack is small, but it holds a good deal of sand. So that daily dirt eating after the St. Louis fashion costs about 10 cents a week.

Dirt eating in St. Louis is six months old, and flourishes like a green bay tree. The chief dirt eater looks happy and prosperous. The lesser dirt eaters have every day a keen hunger for their dirt, and they bring in their friends. The dirt eaters have pretentious quarters. They are up at Eighteenth and Olive streets, in what was until recently the home of the Merchants' League Club. Here the chief apostle of dirt eating, Mr. Windsor, has offices and a lecture hall. He receives visitors during the day, and every night he lectures to his class. He has now seventy-five men and women who attend his lectures and eat dirt.

This is an amusing sect, and amuses no one more than its founder. Kris Kringle himself is not a more rotund nor more rollicking character than Dirt Eater Windsor. He is fifty. He is bald. He has the Senator Bill Mason build. He can sit in a chair and tweedle his thumbs on his stomach, which they say is the piece de resistance in happiness.

"Are you the chief dirt eater?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the chap. I've eaten my peck a hundred times over. Dirt is good."

Then he laughs as fat men can laugh, and brings out a sack of the sacred soil.

"Have a dirt sandwich with me?"

" No, thanks."

"What are you afraid of—sandbar in the stomach?"

Then he takes a heaping spoonful and swallows it with that sly wink with which a Kentucky colonel takes his whiskey. He sends a glass of water to chase it, and heaves a huge sigh of content.

WILLIAM WINDSOR'S STATEMENT

" I am not a doctor. I am not a theologian. I am simply an advocate of what I consider the best

means to the art of proper living. I have combined all I teach into a single word, vitosophy, meaning the sciences of life. I come from Wisconsin, and was educated for the law. I was for years in the office of William F. Vilas. Dirt eating, or, more properly, sand eating, is something I took up four years ago. I wondered why men were not as healthy as animals. I became satisfied that it was because they did not observe natural laws. I observed that almost every man had stomach trouble, and that the wild animals had good stomachs. I watched the animals, and became convinced that their good health was due to the fact that they took grit into their stomachs with their food. In other words, they were dirt eaters. Dirt was necessary to them. It occurred to me that men ate no dirt. Consequently they had no grit in their stomachs. I determined to try it. I got a quantity of fine sand and began taking a small quantity of it every day. The experiment was attended by such success that I began teaching dirt eating."

Dying Amid TreasureNew York Press

It would be hard to invent a more grewsome case of making the punishment fit the crime than the accident which resulted in the death of a wellknown German usurer recently. He had amassed great wealth as a money lender, and in the process had achieved a reputation for being a man of hard dealings. One day he mysteriously disappeared. No trace could be found of him, and after waiting some time it was decided that he probably was dead, and his property was taken possession of by his next of kin. With great difficulty a large safe in the usurer's bedroom was broken open, and, to the horror of the onlookers, the body of the money lender was discovered sitting in a corner of the interior, clutching in his dead hand a bag of money. How he came to be thus entombed in his own safe is not known, but it is supposed that he entered it to replace a bag of gold which he had been counting, and that the door accidentally swung to and thus closed his career forever. But still there is something mysterious and uncanny about it, for the door of the safe did not close generally of its own volition, and the safe stood in a place where no gust of wind would have been able to get at it and blow it to.

SELF-BURIAL

Not long ago there was a most gruesome safe accident in Scotland. A man of great wealth and also of great eccentricity had decided that when he died he would like to be buried in a safe. He bought a big safe and had it placed in a neighboring cemetery. It was the man's custom to pay periodical visits to the cemetery and in-

spect and even open and enter the queer tomb which he had chosen for himself. One winter's day, when he was thus grimly sitting inside the safe while a windstorm raged outside, a gust slammed to the door, and he found himself a prisoner. Suddenly that tomb, which he had so gloated over, lost all attractions for him, and he called aloud in terror for help and threw himself against the door of the safe. He might as well have thrown himself against a rock, and as to his cries, the rushing and the roaring of the wind drowned them. Some hours later, when the wind had gone down, a passer-by thought he heard sounds coming from the safe. He did not wait to investigate: it might be a ghost for all he knew, but he ran and told the people in the village, who came in a body to confront whatever might be crying for help in the cemetery. When they became convinced that some living thing was inside the safe it was opened, and the rich man was found lying on the floor of his steel prison in the last stages of exhaustion, with almost every particle of clothing torn from his body in the agonies and despair of an imprisonment which had nearly meant death.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Some time ago a London bank clerk was imprisoned in the strong room of the bank, and nearly died from the effects of it. He was on the point of leaving the bank after the closing hours when his eyes fell upon a bundle of notes which he had forgotten to place in the vault. stepped inside the strong room to stow away the notes, when the cashier, not knowing he was there, closed and locked the door before the clerk realized the situation, and went away leaving the young man to his fate. In vain the clerk shouted and kicked at the unvielding door. His cries and struggles were unheard, and the terrible fact dawned on him that he was entombed alive and that long before the morning brought release he would be a dead man. At length, after what seemed an eternity of agony and vain crying and struggling, horror and the vitiated air overcame him and he fell insensible. When he recovered consciousness it was to find himself lying on the floor of the bank, outside the safe, with the cashier and his own wife bending over him. The explanation of his timely rescue from death was that his wife, becoming anxious at the non-return of her husband from the bank at the usual time, had gone to the cashier to inquire about him. They had gone to the bank, and, failing to find him there, the cashier, by a happy inspiration, had opened the strong room just in time to save the clerk's life.

The last incident carries a strong moral with it for all married bank clerks. The clerk who was shut up in the safe was a man of exemplary habits, and always went straight home from the bank. Hence the wife's anxiety when he did not show up at the usual time. If he had been a frivolous bank clerk, accustomed to loiter with the boys on his way home, she would not have been anxious, and he would have been a dead man.

A Request From the Dead.......Minot J. Savage......Ainslee's

I am now to detail a little experience which seems to me to have about it certain features which are very unusual, and therefore worthy of special remark. Never in my life, until my son died, two years ago, did I attempt to get into communication with any special person at any sitting held with any medium. I have always taken the attitude of a student trying to solve the general problem involved. On two or three occasions, however, within the last two years, I have tried to see if I could get anything that appeared to be a message from my boy. He died two years ago last June at the age of thirty-one. I was having a sitting with Mrs. Piper. My son claimed to be present.

Excluding for the moment all other things, I wish definitely to outline this one little experience. At the time of his death he was occupying a room with a medical student and an old personal friend on Joy street in Boston. He had moved there from a room he occupied on Beacon street since I had visited him, so that I had never been in his present room. I knew nothing about it whatever, and could not even have guessed as to anything concerning it which he might say.

He said: "Papa, I want you to go at once to my room. Look in my drawer and you will find there a lot of loose papers. Among them are some which I wish you to take and destroy at once." He would not be satisfied until I had promised to do this. Mrs. Piper, remember, was in a dead trance at the time, and her hand was writing. She had no personal acquaintance with my son, and, so far as I know, had never seen him.

I submit that this reference to loose notes and papers which for some unknown reason he was anxious to have destroyed is something which would be beyond the range of guesswork, even had Mrs. Piper been conscious. Though my boy and I had been intimate heart-friends all our lives, this request was utterly inexplicable to me. It did not even enter into my mind to give a wild guess as to what he meant, or why he wanted this thing done. I went, however, to his room, searched his drawer, gathered up all the loose papers, looked through them, and at once saw the

meaning and importance of what he had asked me to do. There were things there which he had jotted down, and trusted to the privacy of his drawer, which he would not have made public for the world.

The Opal SuperstitionLippincott's

There is one superstition of wide range and influence that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the opal. A man in my town failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer! He did that in the nineteenth century! He ascribed his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill-starred property. There is a reason for the baneful repute of this gem, or at least as much of a reason as you ever find for a belief like this, because reason and superstition are hopelessly at odds.

Two or three centuries ago the stone was popular in Europe, and the jewelers of Italy were especially cunning in its setting. At the height of it popularity came the plague, which made havoc in Venice. It was noticed by some observant person in that city that when a victim was at the point of death, his opal, if he wore one, brightened, while after death it became dull. As this accession of brilliance implied a sort of malignant purpose or intelligence in the stone, it was charged with the death of its owner. It never occurred to the scientists of that time to turn the incident around the other way, and see if the patient had anything to do with the opal. But that was the way of it: the heightened fever just before death caused the stone to become more brilliant, and the chill and damp afterward dulled

The stone is affected by heat—that is, some specimens are-hence we have a fear that has affected a source of wealth and a measure of human happiness; for does the woman live who ought not, in the nature of things, to rejoice in the personal adornment of an opal? One of the most amusing instances of a trust in wrong things is reported from New York, where a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to sell it, as he had had nothing but bad luck since he owned it, his business ventures having failed, his children having suffered illness, and the Old Scratch having been to pay generally. The jeweler found the gem to be an imitation. Its falsity must have been obvious to everybody except the victim, because the opal is the one stone that has never been even passably imitated.

In the World of Religious Thought

There are few ceremonies in the world more solemn than the election of a Pope. For two days in February, 1878, the Vatican was cut off, with great formality, from communication with the outside world, and the grave itself could hardly be more still. The huge halls of the Vatican were divided into a series of small rooms, enabling each cardinal to have his "conclevist" servant at hand, and during the two days of the ballot, the Palace of the Popes was literally a world to itself. Yet, in other respects, the election was democratic enough. It was probably the cheapest on record. There have been elections of Popes which have swallowed up forty thousand pounds, but the ceremonial in 1878 cost only six thousand, half of which was spent in arranging the Vatican for the election ceremony. Another circumstance made the election notable. Among the cardinals present were twenty-five foreigners, a striking fact when one remembers that the previous Pope was elected only by Romans. Even the papacy has been changed, it would seem, by the new influence which came into the world with the steam engine, and the increase of facilities for moving to and from distant lands seems destined to effect a revolution which George Stephenson never dreamed of and few people imagine even to-day.

At half past four in the afternoon of February 18, 1878, the Sacred College was assembled in the Pauline Chapel, and the signal "Extra Omnes," with the ringing of a small bell, sounded through the corridors. It was the signal that the election formalities were begun, and that all but the cardinals must retire. All the outlets had been walled up, but the Vatican was searched from end to end by torchlight lest some unseen connection with the world outside should have been established. All doubt being at an end, the cardinals, having removed to the Sistine Chapel, were left to themselves. A cardinal, stooping down in his violet woolen robe and his sleeveless cape, bolted the door, and then, with his brother cardinals, took up his place at his stall. Each cardinal's stall was surmounted by a canopy-to be removed the moment the new Pope's name was announced, and in front was a table for filling up the form.

One by one the cardinal's names were called, and each cardinal, on hearing it, approached the altar, knelt, rose again, and, holding his voting paper above his head, said: "I call upon Christ, our Lord, who shall judge me, to witness that I vote for him who I believe before God ought to

be chosen, and that I shall do the same at the accessory ballot." When all the cardinals had placed their papers in the chalice, it was found that no Pope had been elected. Twenty-three papers bore the name of Cardinal Pecci, and the number was too low. In the second ballot, on the evening of the next day, Cardinal Pecci had twenty-six votes, and at the third time of voting, he received forty-four votes. By four votes he was elected to the "Chair of St. Peter," "Infallible Head of the Infallible Church," the 257th Pope of Rome.

The canopies were then taken down from above the cardinals' stalls-all but Cardinal Pecci's, and the sub-deacon prostrated himself before the chosen cardinal. "Dost thou accept thy due and regular election to the sovereign pontificate?" he asked, and Cardinal Pecci replied: "Such being God's will, I cannot gainsay it." Asked under which name he would be known, he answered: "As Leo the Thirteenth, in remembrance of Leo the Twelfth, whom I have always venerated." In a dressing room opening from the chapel hung white vestments of all sizes, and here the cardinals clad the new Pope in spotless white-dazed and barely conscious, a graphic writer says. At a quarter past one the name of the new Pope was announced from the balcony of St. Peter's. "I announce to you," shouted Cardinal Caterini, "a great joy. We have as Pope the Most Eminent and Most Revered Vincent Joachim Pecci, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, who has taken the name of Leo the Thirteenth." Every church bell in Rome rang with the news, and Vincent Joachim Pecci went back to his apartment Pope of Rome.

Progress of Christianity in India......Outlook

That the Christian movement in India is steadily gaining momentum is the report of the deputation recently sent by the American Board to examine the work of its missions in that country, and the present religious conditions. From 1851 to 1891 the population of India increased 20 per cent., but the number of Protestant Christians increased 145 per cent. The grand barrier to Christianity which the caste system formed is of late plainly weakened. Many high-caste youth are in the mission schools, and many Brahmans have become devoted Christians. The deputation found in one school children of eighteen different castes living and eating together. The missionary is welcomed in every part of the country, and Hindus frequently urged the deputation to expand the missionary institutions. These are educational and medical as well as evangelistic. One of the missionary hospitals was erected by the Hindus themselves. The work undertaken for over three thousand famine orphans has attracted general attention to the distinctive excellence of Christianity, and Christian principles have attained wide honor outside of Christian circles. All the leading missionary societies are working in India, but the country is large enough for more. The three oldest missions of the American Board are there, but their entire field is less than one-seventieth of the area of India. One of these, in northern Ceylon, founded in 1816, has a more extensive work, with less expense, than any other mission of the board. Besides a complete and self-supporting organization of churches, with a college, schools, and hospitals, it has a home and a foreign missionary society of its own in full operation. These Ceylon Christians are widely dispersed in business through the Orient. Many of these absentees give proof that they are diffusing Christian influences abroad by the contributions that they send back for the church and school at home. The two other fields of the board, with their centers at Bombay on the west coast and Madura in the far south, were also found in high efficiency, but further supplies for the support of two thousand famine orphans are imperatively needed. The main defect in Indian Christianity seems to be a congenital lack of selfreliance and enterprise. There are too few who are qualified and disposed to undertake leadership and responsibility. There is also a disparagement of manual labor, with a preference for book education that results in an unproductive life. To correct this the missions have already introduced industrial schools. The deputation recommends an extension of this plan, so that every pupil in the mission schools will be required to learn some kind of productive manual labor suited to the needs of the country. In this they are seconded by the advice of educated Hindus and by government officials. "The glory of the Indian Christian church to-day," says the deputation, " is that it is the church of the laboring class. These are gradually rising in estimation, and are gaining influence and power in all parts of the country."

Pilgrims to Lourdes Maii (London)

We are all watching anxiously for miracles, and since we left Paris in the "white train" on Saturday our talk has been of little else. There were 500 of us in the long "white train," of whom 300 odd were sick, and three were dying when we started. Now one of the latter is dead, and if report is to be believed, three of the sick were

cured miraculously. I saw none of these miracles, but those who did declare that a crippled lad, who threw away his crutches, and a consumptive girl, who rose from a stretcher and walked out of the Church of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers, had both been sick almost to death some hours before.

A SAD JOURNEY

Our journey was inexpressibly pathetic. All through the hot day and two stifling nights the noise of the train drowned the irrepressible cries of our sick passengers as it jolted slowly on. At each stopping place—and they were very frequent—sweet-faced, gentle-handed nuns, of whom there were two to every three carriage loads of pilgrims, darted here and there with water, soup, or milk for the patients. White and black robed along the train, praying with one sick passenger, talking cheerfully with another, comforting here, exhorting there—helpful always.

No drugs of any kind are allowed to the passengers. Whatever may be thought of the humanity of trundling sick and dying people so many hundreds of miles in the hope of a miraculous recovery, the faith and cheerfulness of these poor souls were in themselves a miracle. I spoke with many of them on the way, including a man who eventually died. He was in a state of loathsome decay from the waist downward, though only twenty-two years old, and one leg had been amputated at the thigh before he started. "I received extreme unction before I started," he said, "and if the Holy Virgin does not cure me I hope to die at Lourdes." The poor fellow's last wish was doomed to disappointment. He died an hour before we left Poitiers.

AT LOURDES

At the tomb of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers, and also at the grotto here, to which all the sick are carried immediately the trains arrive, and at the passage of the host among the sick, which took place amid great pomp, there was frenzied eagerness among the crippled and impotent worshipers to get nearer. All hoped against hope for a miracle to raise them from their couches and stretchers and bath chairs. It was heartrending. Above the prayers, and even above the singing of the huge crowd, which formed an immense oval-above the powerful voices of the preachers and above the stentorian supplications of Father Marie-rose the whimpering of a crippled idiot boy. They were drowned suddenly by the tremendous roar at the conclusion of the ceremony as a crippled lad, who is said to have lost the use of his legs for many years, dragged himself from the friendly arms which had been supporting him and ran. Was he really paralyzed? Will he be so to-morrow? There are four doctors here, of whom one is an Englishman, and they believe that miracles do occur. To-night the church and the crosses on the hillside present a fairy-like spectacle, and as I despatch this message a torchlight procession numbering many thousands of persons is winding along the tortuous pathway on the mountain side.

The Disappearance of the DevilPublic Opinion

The time-spirit has filched away from the minds of the most intelligent believers of to-day the belief in an evil being, or ruler of the visible world, forever troubling men, especially the righteous, with corporeal apparitions of himself. Instead of exorcising the mad, we send them into asylums, where they are properly looked after. In Great Britain, except in remote corners of Cornwall, of Ireland, and of the Scotch Highlands, and among Celts, one never hears of magical cures and incantations which will alleviate sickness and arrest bleeding. In the age of the Gospels, every one, from the beggar in the streets to the emperor on the throne, believed in the existence of demons infesting men and animals, haunting trees and rivers, even inhabiting statues as their tenements. It was only a question of which name was most potent in exorcism. In that age, as in the ages that followed, there was a background of demonological belief into which fitted the stories which are a stumbling-block to modern divines like Farrar and Ian Maclaren. In the age of the Reformation this background of belief in evil spirits causing madness and sickness and bad weather was still intact, and entered as a factor into men's lives and conduct to a degree which only those can realize who will consult the literature of that age. Even Luther, who burst so many bonds of superstition, never questioned the reality of the visits which the devil paid him.

With the disappearance from the minds of the cultivated of the belief in Satan and his angels, a great part of the narrative of the New Testament has been left hanging in the air, and without any points of attachment in the minds of believers. On the one hand, our divines are bound by a traditional reverence for the letter of the Bible not to question openly any of its narratives. On the other hand, their views of man, of the universe, of Providence, and of the general course of history, of what is possible and probable, have undergone such a revolution that narratives like the temptation, the swine of Gadara, even the angelic apparitions are mere stumbling-blocks. In the English Church, moreover, their ordination vows, and in the Non-Conformist congregations the chapel deeds commit them to an outworn belief;

and there is always a minority of obscurantists ready to hurl at them hard words like "skeptic," "rationalist," "backslider," and "theist," if they venture to speak out. Most of them, therefore, feel the ice so thin that they carefully avoid a discussion of miracles or of evil spirits. If they cannot avoid it, they mechanically restate standpoints which they have really overcome, repeating, parrot-like, the formulæ of another age. Small wonder that the English clergy are given up to petty quarrels about lights and incense, when they may not boldly grapple with the great issues of belief, which yet are in everybody's mind. The result is that an ever-increasing number of laymen dispense with their ministrations, and leave a blank too often filled by weak women who want a priest assuming miraculous attributes to direct their consciences.

Nor is it in Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic communities alone that there has set in a decay of those demonological beliefs, which, after it has gone a certain way, cannot but give an air of strangeness, unreality, and isolation to much of the New Testament. I have heard Italian monks ridicule their parishioners for their belief in demons and admit that the priestly exorcisms by which the evil spirits were cast out were purely conventional.

Realizing the pressure of the new century's changed environment, and consenting to the necessity of demands which cannot well be refused or resisted, Pope Leo XIII. has issued a call for a Bible congress. Just how much of a congress this will prove to be is not yet very manifest. Its sessions may be private instead of open and public. Its investigations may be carried on and its conclusions reached more by correspondence than by personal debate. Nevertheless, the Pope has appointed a special commission to consider the questions connected with biblical studies, with the purpose of affording to Catholic scholars all over the world full opportunity to state their varying views or difficulties, and so to bring them to the direct notice of the holy see.

The higher critics of recent times have been almost wholly among the Protestants. For the most part the Roman Catholic church has been extremely conservative. Yet of late there have been some outbreakings of the higher criticism in the Catholic church. Some of the representatives of this criticism, like Lenormant, have been restrained and careful and devout in their utterances, and so have maintained good standing in their church. But it will be remembered that Dr. Mivart, who was the leading Roman Catholic sci-

entist of England, was not long ago required to abjure his views; and, upon refusing to do this, was excommunicated. Just what the Pope's ultimate purpose in the calling of this congress will prove to be, the future must determine. There are some indications that the design may be to formulate some such rule of faith as to the Bible and its interpretation as will limit even legitimate investigation.

The dilution of the prevailing doctrine of inspiration by a liberal theology puts God farther off from the Book, and so from man. Its critical attitude to miracles reduces supernatural interferences with the course of things, and so the evidence they supply to sight and sound of God. Its doctrine of the progressive development of religious truth magnifies the human and diminishes the visibly divine element in the Bible, and so weakens its supernatural authority, and may seem to leave it open to men to revise their judgment of the obligation it imposes to a regenerated life of consecrated service to God and man. These dangers are very serious, but a conservative theology has no less dangers.

We may pass by the subjective danger to the conservative himself, that of an intolerant spirit toward those of a different view, just as we did not think it necessary to dwell on the combative spirit which a liberal attitude develops. The intolerant and the combative are too much given to what Eichhorn called "snorting" at each other.

One serious danger of a conservative theology is that it will give the impression to the world that religion is afraid of investigation; that it has a sneaking fear that its claims will not bear investigation. These are days in which the hunt after truth, through every highway and squirrel track of research, is and must be made, no matter whether the squirrel track run up a tree, or the highway lead to the city of God. All must be explored; nothing is too trivial or too sacred to be neglected. Milton's picture of the eager search for truth, as that of Isis for the torn and scattered members of the body of Osiris, does not overdraw the glory and the obligation of this spirit of investigation for truth, even more passionate in our day than in his. If now Christian believers, instead of encouraging research into the history of the composition of the Bible, resent such research, and give the impression that the Book is too sacred to be studied except under their direction and within their limitations, then the men who are fired with the love of untrammeled truth will surely be repelled from such a religion. They will identify it with superstition. Their contempt for the obscurantist attitude will pass into contempt for the religion which obscures.

This is no imaginary danger. We see it all about us. It percolates from teacher to pupil, from the lecturer and essayist all through the people, and largely explains the sentiment of supercilious, patronizing contempt so often displayed toward those who hold fast to the Christian church.

Another serious danger of a conservative theology is that of the intellectual and spiritual revulsion which comes when the extravagant nature of its claims is discovered. Some men have been happily inoculated in their youth with a little healthy skepticism. They are protected in later years against the virus of unbelief. But many of us have been taught a mechanical doctrine of the Bible which makes it totally divine, with practically no injection of human weakness or error. When, by some sudden inlet of light, perhaps by reading some unsympathetic book, such people are wrenched away from their old blind, unreasoned faith in an extravagant doctrine of inspiration, they are very liable to be wrenched away also from all the religious faith which they had based solely on the word of God, as they had understood it to command unreasoning acceptance because found in the Bible. When they seem to see the Bible undermined, all goes. They become scornful unbelievers; it may be of the silent kind, or it may be that they will "snort" worse than the advocates of the opposing theologies.

All this tends, of course, to the diffusion in the community of a disbelief not only in the Bible, but in God Himself. When those who have been assured by their religious teachers that everything depends on an infallible Bible come to find that it is not inerrant, and then throw it, as well as its authority, aside, then they are open to the claims of such authority as they think they can trust, the authority of science, of geology, of biology, of anthropology. Here is the explanation of a large part of the materialistic spirit which underlies, where it does not overlie, so much of the teachings that permeate public thought; or, if not the materialism of Haeckel, than the agnosticism of Spencer and Darwin and Tyndall and Huxley. Why, the Bible, they say, would require us to believe that the world was created in six days, that Eve was made out of a rib, that there was once a flood which covered all the high mountains. We know better, they say. We have proved evolution. We don't need to go to the Bible for our instruction. Away with it and its priests! Such an attitude is the direct result, which everybody sees, of the extravagant conservative claims.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

What! You here in the moonlight and thinking of me? Is it you, O my comrade, who laughed at my jest? But you wept when I told you I longed to be free, And you mourned for a while when they laid me at rest.

I've been dead all these years! and to-night in your heart There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips— It's my face in the moonlight that gives you a start, It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!

Yes, I'm young, oh so young, and so little I know! A mere child that is learning to walk and to run; While I grasp at the shadows that wave to and fro I am dazzled a bit by the light of the Sun.

I am learning the lesson, I try to grow wise,
But at night I am baffled and worn by the strife;
I am humbled, and then there's an impulse to rise,
And a voice whispers, "Onward and win! That is Life!"

And the Force that is drawing me up to the Height,
That inspires me and thrills me—each day a new birth,
Is the Force that to Chaos said, "Let there be Light!"
And it gave us sweet glimpses of Heaven on Earth.

It is Love! and you know it and feel it, my Soul! For you love me in spite of the grave and its bars. And it moves the whole Universe on to its goal, And it draws frail Humanity up to the stars!

To a Tudor Tune.......Ford M. Hueffer......Eclectic

When all the little hills are hid in snow, And all the small brown birds by frost are slain, And sad and slow the silly sheep do go, All seeking shelter to and fro;

Come once again, To these familiar, silent, misty lands, Unlatch the lockless door, And cross the drifted floor,

stretch out thy hands.

Ignite the waiting, ever-willing brands, And warm thy frozen hands, By the old flame once more. Ah, heart's desire, once more by the old fire,

At Parting......Sosephine Dodge Daskam......Smart Set

Oh, all too well, beloved, at last I know
That for us two the parting of the ways
Has come, and brought the ending of sweet days.
Bid me good-bye, and loose my hand, and go.
To-day's fair peak we ran to climb, and low
Before us, glowing in our last sun's rays,
The path slopes down, nor undivided stays;
The path slopes down, but separate and slow.

Henceforward you and I alone must fare.

Nay, look not all so sad! Was ever done

A deed to merit all that we have won

Of joy? I tell you, there are those whose prayer

Is nightly on their knees that they might bear

Our shadow, could they but have known our sun!

*From Bramble Brae. By Robert Bridges. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It's out from the city, O my heart,
With its want of pity, its weight of pain,
Through the gloom of the hollow night I'd start
For the happy hills again!

For I know where a backlog's embers glow In a chimney's cavernous mouth, and where For a wanderer, chilled by the wind and snow, There is waiting an empty chair!

And the smiles that are joyous despite the tears, And tender words that one understands, And then, to banish the cark of years, The touch of a mother's hands!

So it's out from the city, O my heart, With its empty honors, its myriad ills, Back through the hollow night we'll start For the home upon the hills!

A Song of the Home Coming....Margaret L. Woods...Monthly Review

Dark and cold on the far battle-field

My comrades' blood is lying.
Cover their grave with the laurel sheen,
O let the laurel grow there!
Dark and cold is the blood that was shed,
But the blood in my heart is warm and red.
To the rapid drum it oft replies,
And swiftly must it flow there.

Dawn and dark on the far battle-field Shall find their grave left lonely, But rivers wide around it sweep And ever gently fold them. For the shining rivers that round them sweep Are flowing salt and warm and deep, Unbeheld of human eyes— O eyes of God behold them!

Sound is their sleep on the lone battle-field Who have finished their work and are weary, And sighing ghosts on shroudy wings That grieve there do not grieve them. Mourning ghosts that have wandered far Where a blind wind blows under many a star, Spirits of pain whose peace is o'er—
O peace of God receive them!

Comrades we sailed for the far battle-field,
We stood on the ship together,
To the mighty voice of a people's pride
A prouder voice returning;
And brave eyes smiled on us, dim with pain,
Where the long quay roared in a blur of rain.
Somber ship return no more,
To bring the brave eyes mourning!

My comrades lie on the lone battle-field And the racing ships run homeward. Cover their grave with the laurel sheen! But the banners are dancing o'er us. The banners are dancing my heart above They are talking together of joy and love. O life that is snatched out of death is sweet, And good the years before us!

Wait me a while on the far battle-field, Till the phantom years have faded, All, all forgotten, the sweet time and sad, Homeward to you I shall wander. Far away our dust may lie, Under the stone or under the sky, But one by one we shall muster and meet In the camp of our glory yonder.

Life and death from the lone battle-field
As a vapor at morn shall be lifted,
All be forgot save the due that we paid
And the day that our country remembers.
In the hour of her need, for the battle of doom
She shall summon the cold dark blood from our tomb,
She shall kindle the hearts of her sons with our blood,

And the fires of her watch with our embers.

Late or soon on the wide battle-field We comrades all shall be lying. Cover our graves with the laurel sheen, O let the laurel grow there!

The pen lies heavy to my hand,
My eyes are faint and dim—
There in the mirror as I stand,
How lustreless their rim!
Is that my face? The misty outline fades,
A phantom visage in the Land of Shades:
And I had marked so many things to do,
So many things undone!
The priest declared my moments were too few;

I dashed the mirror to the floor, I spurned my best-loved book,

The doctor-I had none!

I opened wide God's eastward door
To take my last long look!
And lo! the mirror and the book were there,
And I betwixt them kneeling as in prayer,
While all the many things I'd marked to do—
And all things undone—
Seemed by God's gracious mercy light and few,
And priest and doctor gone!

Widowed...... Bookman

Your lonely room is still a sacred place, The air you breathed is warm in my embrace, The perfume of your presence lingers still About the pillow where I lay my face.

I touch your garments lightly, half afraid, So ghostly are they in the teeming shade! The candle flickers like a frightened soul Upon the little altar where you prayed.

Widowed.........F. V. LewisOutlook (London)

My little babe! No cradle song I sing to thee to-night.
Across my eyes a bar of blood Has burn'd thee from my sight.

And yet, they say, the fight goes on! O, thou who art his son, Should it go on a thousand years, For us the war is done.

DividedOutlook

It's well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye weary, stony hill!

An' I'm tired, och, I'm tired to be lookin' on ye still:

For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far, An' all your heights an' hollows are between us, so they are,

Och, anee!

But if 'twas only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown.

I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin' down:

Then sure the great ould sea itself is there beyont to bar,

An' all the windy wathers are between us, so they are,

Och, anee!

But what about the wather when I'd have ould Paddy's boat?

Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an' go afloat?

Oh, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon or star,

But there's coulder things than salt waves between us, so they are,

Och, anee!

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to

come to me, An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the

'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he is far,

His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are,

Och, anee!

Historic, Statistic and General

The Deadwood CoachBaltimore Sun

Col. W. F. Cody, known over the world as "Buffalo Bill," is considering the advisability of presenting his Deadwood coach to the National Museum. While in Washington in the interest of the irrigation of the arid wastes of Wyoming and other States of the West, he visited the National Museum and had a long talk with several officials of the institution.

"Strangely enough," Colonel Cody said, "the National Museum has no stage-coach of the type used in the West years ago in its wonderful collection of locomotives and vehicles of transportation. There is an old prairie schooner, but no stage-coach. They are getting scarce now. I have seven or eight of them, but none so historic and interesting as the old Deadwood coach. In addition to the fact that it figured in many thrilling affairs in the West, it has a doubly interesting history from the fact that every crowned head of

Europe has ridden within or upon it.

"The Deadwood coach," he continued, "is one of the old Concord type. It was built in 1863 by Abbot Downey & Co., of Concord, Vt. It is numbered, and the records show it was shipped around the Horn to a California firm. It was one of 500 contracted for in that year. Trace of it was lost for some time. In eleven years it had worked its way eastward across the country from California to Wyoming, where it was found running in 1874 on the stage line between Chevenne, Wyo., and the Black Hills, South Dakota. At that time it was a 'treasure coach.' In 1874, '75 and '76 it was used to transport gold from the Black Hills mines to the Union Pacific Railroad. On that route it figured in many fights with the Sioux Indians, the greatest of which was in the early spring of 1876, during what was known as the Hat Creek or Bonnet Creek fight. The coach was attacked by some of the younger Sioux Indians, and eleven men were killed defending the coach within and without the vehicle. I wanted a historic coach and picked up the Deadwood coach, which was practically abandoned shortly after the Bonnet Creek fight."

Colonel Cody referred to the contrasts in the life of the old vehicle. A democratic institution in every respect, typically American and identified with one of the most interesting pages of American history, the development of the West, it had served as a coach for the crowned heads of monarchical Europe and ranked with the royal coaches of the Continent as a relic.

"The Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexan-

dra," said Colonel Cody, "was the first royal personage to ride in it. She set the fashion. Her innovations have for years been followed all over England. In the year 1887 when the show was in England she expressed a desire to occupy a seat in the coach. Her request was granted. With her were her two sons and two daughters. I drove the horses. This started a fad, and all the time we were in England members of the nobility and royalty rode in the coach. We booked en-

gagements for weeks ahead.

"On another occasion the Prince of Wales ' commanded' that I drive the coach for four gentlemen who were examining it curiously. The gentlemen entered while I mounted to the box. The Prince of Wales asked to be allowed to sit beside me while I drove. A band of my Sioux Indians chased us around the enclosure, and the entire party of five enjoyed the experience wonderfully. After the ride the Prince of Wales said to me, 'I suppose you never before had the pleasure of holding four kings?' This reference to the national game led me to reply: 'Yes, I have often held four kings, but never four kings with the royal joker at the same time.' I was introduced to the four distinguished personages who rode in the coach. They were Leopold, King of the Belgians, the King of Saxony, King George of Greece, and King Oscar of Norway and Sweden."

Taking a verse from Revelation as the basis of computation, some industrious and probably uneasy fellow has again been figuring on the dimensions of heaven. The text is in xv, 21, and reads as follows: "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." He concludes that this represents a space of 469,783,-088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The enterprising statistician sets aside one-half of this space for the throne and the court of heaven, and one-half of the balance for streets, which would leave a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet.

He then proceeds to divide this by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and this process gives him 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms of the size indicated. He then proceeds upon the hypothesis that the world now contains, always has contained, and will always contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33 1-3 years, which gives a total number of inhabitants every century of 2,297,000,000. He assumes that the world will stand 1,000 centuries, or 100,000 years, which would give a total of 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants for this period of time.

He then reaches the reassuring conclusion that if 100 worlds of the same size and duration, and containing the same number of inhabitants, should redeem all the inhabitants, there would be more than 100 rooms of the size indicated for each person. Many have not thought so much about the size of heaven. They have probably always felt that there would be ample room for those who would be able to get there. If a lack of room were possible, in the divine order of things, it would probably be at the other place, judging from the pronouncements that are made from time to time.

Room has never been a matter of serious consideration with men who have paused long enough in the whirl of events to meditate on the blessings which are to follow a life of righteousness. The main question, and the one in which all men are most concerned, is the simple question of the shortest, best and safest way. Put in different language, they want to know how to get there, and if the studious statistician will figure out some plan that will meet with general satisfaction along this line, he will probably smoothe out the furrows which now mark the faces of uneasy sinners.

Suspicion Cast on the Mayflower . . E. J. Carpenter . . Boston Transcript

At first thought, such a question is shocking to the patriotic, as well as to the historic, sense. Such a question has never before been raised; to raise it seems almost a blasphemy. And yet, given as we are in the present day to critical researches into details of our colonial history, it is certainly not an impropriety to discuss the question of the vehicle by which our Pilgrim Fathers reached these shores, and the authority upon which we have set the Mayflower before us as an object of veneration. A little volume entitled " Mayflower Essays," written by Rev. G. C. Blaxland, at one time domestic chaplain to the Bishop of London, and as such custodian for some years of the original Bradford manuscript, contains a brief note, in which attention is called to the remarkable fact that in no place in his narrative does Governor Bradford record the name of the vessel in which the first party of Plymouth colonists made their voyage. An examination of the history shows this statement to be correct. Bradford's description of the two ships in which the colonists set sail is exceedingly meager.

"At length, after much traveel and these de-

bats, all things were got ready and provided. A small ship, of some 60 tune, was bought, & fitted in Holand, which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in ye cuntrie and atend upon fishing and shuch other affairs as might be for ye good & benefite of ye colonie when they came ther. Another was hired in London, of burden about 9 score; and all other things gott in readiness. . . . Thus hoysing saile, with a prosperus winde they came in short time to Southhamton, wher they found the bigger ship come from London, lying ready, with all the rest of their company. . . All things being now ready, & every busines dispatched the company was caled Togeather. . . . Then they ordered & destributed their company for either shipe, as they conceived for ye best. And chose a Gov. & 2 or 3 assistants for each shipe, to order ve people by ye way, and see to ye dispossing of there provissions, and shuch like affairs. All of which was not only with ye liking of ye maisters of ye ships, but according to their desires. Which being done, they sett sayle from thence aboute ye 5 of August. . . . Being thus put to sea they had not gone farr, but Mr. Reinolds ve Mr. of ve leser ship complained that he found his ship so leak as he durst not put further to sea till she was mended. So ye Mr. of ye biger ship (caled Mr. Jonas), being consulted with, they both resolved to put into Dartmouth & have her ther searched & mended, which accordingly was done, to their great charg & losse of time and a faire winde."

The narrative proceeds with the statement that the company again put to sea, but when " above one hundred leagues with out the Land's End" the master of "ye small ship" again complained of leaks, and both ships came about and put into Plymouth. Here the smaller vessel was pronounced unseaworthy and abandoned, a portion of her company and of the provisions were placed on board the larger vessel, and at length a final departure was made. In this narrative, detailed as it is in other particulars, the two vessels of the expedition are designated as the "smaller ship" and the "biger ship," but nowhere is the name of either given. Indeed, in no place in his narrative does Governor Bradford record the name of the ship Mayflower, save in a single instance, and this is not an allusion to the vessel in which the first outward voyage was made. It appears in a letter from Mr. Shirley to Governor Bradford, which the latter inserts in his narrative, and refers to a vessel which conveyed a party of Massachusetts colonists in the year 1629, nine years after the initial voyage. The omission of the names of the two vessels in which the voyagers first set sail, and especially of that in which

the voyage was actually made, is the more remarkable from the fact that, elsewhere in his narrative Governor Bradford is careful to record the names of vessels employed by the colonists. We read of the Anne, the Paragon, the Charity, the Fortune, the James, the Mary and Anne, the Sparrow; but, except in the instance already cited, the name of the Mayflower nowhere appears in the narrative.

It is likewise to be noted that Bradford, in recording the name of the vessel in which the company arriving in 1629 made their voyage, does not in any manner intimate that this is the arrival of an old friend, which the first settlers made their home during a long and troublous voyage, in which they remained for several weeks in the harbor of Provincetown, and from which they made their final landing at Plymouth.

John Smith, a contemporary in point of time, but not a member of the Plymouth company, is one of the chroniclers of the beginnings of New England; but although he tells of the voyage and of the disasters which befell the Pilgrim Fathers, he makes no mention of the name of the ship

which brought them.

In our search for the name of the ship which brought the Pilgrims to these shores we must turn to the "New England's Memorial" of Nathaniel Morton. This writer was a son of George Morton, born in 1613. He was therefore seven years of age when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. George Morton was not a member of the first, company, but came in 1623, in the Anne, bringing with him his five children, of whom Nathaniel was the eldest. He died in less than a year after his arrival.

Nathaniel Morton's" New England's Memorial" was published in 1669, when its author was fiftythree years of age, and forty-five years after the death of his father. Governor Bradford records, however, that in 1679 twelve persons of the old stock were still living. Morton, therefore, must have often heard the story of the voyage and original settlement from the lips of those who were "a great part thereof." Hence when we take up his "New England's Memorial" we do so with a full assurance that if he may not know of his own knowledge whereof he writes, he certainly had ample opportunity to learn the truth. In his dedication of his work to the "Right Worshipful Thomas Prince, Esq., governor of the jurisdiction of New Plimouth," he confesses that the greatest part of his intelligence has been borrowed from his much honored uncle, William Bradford, and such manuscripts as he left in his study. He scarcely needed to have told us this, for there are many passages which are copied literally from the work of Governor Bradford. There is, however, this variation: Whereas Governor Bradford says, "a small ship of some sixty tons was bought and fitted in Holland," Morton has interpolated the words, "called the Speedwell," and a few lines farther on, in making record of the larger vessel hired in London, he here also follows the governor's phraseology, but interpolates the words, "called the Mayflower."

This, then, is the first mention in any historical. record of the name of the vessel in which the Pilgrims made their earliest voyage, and this is made nearly fifty years later than the date of the vovage, and by a person whose information must

have been at second hand.

That there was a ship Mayflower which was engaged in the New England emigrant service during these years is undoubted. As we have already seen, Bradford mentions her as bringing the colonists of 1629, but lets fall no word to indicate that this is the vessel in which he himself and his company made their voyage. Morton gives the names of the ships which set out upon the first voyage as the Speedwell and Mayflower, but he does not mention the Mayflower as having made another voyage in 1629. Cotton Mather follows Morton with exactness-having evidently used his book as material for a portion of his " Magnalia Christi Americana." Thomas Prince in his "Chronological History of New England," makes mention of a ship Mayflower engaged in the New England emigrant service. He quotes the letter of Shirley to Bradford, recorded by the latter, and likewise records the arrival at Charlestown in 1630 of a fleet of ships of which the Mayflower was one. But in all these records there is no hint that this vessel was identical with that which brought the first party from Southampton. Governor Winthrop makes a similar record.

The iconoclast then would raise the questions: Why are Bradford and Winslow silent concerning the name of the vessel in which the colonists

sailed?

If the Mayflower of 1629 and 1630 was the ship which brought over the original colonists, would it not have been natural for Bradford to have stated that fact in his mention of that vessel?

Might not Morton, writing in 1669, easily have forgotten the name of the ship-if he had ever heard it-or might he not have easily confounded it with the vessel which brought the party of 1620?

Is the testimony of later writers, who received their information from Morton, more reliable

than that of Morton himself?

If the Mayflower of 1629 and 1630 was the Pilgrim ship, is it not remarkable that neither Bradford, nor Winslow, nor Morton, nor Mather, nor Winthrop, nor Prince mentions such an interesting fact?

Is there, then, any direct evidence that the Mayflower was the ship in which the Pilgrims came to New England?

The Legion of Honor......François Coppée.........Munsey's

The revolution, as every one knows, placed French society upon a plane of equality, and on August 6, 1791, all orders of chivalry were abolished.

There remained, therefore, for the magnificent soldiers of that essentially warlike epoch no reward save promotion in rank. As the illiterate, who were then in great numbers, could not aspire to that honor, the injustice of such an institution toward the humbler heroes became manifest. A veteran who could not read, but who, nevertheless, had fought for France and liberty from Valmy to Zurich, carried no outward sign attesting his bravery, and it was not until 1799 that national rewards were bestowed upon those military men who had distinguished themselves by brilliant action.

Hence the institution of "arms of honor." Guns, swords, sappers' axes, and even drumsticks and bugles of honor were distributed. It was owing to this custom probably that Bonaparte, at that time First Consul, conceived the idea of a uniform recompense for military valor. In the mind of this great genius the conception was bound to be amplified, so in 1802 he founded the Legion of Honor for the purpose of rewarding all—civilians as well as soldiers—who had rendered particular service to the country.

In vain the old republicans—and there were many—protested against what they termed the reestablishment of a "bauble of vanity." Bonaparte knew, and often said, that men were best led by an appeal to their imaginations. He foresaw what value would be attached to these insignia of a nobility merited by courage or by talent, by a selection made with justice from among citizens without distinction of class. In a word, it meant the establishment of a democratic élite.

The Master of Battles very naturally gave to his own soldiers the main share in the order which he had just founded, but from the very first he admitted thereto legislators, diplomats, magistrates, scientists, men of letters, and artists. In order to prove emphatically that the Legion of Honor was destined for all sorts of merit, he desired that the first grand chancellor should be a civilian, and chose for the post Lacépède, the famous naturalist, Buffon's illustrious successor.

In the beginning the Legion of Honor com-

prised sixteen "cohorts," each having a chief, seven grand officers, twenty majors—now called commanders—thirteen officers, and seven hundred and fifty legionaries. Salaries were attached to each grade, from the great eagle, who received twenty thousand francs, to the simple chevalier, who obtained a modest pension. Two schools were established for the daughters of the legionaries, on whom the emperor reserved the right of bestowing dowries. It was, in fact, a magnificent institution, well worthy of its founder.

The Legion of Honor was inaugurated by two profoundly touching ceremonies of extraordinary pomp. One was celebrated in Paris, in the chapel of the Invalides, under the splendid dome filled with souvenirs of Louis XIV. The other was at the camp at Boulogne, where Napoleon took the insignia for the new legionaries from Bayard's shield and out of Du Guesclin's casque.

It was thus that Bonaparte, the prodigious poet in action, conjuring about him souvenirs of the heroic past of old France, attempted to reconcile it with the new, and he, the modern Cæsar, born of the Revolution, proclaimed himself the natural heir to fourteen centuries of monarchical glory.

From that hour, July, 1804, the Legion of Honor shone on every scene, in every episode of the Napoleonic epoch. When the emperor passes on horseback among his soldiers, and a gust of wind lifts the revers of his gray redingote and shows the enameled jewel upon the green uniform within, one might truly say, "There is the star which led the Grand Army!",

Such was the Legion of Honor under the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. That remarkable series of victories, among which figured Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Smolensk, and Moscow; that even more heroic resistance to defeat which faltered not from the retreat from Russia until Waterloo; that intoxication, that mania for glory, which possessed the whole nation; the sacrifice by France of a million of her sons—all these things, it may be said, Napoleon obtained with the aid of a strip of red ribbon and a jewel of insignificant value.

The first blow—and a serious one—was dealt the Legion of Honor upon the return of the Bourbons. By the charter of 1814 the decoration was kept up, but it represented the work of the usurper, it kept his memory alive, and had it not been for the fear of military sedition it would have been abolished. The Bourbons added to the cross and imposed upon the army and the officials the Order of the Lily, which became immediately ridiculous; re-established the old orders, reduced the appointments of the legionaries by half, and substituted the effigy of Henry IV. for that of

Napoleon. They did more than that, and much worse, in distributing the cross promiscuously right and left, even bestowing it upon altogether unworthy individuals. During the last six months of 1814 more than ten thousand crosses were distributed.

Without entirely calming the fury of the reaction, the return from Elba and the Hundred Days did much to modify it. The second Restoration finally understood that, far from destroying so powerful an institution, it was better to appropriate and make use of it: and the following régimes—alas, too numerous—under which France has lived have tried, if not to restore the star to its original splendor—for that were impossible—at least to preserve some of its brilliancy. Let us say at once that in France the undertaking was an easy one, for at all times social superiority had been sought after.

For one cross obligingly bestowed upon a political agent or other individual of doubtful reputation, there are twenty, thirty, which honor brave soldiers, worthy servants of the country, useful and honest people of all kinds; and, since it is not disdained by men of superior talents, by eminent persons in the world of science, of letters, of art, and of industries, who are the shining lights of the order, the jewel which bears the device "Honneur et Patrie" is always much sought after.

In France, where the spirit of irony is widespread, we often speak flippantly of the cross; but when we do so it is in thinking only of the little red ribbon fastened to our civilian coats. We become serious at once when the echoes of the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry come to us from one or other of our distant colonies. We remember then that back there on a stretcher lies a poor fellow who bleeds and suffers, who thirsts and calls for his mother. We know that to revive his fading sight, to bring a smile to his fever parched lips, to save him from death, perhaps, it will suffice to pin the cross upon his shirt.

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

Outdoor Life in Stamboul L. M. I. Garnett Good Words

Stretching across the mouth of the Golden Horn, the long floating bridge of the Validé, which unites Galata and Stamboul, forms a highway unsurpassed, if not unequaled, for interest by any other of the world's thoroughfares. Here it is not difficult to realize that Constantinople is not only the metropolis of Turkey, European and Asiatic, and of Western Asia generally, but the capital also of all Islamiyeh. For, in addition to the twelve or more nationalities that constitute the normal population of this cosmopolitan city, one may meet on the bridge of the Validé Christians of every shade of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, Jews both subject to, and emancipated from, "the yoke of the Thora," and representatives of every race, Asian and African, professing the faith of Mohammed. Paying our toll to one of the white-coated collectors, we join the human stream rolling across the bridge in the direction of Stamboul, whose domes and minarets, veiled in the shifting mists of an autumn morning, appear and vanish like the towers of some enchanted city. To our right is the inland curve of the Golden Horn, its rippling waters alive with craft of every description, native and foreign; to our left, on the extreme point of the peninsula on which Stamboul has replaced Byzantium, extend the battlemented and tower-girt walls of the "Serai of the Gardens," the hereditary abode of the Sultans during four centuries; while immediately before us as we reach the shore rises, dome above dome, the stately mosque of the Validé.

THE MOSQUE OF THE VALIDE

This mosque forms the center of one of the busiest quarters of Stamboul, surrounded as it is by bazaars, markets, and khans. Even the spacious planetree-shaded harem, or courtyard, which gives access to the mosque on its southern side is invaded by the itinerant vendors of fruits, sweets, cool drinks, and small wares of all kinds, who here set up their tripods and trays under large white umbrella-shaped awnings. Within the precincts of the mosque are the usual charitable foundations, almshouses, baths, schools, etc., and the mausoleum of its pious foundress, the Validé, or Dowager Sultana Tarkhan, mother of Mohammed IV., and regent of the empire during the long minority of her son. Very numerous, indeed, are the charitable institutions of all kinds which, as the inscriptions they bear testify, owe their origin to the pious munificence not only of

sultanas, but of women of every rank. Female names are, however, found in preference on mosques, baths, and fountains, perhaps because praying and bathing are two favorite female occupations, and also, perhaps, because women have in the East few opportunities of meeting in public save in the mosques and at the baths. The elegant fountains decorated with delicate sculptures and gilded arabesques, "lacework of marble and embroidery in stone," so numerous throughout the city, whence water is carried by the Sakas and distributed gratis to the thirsty toilers under an Eastern sun, are closely connected with the piety of Moslem women. Whatever meritorious work a Moslem performs is done "in the way of God," and his most meritorious act is to fight for what he believes to be the true faith. But since women cannot take part in this contest, the care and refreshment of the wounded and weary combatants is held to be for them equally meritorious. Pilgrimage to the Holy Cities and shrines of the saints of Islam is the second stage of "the path," and after the support of the warrior that of the pilgrim is accounted the highest virtue in women. Hence the distribution of water to the caravans and the making of wells and aqueducts, especially on the way to Mecca, have ever been favorite "good works" with Mohammedan princesses.

Leaving the mosque, we pass on to the Khan of the Validé, a vast caravanserai capable of accommodating a considerable proportion of the motley throng of strangers, pilgrims, and traders, who find their way hither from Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Northern Africa. Through a great arched gateway we enter a quadrangle with tree-shaded fountains, surrounded by stables and storehouses, above which extend three superimposed cloistered galleries on which all the cell-like apartments open. These lodgings, for the use of which a very trifling charge is made, contain no furniture, as all oriental travelers carry with them their own bedding, rugs, and cooking utensils.

THE STREET DOGS

Turning a corner, we come upon a group of pariah dogs grouped round a Turk of the laboring class, who is charitably sharing his frugal lunch of dry bread and fruit with his four-footed friends. A Turkish "cats'-meat man," is passing at the moment, bearing over his shoulder a long pole garnished with pieces of offal meat and uttering his monotonous cry of "Djihir! Djihir!" Shall we be outdone in charity by this Moslem workingman? A handful of coppers is quickly collected, which buys up the stock-in-trade, and a royal feast, accompanied by a great wagging of tails, is soon in progress. "Your hearts are as

the hearts of Moslems," observes the gratified cats'-meat man, as he carefully places the coins in his girdle. "May your ends be happy!"

The kindness of Moslems toward these four-footed pariahs of their streets is the more astonishing when it is considered that the dog, being held to be an unclean animal, is never admitted into their houses. Concern for the welfare of this animal has, indeed, occasionally induced pious Turks to add to their good works testamentary bequests in favor of the dogs of their quarter of the city of which the "dean and chapter" of the mosques—or their Moslem equivalents—are constituted the permanent trustees and administrators.

FISH AND DRUG MARKETS

But we have now reached the Balouk Bazaar. or fish market, famous from Byzantine days for the variety of fish brought hither for sale. Here the epicure may have his choice of piscatory delicacies, and carry away, if he pleases, strung on a rush-like the Turkish infantry captain in front of us-mullet, gray and red, turbot and mackerel, pilchards and tunny, ulufer, taken by moonlight, and a hundred other species that lurk among the rocks or dart through and between "the two seas." Another and quite different scene, however, presently claims our attention as we pass through the old arched gateway leading into the Cairene, or Drug Bazaar, and our nostrils are at once assailed by a penetrating aroma made up of compounds the most diverse. On either hand are small shops or stalls, in which are exposed for sale, displayed in piled-up heaps and in open sacks, or carefully guarded in curiously shaped and decorated jars and flasks, henna and antimony, mastic and ambergris, frankincense and myrrh-in a word, all the materia medica and all the spices and perfumes of the East. To our right in front of one of the shops stands an old woman, her corpse-like face half hidden by a white kerchief, bargaining volubly for the materials she has just selected for the concoction of cosmetics. To our left an Armenian cook is laying in a store of spices for his master's kitchen. And presently we pass an old Turkish "wise woman," in search of special ingredients-dried violets, mallows, and lime-blossoms-from which she will brew soothing and not unsavory "tisanes" for her lady patients.

THE GRAND BAZAAR

Leaving the Drug Market, our way lies along a narrow, ill-paved street, the projecting upper stories of whose houses almost meet overhead, while in the little, low, dark shops below is sold the commodity, termed, in the figurative language of the East, the "Fourth Column of the Canopy

of Voluptuousness," or the "Fourth Cushion of the Divan of Enjoyment "-tobacco. This thoroughfare leads to the Grand Bazaar, a city within a city, containing arcaded streets, lanes, and alleys, squares and fountains, all enclosed within high protecting walls, and covered by a vaulted roof, studded with hundreds of cupolas, through which penetrates a subdued light more favorable to the vendor than to the purchaser. Here, as elsewhere in Stamboul, each commodity has its special habitat. In one quarter of the bazaar we find boots and shoes of every size, shape, and material. from the coarse, heavy "baboush," affected by the sturdy porters of Galata, to the dainty. pearl and spangle bedecked satin slipper destined for some pasha's petted daughter; in another are embroideries in gold and silver, brocades and damasks, with gauzes of silk, cotton, and linen from the looms of Anatolia: in a third are displayed specimens of all the rugs and carpets woven in nomad tent, in village hut, and in town factory between Smyrna and Samarcand; while in a fourth the jewelers and dealers in pearls and precious stones conceal, rather than display, in diminutive shops their valuable stock-in-trade.

Resisting all the solicitations addressed to us in almost every European language by the numerous touts who haunt the entrances, we take our way leisurely through the labyrinthian thoroughfares, and presently reach what is, for many, its most interesting section, namely, that devoted to the sale of arms and antiquities generally. Here, side by side with bric-à-brac of every description, lie iewel-hilted Damascus scimitars with which Saladin might have performed his famous feat of cutting in twain a suspended down pillow: khandjars and poniards of blue steel so perfectly tempered as to pierce a coat of mail as easily as a sheet of paper; and ancient trumpet-muzzled firearms decorated in silver on ivory with inlaid traceries of exquisite design; briefly, the whole picturesquely barbaric arsenal of bygone Turkey. STREET SCENES

As we pass, on leaving the bazaar, through the great courtyard of the Suliemaniyeh mosque, the "muezzin's" cry rings out from one of its four minarets: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God;" and in obedience to this summons the majority of the loiterers on the steps of the vast façade rise and pass into the interior to perform their accustomed noontide devotions. Among them are a number of pilgrims and strangers, dark-skinned fakirs from India, and dervishes from Central Asia on their way to the various shrines in European Turkey venerated by these mystics. We take our way in company with a large drove of turkeys along the

broad straight street lined on either hand with shops which leads to the Bayazidieh mosque. Presently the turkeys get into difficulties with a file of hamals bearing piles of bedding and curiously decorated chests and coffers on their atlaslike shoulders who form a sort of procession, led by a man on horseback, and attended by various persons on foot carrying long wands. It is the wedding trousseau and "plenishing" of a Turkish bride on its way to the home of the bridegroom. with whom she has never yet exchanged a word. and who is supposed to behold her face for the first time on the bridal day. And the turkeys have no sooner been marshaled into marching order by the long sticks of their baggy-breeched conductors than they are again dispersed in every direction by a smart brougham and pair, which is closely followed by a mounted servant holding in one hand a basket tied up in pink gauze, and decorated with flowers and ribbons-evidently a party of ladies on their way to a birth-reception. when such offerings from guests are customary. And now a sound of chanting falls on our ears. and a long procession approaches, headed by a small boy bedecked in jewels and ornaments. mounted on a gaily caparisoned led horse, in front of which grave turbaned and long-robed "hodjas" are walking backwards. It is the first day at school of some little Selim or Achmet, and followed by all his future schoolfellows-one bearing on a silken cushion the Koran, another the folding book rest, and a third a gold-embroidered writing case-he is thus announcing the important fact to all the neighborhood.

THE BAYAZIDIEH

At last we, and the turkeys, find ourselves on the "meidan" of the Bayazidieh, the vast treeplanted space which skirts two sides of the mosque. On the eve of the Kourban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifice, this great market place resounds with the bleating of thousands of victims tended by a motley assemblage of nomad shepherds. Vlachs from the mountains of Macedonia, and Tartars, Turcomans, and Yuruks from the plains of Asia Minor. And in preparation for this greatest of Moslem festivals every householder who can afford the expense sacrifices a sheep or lamb, one-third of its flesh being invariably reserved for the poor. To-day, however, turkeys, ducks, and geese are the only live stock exposed for sale, though sellers of sweetmeats and small craftsmen are, as usual, not only encamped under the shade of every tree and under every wall on the meidan, but also in the outer court of the mosque. The whir of a myriad iridescent wings greets our entry as an innumerable flight of pigeons suddenly descends, literally covering the pavement two or three deep in their attempt to secure some grains of the millet which has just been scattered for their benefit. These birds are said to be the progeny of a couple of pairs purchased some four centuries ago from a beggar by Sultan Bayazid and presented to the mosque together with an endowment for their maintenance and that of the pariah dogs of the neighborhood, who assemble every Friday at the door of the "Pigeon mosque" to receive the imperial dole.

Crossing the cypress-shaded inner court with its graceful cloisters of variegated marble and its cupola-covered ablutionary fountain, we pass through a beautiful doorway, the shell-shaped lintel of which is decorated with drooping stalactite-like ornaments, into the sanctuary itself. The interior is extremely simple, with the exception of the royal gallery, which is supported on pillars of verd-antique and jasper. Here, beneath a monument of white marble, rest the remains of its founder, Bayazid the Second (1481-1512), surnamed "The Mystic," son of the conqueror of Constantinople, and brother of the gifted but unfortunate Prince Diem, who, after an unsuccessful struggle for the throne, died a prisoner in Italy, poisoned, it was believed, by Pope Alexander Borgia.

Recrossing the inner and outer courts with their multitudinous feathered denizens, and making a purchase here and there at the stalls of a few of "the thousands of people who gain a livelihood by selling all sorts of things," we sally forth from the shady precincts of the mosque with their many historical associations into the noontide glare of the meidan. A carriage awaits us at the gate, and as its Turkish driver dexterously pilots the pair of strong horses down the steep incline leading to the bridge, we are already planning for the morrow another stroll in Stamboul.

Siberia..... British Realm

Probably few people in this country are aware that Siberia has been much opened up by the Russian government. The late Emperor sincerely believed that Siberia might become in time a great health resort; in any case a considerable. source of revenue to his empire. Accordingly, as recently as May 19, 1891, the Grand Duke Nicholas cut the first sod of the great railway which, it is hoped in Russia, will some day join Moscow to Pekin, and the West to the East, in a far more real sense than has ever yet been done. Every Saturday morning an express train leaves Moscow for the East. The train is quite a small one, and only consists, in addition to a powerful engine, of one first-class car, two second-class

cars, a dining saloon, and a luggage van; each compartment contains sleeping arrangements for four persons. On the Pullman car principles, it is easy to take a walk from one end of the train to the other. The cars are lit by electricity and warmed by hot air, and those travelers in search of new sensations might do worse than undertake this fascinating and interesting journey. An important addition to this curious train is a charming car which is at one and the same time a library, a gymnastic hall, and a game room. In spite of all this luxury, the price of the journey from Moscow to Vladivostok, which in old days when undertaken by sea cost the traveler £60 first-class, now costs 89 roubles. The railway passes through marvelous scenery, belonging, one might say, to every climate and to almost every country. Siberia alone having within its borders many kinds of climate, from bitter cold to tropical heat, while the whole of this section of Russia is well watered.

A VIRGIN COUNTRY

From the point of view of the seeker after fortune Siberia is a virgin country; even in the most dreary portions mineral wealth abounds, and time may come when Siberian coal will oust every other kind. Everything has been done by the Russian government to people even the most dreary wastes; immigration is encouraged in every possible fashion, and in most Russian villages pamphlets setting forth the charms of life in Siberia have been distributed. At the present time the great Siberian sources of revenue are the cereals. Tomsk and Tobolsk are fast becoming the granaries of Russia. Siberian cattle are also becoming justly famed in other portions of the Russian Empire; and in St. Petersburg Siberian butter is appreciated.

As many people are aware, the gradual exhaustion of the primeval forests of the civilized world is affording a serious problem to various manu facturers, notably to the paper makers. In future let them look to Siberia, where every tree seems to flourish, and where as yet very little in the way of forestry has been done.

Already the international capitalist has his eye on the Russian Golconda, and concessions are being rapidly bought up by the great German and Belgian companies. So far Germany seems to have the most profit by Siberia; even six years ago German machinery was being sent there to the tune annually of fourteen million marks.

PROGRESS IN SIBERIA

Irkutsk, now within less than eight days from Moscow (two years ago the journey took ten and a half days) and three and a half from Stretensk—the navigation limit of the Amur, and close to the junction for the Manchurian railways, is one of the richest cities in all Russia. It contains splendid buildings, fine churches, a big theater, colleges and schools, and the nucleus of an excellent museum. As one travels westward from this city the succession of villages is almost unbroken, until from Krasnovarsk onward to the Ural mountains one hardly ever loses sight of distant towns or villages sprung up round the wayside stations. Tomsk and Omsk, both situated on large rivers, have increased in size and importance-everywhere, indeed, there are visible signs of growth-and though much more might be done, especially in the way of agriculture, it cannot be denied that the Trans-Siberian has fully justified the expectations of its originators in opening up the country.

" Little Germany " in New York......Boston Evening Transcript

With the exception of Berlin and Vienna there are more Germans in New York than in any other city in the world. "Little Germany," therefore, is a purely conventional phrase, for the Germans in the great American metropolis are counted by the hundreds of thousands. Yet, strictly speaking, New York has no "Little Germany," no "quarter" analogous to the Yiddish quarter, the Italian quarter, or the Syrian quarter. The Germans now are too broadly scattered, too Americanized, to have any closely defined and distinctive life of their own.

If any part of New York can fitly be called the home of the German from Germany it is along Avenue A and Avenue B, on the far East Side. Here many shops have German signs, many little bier-stuben, which harbor men and women who speak only the Prussian, Bavarian, or Saxon dialects. This is the Lokal of the "corner grocery," about which a play was written by Adolf Phillip, the manager of the Germania Theater, near Astor place. Thither go the newly arrived Germans, and those not so newly arrived, of the comparatively ignorant classes. Phillip writes cheap plays representing the alleged German life in New York, but the German "color" hardly goes deeper than the frequent use of the words sauerkraut and limburger. The actors-a mediocre lot -act a little, dance a little, go through rôles which represent neither art nor the German "quarter." But these plays are immensely popular with "das Volk."

The Irving Place Theater, at which more good plays can be seen than at any other theatre in New York, makes no pretense at "local color." Instead, it is like any good stock company in Germany. The actors come for a season or two and then return to Germany. The repertory is of

plays classic and of the best of those contemporary, the standard of acting as well as of drama being exceptionally high. A cultivated lot of Germans and of Americans who understand German form the audience. There is, of course, nothing picturesque about such an audience, nothing that suggests local customs or manners. They are simply civilized people who go to the theater for ideas as well as for amusement.

THE REAL THING

To get the "real thing" in Teutonic character in New York one cannot repose on any theater, or any "quarter." The good old German thing is now distributed in many little clubs and cafés in the city and in the suburbs, which are not easy to find, because the constituency is so personal and small. For instance, there is a little club called the Wald-horn, or Hunting Horn, Club, to a meeting of which I had the pleasure of being admitted on what to me was a memorable occasion. It was at the house of a German musician, who lives in a rather distant suburb, far enough away from the city to get an effect of turf and sky. He had planted his little yard full of trees. had put an enormous cask of beer in a little basement which was fitted up to look like a hunting lodge. Green boughs, drinking cups and hunting horns decorated the walls. The few members, eight or nine, gathered early, soon after dinner, and stayed till fairly late in the morning. They smoked long Nuremberg pipes, drank the harmless beer in enormous quantities, played and sang the sweet, simple old German hunting songs, made impromptu speeches, and kept up a stream of wonderfully good-natured jokes.

They consisted of Meister, Gesellen, and Lehrbuben (masters, journeymen, and apprentices), in accordance with the length of time they had belonged to the club and the consequent efficiency they had in beer, song and "Gemütlichkeit." There was a sculptor there, a great fellow with an enormous beard, an "Urmensch" (an original man), as his jolly friend the painter called him. Then there was a comparatively grave poet, who read a long poem and looked as if he were continually nourishing the divine flame. His wife, who drank her full measure of beer, was a robustious German dame who sang with almost explosive sentimentality and earnestness. There was also an interesting journalist present, the child of a German poet and a Japanese lady, and in him the "Gemütlichkeit," for which word the English has no equivalent, but which may be roughly translated as "uncompromising geniality," reached the really astonishing point. The host himself was full of the milk of human kindness. His wife was quite worthy of him, and his niece, who was also the maid servant and waitress, was of that South German type which almost melts for simple sweetness.

I hope there are other remote places like this in Greater New York, but I have not yet been able to find them. That place was "gemütlich" without being at all bohemian. Of the genuinely bohemian type of German resort there are several, in my experience, but these are also quite accidental, not at all in the "quarter." There is one on Second avenue, where some of the old German actors, who have never been able to get back to Germany, go. They talk about the good old times in New York, when German "Gemütlichkeit" was not driven into out-of-the way corners. At this little café foreign vaudeville players are also to be found, and a few out-of-date German playwrights and newspaper men. vaudeville people stay by themselves inside the café, while the actors and journalists drink their coffee in the garden.

Of course, there are many big German restaurants, cafés, and gardens which everybody knows, but these places are now entirely stripped of anything characteristic of "German," as the word is commonly understood. It is noticeable in this case, as always in the modern world, that the picturesque and the characteristic are found only in connection with the secluded and remote.

The Venice of tradition is doomed. The Pearl of the Adriatic, beloved of poets and tourists, is destined to fade from the pleasure map of Europe and retire into unlovely obscurity, enveloped in the sooty mantle of commerce. The blow has been a long time falling, but it has come at last. The shadow of the coming event was visible when the picturesque gondola began to give way before the smoky but swift-moving steam launch for traffic on the canals. Artists groaned, poets protested, æsthetics lamented, but the puffing steam launches became more and more numerous, and the graceful gondola seems likely to become but a memory among the vanishing beauties of Venice. This was bad enough, but no one, not even the most pessimistic, thought that the noisy wheels of the modern manufactory would be set up in the palaces of the ancient grandees of Venice, metamorphosing those magnificent but crumbling piles into twentieth century workshops. Strange to say, it is not the Americans who are foremost in the plan to turn Venice into a city of factories. John Bull is the transgressor this time. The English projectors of the plan to turn Venice into a manufacturing town have descended upon the ancient city with the energy of an avalanche, the Syndic of Venice has been reached, and it is believed is about to consent to the radical changes.

It is not possible to erect modern factory buildings in Venice. The poets and the tourists may take consolation from the fact that the law says none of the famous palaces on the Grand Canal may be torn down. They must fall down before any steps may be taken to replace them. But the law does not forbid the use of these famous structures for any purpose, and the astute Englishmen, taking advantage of this fact, are going to plant machinery where the poet Byron spurred his muse; they are going to destroy the picturesqueness of the Grand Canal by building a path for automobiles and bicycles along its winding way; they intend to run a railroad from the Palace of the Doges to the famous beach of the Lido, and, having arranged to give quick transportation to that bathing rendezvous, they have in mind the construction of a fac-simile of Brighton, their own queen of watering places. And this is not all. Difficult as it is to conjure up a picture of Venice without canals, it is believed that the English plan actually includes the filling up of the waterways and the changing of the city into a modern one, with streets on which trolley cars will clang their noisy way, with sidewalks and telegraph lines, shops and trading places, and all the features of a busy commercial town.

It has been said that Venetian waterways are a menace to health; that the sluggish current of the canals retains rather than carries off the refuse of the city, and taking a trip in a gondola is a very risky proceeding, because of the pestilential atmosphere that perpetually hovers over the liquid streets of the island city. But who would not brave this peril a thousand times rather than hear of the only Venice being deprived of its romance and beauty at one fell stroke by the filling in of the waterways and the construction of paved roads in their place? Angry voices have been raised in Venice's Syndic since the project was first broached. "Venice, Pearl of the Adriatic, must not be turned into a marsh," expostulated one member of the Syndic. But gold has before to-day swept away objections quite as strong. The two palaces that have already been purchased by the English syndicate for the express purpose of establishing glass factories on the Grand Canal are near the Vendramini Palace and the Casa d'Oro. Even before the coming era of paved streets and trolley cars, the frequenters of the Grand Canal will be treated to the unworthy spectacle of factory smoke pouring out from the solemn structures that were erected as patrician residences.

Among the Plants: The Production of New Kinds

Edited by Robert Blight

"Welcome as the flowers of May" is a very old form of expressing the most sincere hospitality, and every lover of flowers will appreciate its warmth. After the dreary days of winter the mere sight of the opening buds arouses an indescribable joy in the heart, and a strange expectancy absorbs us as we watch for each wildling of nature which, like the days marked on a calendar, shows the progress of the year toward its full glory. will it not be well to have some object which shall make our observation of the flowers something more than mere admiration? The collection, classification, and identification of species is doubtless full of charm, but this alone is dry work. Flowers have a life, with its habits, as interesting as that of animals, and he who would enjoy nature to the full must investigate this with as much zest as does the observer of animals or the ethnologist who notes the habits of the various races of the human species. To any one who desires some line of investigation during the coming season the following passage will be very suggestive, for hitherto our own wild flowers have been curiously neglected in this respect:

Wonders of Flower Life New York Evening Post

The Scriptural advice to consider the lilies has nowhere received a more practical application, or one of a more interesting kind, than in recent years through the inquiries which botanists have made regarding the relations which exist between the world of insects and the world of plant life. The researches of Darwin and others have displayed before our eyes an entirely new phase of plant existence, especially on that side of the life of the plant which relates to its fertilization. In order to lay the foundation of a brief study of this most interesting topic, such as may induce our readers to make observations for themselves, observations which can be carried out in any garden, it will be necessary that they should understand the ordinary structure of a common flower. If, taking a buttercup in hand, we look at the flower, we discover that it is composed of four kinds of organs, which the botanist will tell us are arranged one within the other in four whorls or circles. Thus the green leaves outside form what we call the calyx, these leaves being named sepals. The yellow leaves, which are the conspicuous parts of the flower, form the corolla, and are called petals. Inside the flower we see a great many stamens, each of which resembles a pin in that it consists of a stalk and a head. Finally, in the very center of the flower, on the top of the flower stalk, we see the pistil, which in the buttercup consists of a number of little parts closely packed together, called the carpel.

THE STAMENS' VITAL DUST

Most people know that the duty of the stamens is to produce the yellow dust called pollen, which may be called the fertilizing material of the plant. The pistil, on the other hand, is the seed-producing organ, and when ripe constitutes the fruit. In the unripe flower we find within the carpels of the pistil one or more little bodies, which, at first sight, we might be tempted to call seeds.

If, however, these were planted in the ground, we should fail to get any growth from them in the shape of new plants. They are not seeds, but are called "ovules." In order to convert them into seeds the plant has to apply the yellow dust or pollen from the stamens to the ovules, and when this contact takes place the ovules are said to be fertilized. They become "seeds," each of which when planted in the ground will grow into a new plant. Looking once more at our buttercup, or indeed at any other common flower, we find that flower to contain within itself both stamens and pistil. Therefore, we might at first suppose that, as, indeed old botanists believed, each flower fertilized its own ovules by means of its own pollen. This process, of course, we should call self-fertilization, the flower, in other words, fertilizing itself.

But toward the close of the eighteenth century a learned botanist called Sprengel, making a more careful study of the process of fertilization than had before been carried out, came to the conclusion that in the vast majority of cases each plant had the pistils of its flowers fertilized not by pollen from its own stamens, but by pollen brought to the pistils from another flower of the same kind or, it might be, a nearly related species. This process we may appropriately call cross-fertilization. So convinced was Sprengel that crossfertilization was the rule of nature and self-fertilization the exception, that he summed up his belief in the words, "Nature does not desire that any complete flower should be fertilized by its own pollen." The great Darwin later on announced the result of his own observations in different words, but bearing much the same meaning as those of Sprengel. Darwin's expression was that "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization." It cannot be denied that some flowers fertilize themselves, but we may take it for granted that both Sprengel and Darwin enunciated a great truth when they declared cross-fertilization to be the rule of plant life in the production of seeds.

AGENCIES OF FERTILIZATION

Many plants are cross-fertilized by the agency of the wind, which carries the pollen from one plant or tree to another. In wind-fertilized plants we generally find an absence of conspicuous flowers, and we also know that the pollen is produced in far greater quantity than in other plants, while it is of a very light and powdery description. The pistils of such plants are either exposed in such a way that the pollen shall be caught, or they possess means, in the shape of feathery tufts or sticky projections, for causing its adherence when caught. If we turn our attention to plants possessing conspicuous flowers, we find that the color of the flower serves to attract insects, which may be considered here to be the veritable ministers of the vegetable kingdom. We may go further and say with truth that everything about a flower-its color, its size, its shape or form, the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the periods of opening and shutting and other characteristics-is intended to facilitate the work of fertilization by insects. If we glance at certain flowers which have peculiar shapes, we may predict that they are all fertilized by insects. The very peculiarities of shape in such flowers have been evolved through the visits of insects, and, what is more to the point, by the visits of particular kinds of insects. In addition to wind and to insects, plants may utilize certain birds. such as humming birds, and sometimes currents of running water, as in the case of aquatic plants, to convey the pollen from one flower to another, and so bring about cross-fertilization. It is conceivable, of course, that some flowers which lay themselves out for the purpose of cross-fertilization by insects might escape the attentions they desire. But, if the flower is not successful in obtaining cross-fertilization, it is forced to be content with the other process-that of using its own pollen to fertilize its own ovules.

MORE SEEDS AND HEALTHIER OFFSPRING

It may be imagined that nature has some definite object in view in thus favoring cross-fertilization. That object, briefly stated, is the production of more seeds and healthier offspring than are obtainable when flowers fertilize themselves. This is the general conclusion to which botanists have come, and the experiments of Darwin and others undoubtedly show that when self-fertilized the seeds are smaller and less numerous than when cross-fertilization takes place. This latter process has the effect of infusing new blood, as it were, into the plant species. And there is yet another point of which we must not lose sight,

namely, that with more numerous seeds and stronger offspring a greater tendency to variation will be found among plants. Variation in its turn is the life and soul of evolution, for it is through variations that new species of animals and plants are produced.

Here is a direction which our observations may take—to note the mode of fertilization adopted by our common plants. The instances from which the great masters of botany have formed their conclusions have been mainly taken from British and European flora. There is, therefore, a vast field open in our land for ascertaining not only conformings to the rules discovered, but possible exceptions which will afford interest of a most valuable nature. Who can tell, for instance, what awaits him who will devote a summer to watching the milkweeds with their complicated blossoms, noting the ripening of the pollen and the species of insects which visit the different species of plants? Another suggestion for a series of observations may be found in the following passage:

Dispersal of Plants Knowledge

It is well known that plants, to ensure a wide dispersal of their seeds, take advantage of such motive agents as the wind, water, animals, but there is a large number of plants which do not rely on any external agency to carry their seeds, but do the scattering themselves, by one or another ingenious device. Examine a fruit of the common dog violet. It is a little capsule formed of three sections. As it ripens it opens along the lines of junction of these, and we get three narrow boat-shaped valves spreading horizontally from the fruit-stem, and each containing several seeds. The drying of these valves causes contraction. The two gunwales, so to speak, of each boat are drawn together, pressing more and more tightly on the seeds which lie between, till one by one the seeds spring out with considerable force. In other cases a similar violent expulsion of the seeds is caused by unequal growth in the tissues of the seed-vessel. This it is that produces such a state of stress in the five-parted capsules of the Touch-me-not that when ripe a puff of wind or a light touch causes a violent explosion of the fruit, by which the seeds are scattered far and wide. Another familiar example may be studied in the little hairy cress, so common a weed in the garden. Some of the crane's-bills fling their seeds to a considerable distance by means of a more complicated apparatus. The fruit consists of five separate carpels attached by their apices to a spindle. Each carpel consists of an egg-shaped peuch containing one seed, prolonged into a slender rod, the whole addressed to the spindle, so that the five pouches lie in a ring round its base. Each pouch is open on the side which is pressed against the spindle. As the fruit ripens, the more rapid shrinking of the outer layers of the rod of the carpel causes it to rupture the tissue which attaches it by its own length to the spindle, and it curls with a jerk, carrying up the pouch, and causing the seed to fly out of the opening on its inner side already referred to. Lord Avebury placed fruits of the herb Robert on his billiard table, and found that the seeds were in this manner projected to a distance of over twenty feet.

SELF-PLANTERS

Nor is it beyond the power of certain species to undertake the planting of their seeds. stork's-bills (Erodium), which are closely allied to the crane's-bills, or geraniums, have curious fruits, each consisting of a torpedo-shaped seed prolonged into a slender twisted rod, which terminates in a long appendage set at right angles to the axis of the remainder of the fruit. The seed is furnished with bristles pointing away from the unattached end; and the twisted tail is hygroscopic-very sensitive to moisture. Now, if the seed be held fast, and the whole moistened, the rod will untwist, and, as a result, the free end will revolve like the hand of a clock. But if, as will more likely happen in nature, this revolution causes the long appendage to come in contact with some obstacle-a blade of grass, for instance -then the motion will be transferred to the seedbearing end, which will revolve like an auger, and, as a result of the lengthening caused by the untwisting of the rod, the seed will be forced into the ground. The upward pointing bristles will come into play if the rod dries again, tending to hold the seed down in its place in spite of the contraction, and to drag down the opposite end instead; another moistening will cause the seed to burrow deeper. A much simpler, but very pretty instance may be watched in the little ivy-leafed toadflax (commonly called in America "Kenilworth Ivy"). It grows on walls, and when in flower the pretty snapdragon-like blossoms stretch out toward the light and air. But as the fruit ripens its stem bends toward the wall, and seeks the deepest cranny it can find, in which the seed may be deposited. Owing to this arrangement, the fruit needs no winged appendage or other device, such as is possessed by so many wall plants, to prevent the seed from falling uselessly to the inhospitable ground below.

It needs no imagination to realize how delightful our country rambles and our strolls through the garden will be, if we have these two objects for our observations. Plants will then become to us something more than mere objects of beauty, and in watching habits of fertilization and dis-

persal of seeds we shall recognize that our favorites are individuals deserving of the closest attention.

In these columns of Current Literature attention has frequently been drawn to the introduction of new industries in the way of cultivating plants which are natives of other climes. The vast area, presenting every gradation of climate almost, seems destined to be the home of plants from every region, as it is the home of men from every nation. We give two excerpts relating to two very interesting and pre-eminently useful plants. The first—the Cassava—is a native of tropical America, but has spread throughout the Pacific on the one side, and the West Indies and Western Africa on the other:

New Agricultural Possibilities-Cassava.................Cosmopolitan

- To the average Northern reader, and, for that matter, to him of the South as well, the word "cassava" conveys little or no meaning. As the plant bears within itself a larger amount of starch per acre than any other vegetable or grain, and as it liberally rewards those who cultivate it throughout the wide piney-woods belt of South Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida—lands where millions of acres are still to be had at the government price-it follows that its future is of interest. Cassava is in reality an old friend under a new name. Indigenous to tropical lands, the Manihot utilissima has long been an important food-supply for the nations of many countries, while in the form of tapioca it possesses virtues with which few kitchens in civilization are unfamiliar. In its native home the skin is poisonous, but happily this factor is eliminated both by exposure to the air and by cooking. Many years ago, the parent plant was transported to the West Indies, and thence to Florida, where it not only throve amazingly, but entirely lost its poisonous attributes in the migration. Cassava is essentially a long-season plant, requiring about seven months to come to full maturity, and therefore is not to be cultivated much above the north line of Florida. It will, in its native habitat, along the equatorial line in South America and Africa, produce seed, but in sub-tropical countries it is propagated by the stalk, or cane, as is sugar-cane.

Cassava is a many-branched shrub, of luxuriant growth, with dark green, palmately divided leaves and reddish-colored stems, and the thrifty plants attain a height of five or six feet. The roots, or underground stems, are from one to three inches in diameter, and from one to three feet in length at seven months' growth. They consist of a solid white tissue harder and drier than potatoes. It withstands drought well, but is exceedingly sensitive to frost. In propagating cassava only the canes, or stalks, are employed. At planting time these stalks are cut in pieces three to four inches

in length and planted, shallowly, in rows, either four feet apart each way or that distance one way and two feet the other. As the plant grows prodigiously, it shades the soil so early that two or three cultivations keep down the weeds. After frost, or after the yellowing of the leaves, the plants are cut off four to six inches above the ground, the stems left furnishing a hold for lifting the root from the ground.

THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT

As an article of commerce cassava starch appears destined to play no inconsiderable part in the near future. While yet an absolute "infant industry," already two extensive cassava starch factories are in active operation in Florida. At Spring Garden there is a single field of cassava of three hundred and seventy-five acres, and in the extreme western part of Florida there are some fifty acres of cassava this year, the produce of which is to be utilized in feeding cattle. After recent tests made at Tacksonville by representatives of the starch trust, the report stated that as a laundry adjunct cassava starch, at four and onehalf cents a pound, exceeded in value by six to one, for plain and fancy laundry purposes, the finest starch made from wheat. As the wheat starch costs six cents a pound, this would give the cassava product an advantage of about eight

Aside from the value of cassava as a producer of starch, its importance as a food ration, both for carrying and for fattening cattle and hogs, is great. For man, a cassava pie or pudding is not lightly to be considered.

The next passage refers to one of the most prized of our dessert nuts—the almond. De Candolle thinks that it is a native of Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, and even Algeria. Certainly it has been cultivated in Palestine from the earliest historic ages, for it was one of the fruits sent by Jacob to his son, Joseph, upwards of 3,500 years ago. To this day the most delicate almonds known to commerce are the thin-shelled "Jordan almonds." The tree belongs to that wonderful rose family which supplies us with so many of our favorite fruits, and is one of the section which contains the peach and nectarine. It would seem that soon we shall be independent of foreign supplies, even for the "paper-shelled" varieties, for California has added this nut to her many luxurious products

Almond Culture in California Country Life in America

In the old Roman days nuts were not only part of every dessert, but they served also as playthings for children. From this latter use a curious custom was evolved in the Roman marriage ceremony. The bridegroom, as he led his bride to her future home, threw nuts to the gaping crowd, to symbolize that he thus cast aside all

his boyish sports. From these Romans has descended to us the thought that nuts signify pleasure; and most of us to-day consider them the trifles that give an excuse for remaining at the table when wit takes it airiest flights. As a people we spend a large sum annually for nuts, as mere delicacies, either in their original form or as disguised by the confectioner's skill. On the other hand, an increasingly large number of our citizens are adopting the nut as a substantial portion of the meal, as a substitute, in part or in whole, for flesh foods.

THE ALMOND IN AMERICA

With the increased consumption of nuts, attention has been turned to their production. The almond, alien that it is, has been experimented with in various parts of the Union. It used to be asserted that the almond would thrive wherever the peach did, so, nearly fifty years ago, the Commissioner of Patents obtained a quantity of almond seedlings and buds from abroad and distributed them throughout the Southern and Middle States. The trees grew and bloomed profusely, but did not fruit. The experiment was repeated in California, with almost an equal failure, and it was beginning to be accepted as a fact that almonds could not be raised in the United States. Then Mr. A. T. Hatch, who owned a ranch near Suisun, California, threw his energy into the industry. He found that seedlings produced in California matured fruits when the imported ones failed; and that not only did the nuts differ from the foreign almond, but they varied according to the locality in which the seedling was raised. From among one hundred and ninety-two varieties that he created, four were chosen to be developed further as staple products. By forming partnerships with a number of farmers, he was able to test the effect of different climatic conditions. It was learned that almonds mature in a warm climate, dry in summer. The more moisture they can have in growing time the plumper the nut, but they require dryness when ripening. These requirements exclude from almond culture parts of California where the trees were first started. Although California has paid more attention to the almond than has any other State, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, also, have localities with climate adapted to this nut, and they have entered into its culture to a small extent. The almond industry in the United States is yet in its infancy; and, if it continues to grow as it has in the past decade, we may hope not only to cease importations, but, within the first quarter of the century, to begin exportations, both in its natural state and in all the oils, "health foods," and cosmetics that art is capable of evolving.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

May and Death..........James Russell Lowell

I wish that when you died last May,
Friend, there had died along with you
Three parts of spring's delightful things;
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part, too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sakes, be May still May! Let their new time, as mine of old, Do all it did for me: I bid Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only one little sight, one plant, Woods have in May, that starts up green Save a sole streak which, so to speak, Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between.

That they might spare; a certain wood Might miss the plant; their loss were small: But I—whene'er the leaf grows there Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

The Knight's Leap, A Legend of Altenahr......Charles Kingsley

So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine; And the water is spent and gone? Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine: I never shall drink but this one.

And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse, And lead him me round to the door: He must take such a leap to-night perforce, As horse never took before.

I have fought my fight, I have lived my life, I have drunk my share of wine; From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight Had a merrier life than mine.

I have lived by the saddle for years two score; And if I must die on tree, Then the old saddle-tree that has borne me of yore Is the properest timber for me.

So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest How the Altenahr hawk can die!
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine, And he mounted his horse at the door; And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight, And he leaped him out over the wall. Out over the cliff, out into the night; Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen. With never a bone in him whole— A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen, For such a bold rider's soul! Stood the tall Archangel weighing All man's doing, dreaming, saying, All the failure and the pain, All the triumph and the gain, In the unimagined years, Full of hopes, more full of tears, Since old Adam's hopeless eyes Backward searched for Paradise, And, instead, the flame-blade saw Of inexorable Law.

Waking, I beheld him there, With his fire-gold, flickering hair In his blinding armor stand, And the scales were in his hand: Mighty were they, and full well They could poise both heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so:
But I weigh the hope of Man
Since the power of choice began,
In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place All the glories of our race. Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast, Gems, the lightning of the East, Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword, Many a poet's golden word, Many a skill of science, vain To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that brake for Man!

Marvel through my pulses ran, Seeing then the beam divine Swiftly on this hand decline; While Earth's splendor and renown, Mounted light as thistle-down.

The Mouse's Petition......Anna Letitia Barbauld

O hear a pensive prisoner's prayer, For liberty that sighs: And never let thine heart be shut Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit, Within the wiry grate; And tremble at the approaching morn Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed, And spurned a tyrant's claim, Let not thy strong oppressive force A free-born mouse detain! O do not stain with guiltless blood Thy hospitable hearth; Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast My frugal meals supply; But if thine unrelenting heart That slender boon deny—

The cheerful light, the vital air, Are blessings widely given; Let Nature's commoners enjoy The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind To all compassion gives; Casts round the world an equal eye And feels for all that lives.

If mind—as ancient sages taught— A never-dying flame, Still shifts through matter's varying forms In every form the same:

Beware, lest in the worm you crush, A brother's soul you find, And tremble lest thy luckless hand Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day Be all of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board With health and peace be crowned; And every charm of heartfelt ease Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen, Which men, like mice, may share, May some kind angel clear thy path, And break the hidden snare.

Motherhood...... Charles Stuart Calverley

She laid it where the sunbeams fall Unscanned upon the broken wall, Without a tear, without a groan, She laid it near a mighty stone Which some rude swain had haply cast Thither in sport, long ages past, And Time with mosses had o'erlaid And fenced with many a tall grass-blade, And all about bid roses bloom And violets shed their soft perfume. There in its cool and quiet bed She set her burden down and fled: Nor flung, all eager to escape. One glance upon the perfect shape That lay, still warm and fresh and fair, But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass Across the linden-shadowed grass, Ere yet the minster-clock chimed seven: Only the innocent birds of heaven— The magpie and the rook whose nest Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest— And the lithe cricket, and the hoar And huge-limbed hound that guards the door Looked on, when, as a summer wind That, passing, leaves no trace behind, All unapparelled, barefoot all, She ran to that old ruined wall To leave upon the chill dank earth (For ah! she never knew its worth) 'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling, And dews of night that precious thing!

And here it might have lain forlorn From morn till eve, from eve to morn: But that, by some wild impulse led, The mother, ere she turned and fled, One moment stood erect and high; Then poured into the silent sky A cry so jubilant, so strange, That Alice—as she strove to range Her rebel ringlets at her glass—Sprang up and gazed across the grass; Shook back those curls so fair to see, Clapped her soft hands in childish glee, And shricked—her sweet face all aglow, Her very limbs with rapture shaking—"My hen has laid an egg, I know; And only hear the noise she's making!"

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or Nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Some have too much, yet still they crave; I little have, yet seek no more; They are but poor, though much they have, And I am rich with little store! They poor, I rich; they beg, I give; They lack, I lend; they pine, I live!

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I wish but what I have at will, I wander not to seek for more, I like the plain, I climb no hill, In greatest storms I sit on shore, And laugh at them that toil in vain To get what must be lost again.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so, as well as I.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Crime Among Animals...... Tighe Hopkins..... Leisure Hour

Facts show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime amongst men. It is not well to press the analogy too far, but there is a great deal of interest in many of the facts which research has accumulated. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf; and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travelers have frequently fed their famishing Eskimo teams on the carcasses of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger. and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances. The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little Young crocodiles are occasionally stimulus. gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle. A certain famous case in the reptile house at the Zoölogical Gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, parricide, matricide, and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world.

CRIMINAL ANIMALS

Veterinary and other persons who have much to do with horses are aware that there is a distinctly criminal type of horse, difficult either to cajole or to coerce, with a short memory for kindness and a retentive one for injuries; kickers, biters, rearers; and invincibly determined to obey no will but their own. But these poor creatures, like many of our instinctive criminals whose hand is ever turned against society, are the victims of a twist in the brain, which discovers itself often by the shape of the skull. Arab breeders of horses, recognizing the natural rogue by his outstud

The rogue elephant, well known in India and justly feared as a very awkward customer, is doubtless also a sufferer from some inherited brain weakness. The elephants in herd are well aware of his dangerous qualities, and compel him to live apart, which does not better his disposi-

tion. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant) for another (the assaulted); and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both parties. Horses, dogs, and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy. The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run a-mok through his native High street, seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula. unless the subject of this brief terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience which may be goaded into a fury. The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage, or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Every one knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge. when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused.

JEALOUSY

More curious is it to note that, amongst animals as amongst men, some of the worst offenses that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love" the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind.

Association for deliberate purposes of wrongdoing is not rare amongst animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence. Figuier tells a strange story of three wicked beavers. They built for themselves a comely dwelling in an agreeable spot on the bank of a stream. Close by lived a fourth beaver in decent solitude. The three wicked beavers went out one day and paid a call on their neighbor, who received them very hospitably, and evidently promised to return the visit. In due time he did so, when he was at once attacked and slain by the murderous trio. In Lombroso there is an anecdote of a small dog whom a bulldog used very badly for no reason at all. The small dog spent several days in foraging for bones, which he piled in a cellar. When he had collected enough for a banquet, he issued invitations to all the dogs of his acquaintance in the neighborhood, the bulldog excepted, and regaled them handsomely. After dinner he set out his case against the bulldog, and apparently in some way stirred up the indignation of his guests, for he led them out in a body to avenge him.

THEFT

Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. "The oldest and 'cutest heads the troop, after a careful survey of the path, and a sentinel is posted at the spot whence a surprise may be looked for. Then the robbers form a chain, and the booty is passed along, the last baboon depositing it in a common hiding-place. The sentry sniffs danger, gives the alarm, the chain breaks, the baboons fly, each with a fruit in the mouth, in the hand, and under the arms. If the danger becomes serious, the fruit under the arm is first thrown away, next what is carried in the hand, and last of all what is held in the mouth."

Bees, "the most laborious of living things," occasionally give themselves to theft, "and often end by becoming habitual plunderers. To save themselves the trouble of working, whole colonies attack a well-furnished hive, assault the sentries and the inmates, sack the hive, and carry off the provisions. After repeated ventures of this sort, successful or unsuccessful, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence, which—as in the countries where brigandage is rife—becomes in the end an habitual practise."

INTOXICATION

Lombroso and many other inquirers have proved that animals, like men, may be stimulated by alcohol and drugs to crime of various kinds. Ants stupefied by chloroform become completely paralyzed with the exception of the jaws, and with their jaws they will snap at all that comes in reach. Goats pasturing in Abyssinia intoxicate themselves on the beans of the coffee plant, and then fight with fury. Cows may be made dangerously mad with a mixture of hemp seed and opium.

Dogs, horses, etc., have been given a confirmed taste for alcohol. The carnivora, it is known, are the fiercest of all the brute creation, and an habitual flesh diet will develop instincts of ferocity in the mildest domestic animals, and in the elephant and other beasts.

LOSS OF SELF-CONTROL

Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes. Certain animals in all countries seem to be thrown

off their balance and to lose a part of their selfcontrol in very warm weather, or on the approach of a storm. Instances must have been often observed in a herd of cows. Dread and dislike of novelty is a common and almost universal characteristic of savage and semi-civilized races, and by no means unknown amongst communities or sections of communities high up in the scale of civilization.

It is also a well-marked trait of innumerable animals, and a cause of violent actions. A cow will still occasionally charge a train in motion, and nearly all domestic animals have to be taught to overcome their fear of that terrifying object, an engine in full steam. Any unusual object in the path of horse, dog, or cow, any unwonted sound, excites to fear, and often to destructive rage. A monkey wrapped in a coat or gown, a hen streaked with bright paint, would at first arouse the suspicion and then the hostilty of their companions.

SENSE OF JUSTICE

Instances of rather doubtful significance have been cited to show that delinquent animals are sometimes punished by their fellows after a fashion more or less human. Imaginative persons have traced in such acts the rude beginnings of trial by jury, but they are now more apt to recall the lynch law of America. Robber apes are said to inflict the pain of death on a sentinel who fails in giving the alarm. A French writer relates how, when a young male stork carried off from the nest the female companion of another, the injured spouse haled the abductor before "a tribunal composed of all the storks of the district," who presently fell upon and tore him to pieces. In Romanes' "Animal Intelligence," a number of rooks are described as acting in a similar manner toward a deserter from the community. Monkeys have been known to put to death a member of the band who refused allegiance to the leader. In this instance, as in that of the "execution" of the sentinel caught napping, Lombroso sees no more of justice or morality "than in the homicides by brigands on their companions" in like circumstances; or in those acts of popular vengeance in which a mob hangs on the nearest lamp post or burns to death some unfortunate victim of its lawless passion; or than in the punishment in vogue amongst tribes of savages, "where death is lavished for the slightest offense." "Or," he adds, after citing other examples, "supposing all these were facts, I should still regard them but as fresh proofs of criminal associations amongst animals, associations which in these particular cases are transformed in fact, if not by the intention of the individuals, into judicial actions."

Housekeeping of the Humming Bird J. Burroughs Country Life

The old bird was very busy and preoccupied. Her whole manner would put to shame any one who might ask himself whether life were worth while. First we saw her gathering lichens from a summer-house roof; next we found, by watching her, the half-finished nest in the little fork of the apple limb only waist high from the ground. It was one of the prettiest things I have ever seen. The nest was a little larger than half an egg shell, and so carefully covered with moss and lichens that the whole thing looked exactly like a knot on a moss-grown limb. It was lined inside with dandelion down until it was like silk. You simply gazed at it in delight, wondering how one slender bill could create such art.

The two pearly white eggs, scarcely larger than peas, appeared before the nest was quite complete. In two weeks one of them disappeared, and in its place, down in the bottom of the nest, was a young humming-bird. The next day the other little one was hatched. The two birds were odd samples of bird life. They looked for all the world exactly like half-drowned honey bees! From the day they were hatched the old bird was a busy parent. Often she would be gone for an hour among the flowers, though generally but half an hour or twenty minutes. On returning she would perch for a moment on a dead apple-tree limb, then fly to the nest and gently wake her young by prodding them with her bill. She fed them by thrusting her bill into their upturned throats so far and so vigorously that you felt sure they would be killed. As the young grew, they would hold up their heads without being first awakened, and when we came near they made a low, humming sound, like that of a highly pitched tuning fork. Whether this was in supplication for food or in alarm we could not determine.

It was four weeks before the young hummingbirds could fly. It takes a robin but two. As they grew their breasts crowded out the top of the nest until it almost broke. The last week in the nest feathers came out rapidly on them, and their bills, which had hitherto been very short, grew with surprising speed. The nest had been so cleverly placed that, though it was on the south side of the tree, the sun could never shine into it. When we pulled back the leaves in taking pictures the mother came and sheltered her young from the hot rays. During a sharp thunderstorm, however, she did not come near the nest.

One day the larger of the two birds jumped out, and instead of sprawling around screaming for every cat within a mile to hear, as a young robin would have done, he sailed easily and silently into the top of the tree, and from his perch, quietly surveyed the world that had so suddenly become his. The next day the other bird did the same. They did not call or hesitate or first flap their wings or crawl timidly out on a branch. There was no air of experiment. They had the mien of veterans from the start. Several times I saw the old bird drive robins or orioles out of her tree. The little humming-bird darted in and out among the branches like a shuttlecock, making the other bird, many times her size, squawk with fright. Though several times we caught the flash of the ruby-throated male, not once did he come near the nest to assist in any way. He left it all, and wisely perhaps, to the mother.

A Western Cyclone ... W. T. Hornaday Boston Evening Transcript

I believe the grizzly could be trained and handled quite as successfully as the brown bear of Southern Europe, which, by reason of its kind and obedient disposition, has a monopoly of the dancing business.

Take little Cyclone, a grizzly cub from Alaska, who earned his name by the vigor of his resistance to ill treatment. When his mother was fired at, on a timbered hillside facing Chilkat River, he and his brother ran away as fast as their stumpy little legs could carry them. When they crept where they had last seen her, they thought her asleep; and cuddling up close against her vet warm body they slept peacefully until morning. Before the early morning sun had reached their side of the mountain, the two orphans were awakened by the rough grasp of human hands. Valiantly they bit and scratched, and bawled aloud with rage. One of them made a fight so fierce and terrible that his nervous captor let him go, and that one is still on the Chilkat. Although the other cub fought just as desperately, his captor seized him by the hind legs, dragged him backwards, occasionally swung him around his head, and kept him generally engaged until ropes were procured for binding him. When finally established, with collar, chain and post, in the rear of the saloon in Porcupine City, biped animals lower than himself frequently and violently prodded the little grizzly with a long pole, "to see him fight." Barely in time to save him from insanity, little Cyclone was rescued by the friendly hands of the Zoölogical Society's field agent, placed in a comfortable box, freed from all annoyance, and shipped to New York. He was at that time as droll and roguish-looking a grizzly cub as ever stepped. In a grizzly-gray full moon of fluffy hair, two big black eyes sparkled like jet beads, behind a pudgy little nose, absurdly short for a bear. Excepting for his high shoulders, he was little more than a big ball of gray fur set up

on four posts of the same material. But his claws were formidable, and he had the true grizzly spirit.

The Bears' Nursery at the New York Zoölogical Park is a big yard with a shade tree, a tree to climb, a swimming pool, three sleeping dens, and a rock cliff. It never contains fewer than six. cubs, and sometimes eight. Naturally, it is a good test of courage and temper to turn a new bear into that roystering crowd. Usually a newcomer is badly scared during his first day in the Nursery, and very timid during the next. But grizzlies are different. They are born full of courage and devoid of all sense of fear. When little Cyclone's traveling box was opened, and he found himself free in the Nursery, he stalked deliberately to the center of the stage, halted, and calmly looked about him. His air and manner said as plainly as English: "I'm a grizzly from Alaska, and I've come to stay. If any of you fellows think there is anything coming to you from me, come and take it." Little Czar, a very saucy but good-natured European brown bear cub, walked up and aimed a sample blow at Cyclone's left ear. Quick as a flash, out shot Cyclone's right paw, as only a grizzly can strike, and caught the would-be hazer on the side of the head. Amazed and confounded, Czar fled in wild haste. Next in order, a black bear cub, twice the size of Cyclone, made a pass at the newcomer, and he too received so fierce a counter-charge that he ignominiously quitted the field and scrambled to the top of the cliff. Cyclone conscientiously met every attack, real or feigned, that was made upon him. In less than an hour it was understood by every bear in the Nursery that that queer-looking gray fellow with the broad head and short nose could strike quick and hard, and that he would fight any other bear on three seconds' notice. From that time on Cyclone's position has been assured. He is treated with the respect that a good forearm inspires, but being really a fine-spirited, dignified little grizzly, he attacks no one, and never has had a fight.

The Police Dogs of Ghent*

By 7. E. Whithy

Most people know how prominent a part is played by the dog in Belgium, where he acts as the poor man's horse. By ones, by twos, by threes, and by fours, dogs may be seen drawing the milk carts, hauling the vegetables, bringing home the washing-doing anything and everything, in fact, that falls in other countries to the lot of horse or donkey. What is more, the dog even takes his owner for an airing, and what stands in Belgium for "the little donkey shay" of London's Whitechapel or the classic Old Kent Road is drawn by a team of dogs who move along at a great pace, and who generally seem willing, happy, and well cared for. But the Belgian dog has not stopped here. He is an ambitious creature. He is not content to do naught but slave. He has, in fact, aspired to the law with such good effect that he has become one of its limbs, and now plays the part of policeman, and with such good results, too, that crime in that particular district patrolled by him is said to have diminished by two-thirds since his entry into the force.

It is at Ghent that the dog has become a recog-

nized member of the regular town constabulary. His introduction was the outcome of a particularly happy thought of Monsieur van Wesemail, Chief Commissioner of Police there, who has trained his dogs to a very high pitch of efficiency.

Ghent is not only pierced by canals, but is surrounded by rich farm houses and lands, as well as by luxuriant market and horticultural gardens. It is indeed known as the "city of flowers," and a great trade is done in bulbs. The dock loafers and the stranger "ne'er do weels" that shipping always brings in its train are tempted to innumerable thefts; while the extent of the gardens and fields and the isolation of some of the farms make it extremely difficult for the authorities to cope with them single-handed.

Besides this, solitary policemen were often attacked, and assault and battery ended not infrequently in murder. In the hope of checking robbery and preventing crime, M. van Wesemail obtained the permission of the burgomaster to institute a service of dogs. The commissioner has most carefully arranged every detail of their training, which is done entirely by kindness; and it is satisfactory to know that any member of the

^{*}Modern Culture.

force striking a dog would be liable to instant dismissal.

The dogs are taught by means of dummy figures made up as much as possible to represent the thieves and dangerous characters they may be likely to meet. How much patience is needed by him who undertakes this particular form of education only those who have tried to train animals will properly appreciate. The dog must be taught to seek, to attack, to seize, and to hold, but without hurting seriously! The first step is to place the dummy in such a position that it shall represent a man endeavoring to conceal himself. The dog soon understands that it is an enemy whom he must hunt, and enters into this part of his lesson "con amore," but it is not so easy to teach him not to injure it. The teacher lowers the figure to the ground, and the dog learns that, though he may not worry his prey, he must not allow his fallen foe to stir so much as a finger until the order is given. After the dummy, a living model is used, and as this process is obviously not entirely without danger, the person chosen for this purpose is usually he who ministers to the pupil's creature comforts, and for whom the canine detective is sure to entertain a grateful affection. Nevertheless he is prevented at first, by means of a muzzle, from an exhibition of too much zeal. Afterward, the experiment is tried on other members of the force, and in four months the dog's education as a policeman is considered complete, and he takes his place with the rest. The animals are also taught to swim, and to seize their prey in the water: to save life from drowning; to scale steel walls, and to overcome all obstacles; so that any enterprising burglar who goes "a-burgling" in Ghent has a lively time of it if he meets with one of these four-footed "bobbies."

There are at present in this old town sixteen of these accomplished animals. They all belong to the sheepdog breed, but besides Belgian there are also Russian and De la Brie dogs. During the day they take their well-earned rest in comfortable loose boxes attached to the head station of the police. But at ten o'clock their duties begin, and scarcely has the hour chimed from the old belfry above their heads when they set up a deafening chorus of barks as if to show their eagerness to get to work. They are on duty till six next morning, and do not seem at all fatigued by their long hours. Those who know how thoroughly a dog enters into sport of all kinds will quite appreciate the intense enjoyment the animal feels in his new profession.

They are well fed on soup, meat, rice, and bread, the last being the best Kneipp bread. They have a hearty meal twice a day, as well as a biscuit and a slice of bread before starting on their nightly expedition. Moreover, they wear a uniform consisting of a leather collar strongly bound with steel and armed with sharp points to repel those attacks which might be expected from the enemies of law and order. From this collar hangs a medal which bears the dog's name and address, with the date of his birth. Should the intelligent creature be lost or detained this visiting card would serve as a means of identification. In place of a helmet this very original constable wears a muzzle, made of wires so closely set together that while it allows him to drink he cannot eat.

This is a prudent measure to prevent his being poisoned. It is fairly loose, this muzzle, and is partly attached by an elastic band which allows it to be instantly snatched off the head. Just as the policeman has his mackintosh cape for bad weather so has his little four-footed, helper, a neat serviceable waterproof coat being ready for him on stormy nights. The various muzzles, chains, coats, and collars, all hang neatly on pegs beneath the names of the wearers, in their dressing room, where a kind madame is their admiring waiting maid. They are well looked after in every way, and their private medical man, the town "vet," calls frequently to inquire after their health. Each dog accompanies a policeman on his nightly rounds, and walks the regular beat with him. The dog is not only very fond of his own particular human comrade, but evinces a wonderful professional "esprit de corps." night's work begins with the outlying farms, to make sure that nothing unusual is happening to take any one out of the households at unwonted hours. This finished, the dog is released from the confining leash, and proceeds to roam at large, though he never goes more than one hundred and fifty feet from his master. He searches everywhere, exploring every dark corner for doubtful characters, and with that innate knowledge which makes a dog hate a beggar or a tramp, he seldom makes a mistake. At the first glimpse of anything suspicious he barks loudly, warning his companion, who has thus time to prepare for trouble and come to his assistance.

These educated dog detectives are an immense aid to the police as well as a protection, for should there be more ruffians in a party than man and dog can manage comfortably the latter flies off for help, traveling over the ground far quicker than any heavily booted, thickly clad constable can possibly do.

The dogs work so well and so conscientiously that their number is to be increased, and probably the plan will be adopted in other centers.

Scientific Problems, Progress and Prophecy

Improvement of the Breed of Man....F. Legge..... Academy (London)

Dr. Francis Galton, in his Huxley lecture on the "Possible Improvement of the Human Breed," gives many statistics showing with great clearness that an improvement of the breed in man is desirable, and that a very slight change in this direction might have great results; and he concludes with the hope that some day landowners may feel as much pride in having a fine breed of men on their estates as they now do in their prize herds of cattle or flocks of sheep. How this result could be brought about Mr. Galton does not explain in detail, nor is the process easily discoverable. In a society founded, like ours, upon the greatest possible liberty of the individual, any attempt at compulsion is out of the question, and it is very difficult to see how any inducement that could be held out would have any practical effect. Every father, whether duke's son or cook's son, would have fine rather than puny children if he could, and no prospect in the way of money prizes would lead him to take pains that parental vanity would not.

A METHOD SUGGESTED

If we imagine a ruler desperately determined upon improving the breed of his subjects at all risks, and as autocratic as (say) Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, let us see how he would set about it. He must first assemble his subjects, and pick out from those of marriageable age all of either sex who were up to a certain standard of height, strength, fineness of skin, keenness of sight, and the other physical qualities that he is anxious to perpetuate. He must compel these to marry, carefully choosing his pairs so as to compensate as far as possible for the excess of any particular quality on the one side by a corresponding deficiency on the other; and must go through a similar course of selection with the children. But, if he stopped here, he would be rather farther off instead of nearer to his object than if he had left matters to nature. Nature brings about the survival of the fittest more by the elimination of the unfit than by conscious selection, and it would be necessary, when we consider the natural tendency of man to exogamy or marrying out of the tribe, that all those subjects who did not come up to the ruler's standard of fitness should either be knocked on the head or prevented by perpetual imprisonment from propagating their species. Some such course has actually been recommended by Dr. Robert Anderson and other penologists in the case of habitual criminals; but as those condemned must form at least one-half of the population, this last alternative would evolve itself into the fitter half sustaining by their labors, and at the same time keeping in ward, the more unfit—a state of things that would make life more intolerable for the jailers than for the prisoners. The unscrupulous ruler would, therefore, be driven to the first alternative of summary execution. But by the murder of one-half of his subjects his fighting strength would be so terribly reduced that his territory would form an irresistible bait to his neighbors, and in the fight which would follow some neuropath, like Clive or Napoleon, or some hunchback, like Richard III. or Marshal Vendôme, would probably seize the reins of power, and the experiment would be at an end.

SUCCESS IMPROBABLE

Let us suppose, however, that some timely discovery known to himself alone made it possible for our ruler to prosecute his experiment to the bitter end in peace. Would the race that he had thus artificially created endure? I think not, because its physical excellences would be probably neutralized by corresponding mental deficiencies. "The gods sell us everything at a price," and nature's supply of qualities to the individual is apt to be like the Irishman's blanket, to which you could only add at the bottom by cutting a piece off Moreover, the race which we have imagined would be practically withdrawn from the struggle for existence which operates upon the humbler members of their species, and all history goes to show that this alone produces a tendency to insanity, or, at the least, weakness of brain. In ancient Sparta, where a scientifically-bred class were supported by the labor of a large servile population, the governing caste, in spite of their splendid physical training, were so stupid that they were, according to Plutarch's story, unable to follow any continuous train of thought. Nor did they succeed in producing any writer or thinker of eminence, while their want of political foresight was so marked that when they had obtained the hegemony of Greece they prevented Agesilaus from anticipating Alexander and subduing Asia. It may seem paradoxical to mention the Jews in this connection, but the fact remains that their enforced abstention from war and their dislike of manual labor-doubtless due to their descent from a race of nomad shepherds-has led them since the Dispersion to withdraw themselves whenever possible from the active struggle for existence into those pursuits of money-dealing and exploitation, which, according to Dr. Maudsley, yield the chief recruiting grounds for our lunatic asylums. MENTAL DEFICIENCY IN THE "HIGH-BRED"

The relation of insanity to evolution has not hitherto been very generally appreciated, but it now becomes fairly plain that insanity is but one of nature's means of eliminating the unfit. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad," is quite as true of man in the group as of individuals. Esquirol showed some time ago that the proportion of insane to sane among the royal families of Europe was, when compared to the same ratio among the common people, as sixty to one; while Haeckel thinks that if as accurate statistics could be obtained of the prevalence of insanity among the aristocracy, the number of insane individuals among them would be seen to be incomparably larger. The aristocracy of the Continent, and especially of Germany, to which we may suppose him to refer, is not continually recruited from the ranks of the bourgeoisie, and has, therefore, become, like the group of royal families, excessively "inbred." With the lower animals the same result of artificial selection, when pushed to excess, frequently appears. The experiences of circus proprietors and showmen, together with those of scientific experimenters like Mr. Hobhouse, are hardly wanted to convince us that while "highbred "-that is, carefully selected-animals are generally excessively stupid, the most intelligent and easily-taught horses, dogs, and cats are of mongrel breed. Nor is this all. One of the most frequent forms of mental disease among animals shows itself in the form of a perversion of the natural instincts which leads the parent to ill-treat, or sometimes to devour, his or her own offspring. This seems to be especially prevalent among highbred stock, and one seldom passes a pen of prize sheep without noticing one or more ewes tied by the head to the hurdles, in order that the lambs may get a chance at the food of which these "unkindly mothers," as the shepherds call them, would otherwise balk them. How far this cause would operate in the case of man is difficult to say, but statisticians tell us that the use by certain pampered classes of preventives against the increase of the family-which seems due to the same perversion at one remove-has already caused a perceptible falling off in the birth rate. Taking, therefore, all these facts together, it seems that any serious attempt to improve the breed of man by artificial means would be met by nature with the elimination of the improved race.

One of the most disastrous earthquakes of recent times is that reported from Russian Transcaucasia. The town of Shamaka has been practically destroyed, only a dozen houses being left standing, while a population of 25,000 has been rendered homeless. The number of fatalities is as yet unknown. Over 300 bodies had been recovered at the latest accounts.

To the student of seismic phenomena the interesting and suggestive feature in the Shamaka earthquake is that it has occurred in the neighborhood of the Baku oil district—the most productive field in the world, not excepting that of Beaumont, in Texas. It is, furthermore, a section of the world which has hitherto been exempt from these phenomena. The scientific inquirer will naturally search for a cause, for cause and effect go together in the scientific analysis of all phenomena. Is the great natural oil reservoir tapped by the oil wells of Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, located under the site of Shamaka, and has the tremendous drain of mineral oil from the same caused a void and a subsequent shrinkage in the earth's crust in that neighborhood? The inquiry is not far-fetched. It is usually assumed that water takes the place of the oil withdrawn from the measures, filling the vacuum created by the latter's withdrawal, but if the water, being more tenuous, should find an independent vent elsewhere, the vacuum created by the draining of the mineral oil would remain, and a shrinkage of the unsupported crust of the earth would naturally follow sooner or later.

It has been suggested that the tapping of the oil measures in the southern part of California has relieved the mineral oil-bearing formations from the pressure of the gas created in them, and the possible subterranean gas explosions produced by excessive pressure, and thus removed one of the supposed causes of earthquakes in that section. There may be nothing in the theory, but it has been observed that the Los Angeles district has been notably exempt from seismic disturbances since the oil measures were tapped and vent given to the gases generated in them. Likewise, the theory that the Shamaka earthquake was due to the drain on the petroleum reservoirs in the Caucasus by the Baku wells may be entirely at fault. But the two phenomena seem to invite the attention of the scientist, and open a new field for the study of seismic disturbances.

Is There Snow Upon the Moon?..... Harper's Weekly

Professor Pickering, head of the Harvard College Observatory, who has been making careful surveys of the moon from Jamaica, avers that snow exists upon the satellite, and that he has also observed clouds and signs of vegetation. His reasons for believing that snow exists "are based chiefly upon the fact that certain brilliant white areas," which he has been watching, grow "appre-

ciably smaller by continued exposure to sunlight." The district in which these evidences of snow have been seen is in the moon's northern hemisphere. It comprises a circular plain about sixty miles in diameter bordered by a mountain wall. The slopes of this plain appear to be covered with a rich vegetation, as is the case with the slopes of Vesu-These areas are adjacent to the white patches and streaks of snow, and the fact that they change in tone and color seems to determine conclusively "the existence of vegetation upon the surface of the moon in large quantities at the present time." All these conclusions are revealed through the agency of the camera. Professor Pickering has taken a series of photographs at five different times between sunrise and sunset of the lunar day, which is equal in length to fourteen of ours. This disappearing quality of the moon's surface, apparently signifying snow, is not the only movement that has been observed on the satellite. Black puffs of smoke were seen by Professor Charbonneau, of Melun, France, some months ago. They were issuing from a small crater near Theætetus, a huge volcano at the end of the lunar Apennines. The professor asserts that he first saw a single puff, followed rapidly by several others.

ASTRONOMERS AT FAULT

Early astronomers, in drawing the features of the moon, charted seas and rivers upon the maps. Under the modern telescope these have been proved to be empty of water. If Professors Pickering and Charbonneau are correct in their conjectures, then the other astronomers who have declared of late years that the moon is airless are wrong. There could be neither smoke nor snow if there were no atmosphere. Professor Pickering declares that there is an atmosphere, and points out the fact that a star seen near the edge of the moon shows distortion plainly, which would not be the case if there was no atmosphere. Mr. Arthur Berry also allows a very moderate atmosphere for the moon, and says that "it is difficult to explain certain observations without assuming the existence of some atmosphere."

The Pickering photographs not only reveal the presence of snow and vegetation, but also of clouds. "It is chiefly the conspicuous presence of clouds," says Professor Pickering, "combined with the lack of shadows, that, at the time of full moon, makes the lunar detail in certain regions so difficult to distinguish."

Problems of Mind American Inventor

Physical scientists are so active at present in astonishing the world with new theories and discoveries in material science and the applied arts,

that psychology, the science of the soul, is taking a back seat. Marconi, Dumont, Zepplein, Edison, Tesla, Newcombe, and many others are each holding down the center of a stage on which beats the limelight of the world's eye. Yet, although little is heard of it, the study of psychology is taking rapid strides, and the active men engaged in the experiments that lead no man knows whither, are as indefatigable as ever in their attempts to solve the problems surrounding the mysteries of the mind. It is but a short time ago that psychology was not even accorded a place or a name among the sciences, and even to-day there are otherwise well-informed people who believe the name to be synonymous with charlatanism and fraud. That belief, however, in no way alters the facts, and the experiments at present in progress are none the less interesting and vital to the sum of human knowledge for the expressed opinion of the ignorant as to their uselessness.

THE PSYCHIC LABORATORY

It may be interesting to enumerate a few of the problems which the modern psychologist is attempting to solve in his laboratory. The ancient query which has rung down unanswered through the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" must, if ever answered at all with anything more tangible than faith, be answered in a roundabout way. The first step to a scientific proof of immortality must be, of course, that the human body holds something immaterial, something not born of matter, and something which is not affected by bodily death or disintegration of matter. Any man not an idiot will affirm his positive knowledge that he possesses a mind, but lives there a man to-day who can answer the question, "What is mind?" And this is, then, the great end of psychology, the discovery of the nature of mind, what it is, how it acts, what laws govern it, how many does a man own, of what powers is it, or are they possessed, in what way are these powers to be developed and to what unknown uses can these unknown attributes of the mind be put? A more practical use of psychology, speaking in the material sense, is the investigation of the known and the discovery of new laws governing the aberrations of mind and the cure or method of prevention of these states. In other words, a greater knowledge of those states of insanity not caused by physical injury.

INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY

A further problem, interesting alike to the practical humanitarian and the man of science, is that comprising the laws of heredity, that most whimsical influence, which seems to act in different ways at different times, and to contradict its own statements as often (or oftener) as it confirms

them. From heredity to evolution is but a step, and there is the chain which connects the two, the material and the metaphysical, the science of the world of mind. But heredity of the mind and character so undeniably influences the formation of the body and the race that even the most confirmed materialist is won over to the knowledge that psychology is a science; that its investigations are valuable and necessary, and that it is in the investigation of these unknown problems that the great mystery will be answered, if answered it is ever to be.

Climate Changing E. B. Dunn Washington Star

Whether or not a change is taking place in our climate is a question of widespread and increasing interest. To answer the question offhand would be to display a degree of ignorance unbecoming those who should be capable of giving an opinion. The records kept by the government do not cover a period of sufficient duration to permit the drawing of a conclusive opinion. This would require records lasting a hundred years or more. Some among those interested have unearthed old records kept in the days of our grandfathers and greatgrandfathers. In a few instances these records go back more than two centuries, and although intermittent in most cases, and made in widely separated localities, must be considered fairly authentic. They generally refer solely to the extreme coldness of the winters, which began usually in November and lasted until late in March, with snow covering the ground during the entire period. Hardly a mention is made of extreme heat, or any unusual condition pertaining to the summer months.

THE RECORDS

In the winter of 1779-80 there was intense and uninterrupted cold from the latter part of November till the middle of March; with snow covering the ground nearly four feet deep for three consecutive months. Long Island Sound was frozen solid, as well as the East and North rivers; traffic was carried on over the ice between New York and New Jersey, and between New Jersey and Staten Island. Troops marched from New Jersey to Staten Island on the ice. There is a record of a severe snowstorm in May, 1607, extending over Long Island. In 1740-41, the winter was extremely severe, Long Island Sound was frozen over, as it was again in 1779-80, and in the latter winter Chesapeake Bay was also frozen from its head to the mouth of the Potomac. In 1763-64 the Delaware River was frozen solid. On February 7, 1865, an ox roast took place on the

Schuylkill River. In 1784 there is a record in the vicinity of New York City, as follows: February 10, 19 degrees below zero; February 11, 12 below; February 12, 13 below; February 13, 19 below; February 14, 20 below; February 15, 12 below; February 16, 16 below; February 17, 17 below. Yet in the past thirty years the lowest temperature recorded near New York was 6 degrees below. In 1795-96 the Susquehanna River closed on December 6, and the Delaware on December 26. The winter of 1831-32 was one of great severity throughout all the Atlantic and Gulf States; in many places in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama the temperature fell to considerably below zero; at Huntsville, Ala., it reached 9 degrees below. In 1834-35 was another winter of extreme cold in the same districts, as was also the winter of 1855-56, when skating was enjoyed in Southern Alabama. Records made through a long series of years might be quoted in which extreme cold has been recorded, beyond question exceeding the lowest temperatures of the same places in the past thirty years.

THEORIES

But these figures do not answer the questions: Has there been any change? Is a change taking place at present? Those who believe that climatic change has taken place and is still going on hold diverse opinions as to the cause thereof. Some attribute it largely to the cutting of the forests and the extensive drainage of the soil that comes through cultivation. Others hold that the polar ice is leaving the poles and drifting into the waters of the middle latitudes. Others that the great volume of artificial heat generated in the larger cities has a tendency to moderate the cold. But the theory having the strongest hold, and which is steadfastly persisted in, is, that the Gulf Stream has changed its course and is running closer to the shores of North America; its warmth being felt over the land. In support of this notion it is held that the Gulf Stream warms the British Isles, and that without its influence they would be as cold as Greenland. It is true that the Gulf Stream washes the shores of the British Isles, but does not justify the assertion that the climate of England, being milder than that of New York, although at a more northern latitude, is made so by the waters of the Gulf Stream. In fact, this whole Gulf Stream theory is wrong. Even if the Gulf Stream had changed its course and were running closer to our shores than ever before (which is not the case), this would not in the least solve the problem, for the principal reason that all weather conditions and the prevailing winds travel with the rotation of the earth from west to east. Any change of temperature, due to that stream,

then, would be carried to the eastward and its effect lost over the United States. Furthermore, the scientists say that by the time the Gulf Stream reaches the vicinity of Newfoundland the depth and volume of heated water is no longer sufficient to produce any material effect on the climate. The stream exerts an influence on the temperature of the immediate overlying air, which is very noticeable in crossing, but that modification is lost at a distance of a few miles on either side of the stream.

GENERAL AVERAGE CONSTANT

The general theories of climatic change are thus disposed of, so that nothing but the old records are left. And, while they are interesting, they are neither complete nor accurate enough to justify the belief which seems to be so general. As to the records of the last thirty years, they show fluctua-

tions—that some winters have been much colder than others, and some summers much hotter than others, but in figuring out the amount of heat and cold received at each place, it is found that one just about counterbalances the other, the annual average temperature being confined to a very narrow limit, some years varying therefrom not more than four degrees. However, from a careful investigation and years of study given to this particular subject, I am fully justified in asserting that while the average of heat and cold remains practically the same, a certain change of climate is actually taking place, in that the seasons are blending one into the other more in these later years than in the past, so that it is now most difficult to tell where one leaves off or the other begins, whereas in former years the outlines of the seasons were far more sharply defined.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

Pelota New York Herald

Pelota is new on this side of the water. It is faintly suggestive of handball, of lawn tennis, of battledore and shuttlecock, and of ping-pong. Yet it is different from any of these. It is a game of skill and patience. It is sufficiently exciting to hold the interest of spectators as well as players. It has the added merit of having been tried for several centuries and found not wanting in interest. It is no discovery, but rather an evolution.

A Cuban syndicate organized by Senor R. Galbis, a merchant of Havana, will become sponsors for pelota in New York. Mr. J. A. Solar, of No. 170 William street, Manhattan, is the present representative. Already plans are in progress for a most elaborate pelota court, or "fronton." It will occupy a large space on Central Park West, between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets. It will be a court of the regulation size with a seating capacity for six thousand spectators.

On floors above will be administrative offices and apartments, while in connection with the pelota court there will be cafés, a rathskeller, dressing rooms for players, restaurants, etc.

Nearly one million dollars will be expended upon this most unique enterprise. To understand pelota rightly one must imagine one's self in a large rectangular chamber, the court occupying one-fourth of the space, the amphitheater, with the spectators row on row and tier on tier, oc-

cupying the remainder. The court must be at least two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide.

At the right boundary of the court is a wall thirty-six feet square. It is called the "frontis." Opposite it, at the further end of the court, is another wall of equal dimensions. It is called "la pared de rebote," or rebounding wall.

BALL LIMITED BY BOUNDARIES

On the frontis, or front wall of the court, iron strips painted red mark the boundaries wherein the ball must strike when thrown from the basket-shaped instrument which each player has bound to both right and left hands. On the floor of the court boundary lines, as in tennis, are marked clearly to indicate the space within which the ball must strike to be counted. The forward part of the court is called the "concha," the smaller space extending the whole length of the court is called the "contra-concha." The ball must remain within this boundary not to be counted a fault.

The players choose sides. Four players are all that the court usually accommodates. The "zazuero" is the team taking the rear position, the "delantero" taking the forward. The players are gayly dressed to suit the game. They wear loose white duck trousers, a waist or blouse of some bright hue, with a "boynia," or Spanish cap, resembling a Tam o' Shanter.

Each player has bound to his hand a "pelotari,"

a wicker racket, about two feet long, spoon shaped and light enough for great agility. The ball is about the size of a tennis ball, with a core of solid rubber, wound with yarn and covered with sheepskin.

Throwing the ball to the floor, the first player catches it in the basket of his hand and strikes it against the frontis within the red-lined boundaries. It rebounds to the floor, and with its first bound it is caught and thrown against the frontis again. Each successful play counts a point for the player, and the first team to gain fifty points wins the game. The ball is never allowed outside the boundaries without counting a fault, to the credit of the opponent. It is never held in the "cesta," or baskets, but always kept in motion. It is the art of the stroke to make it so swift and accurate as to make its return by the opponent difficult or impossible.

Each side may enter twelve balls into the game, and referees see that the balls are uniform in size and of the regulation weight. A boy carries the balls about the court for the players.

DANGER FROM BALL

The balls, when struck with the cestus, are very swift and sometimes dangerous in the rebound. Many a champion has been disabled and some killed in play, for the four-ounce sphere, coming with remarkable swiftness, may do great damage. The champions usually start very early in life to play pelota, and some have become renowned through Spain, Cuba and South America at a very early age, in at least one instance at the age of twelve years.

Tiger-Baiting.....Leslie's Weekly

Away up under the frowning brows of the most active of volcanoes of eastern Java, on a fertile but inaccessible plateau, there flourishes to this day the independent Sultanate of Suloh. Although the Dutch have been in possession of this large and fruitful island of the Moluccas for over 200 years, many unsuccessful attempts at conquest have taught them to deal leniently and generously with some of the turbulent and war-like mountain people, leaving them their own rulers, laws, and customs, and merely insisting that the peace be kept in the land.

So it follows that the march of civilization has been slow, almost imperceptible; the mountaineers raise and gather their crops and herds as their forbears did before them; and the traditions, superstitions, and pastimes prevail the same as they did when Europeans first came in contact with them. True, the rulers have fallen an easy prey to Western notions for bolstering up royalty in the way of pomp and tinsel like their brethren

of India and Africa, so that the extra big buildings which do duty for a palace are replete with the usual liberal supply of gaudy chandeliers, chromo pictures, music boxes, and gorgeous clocks; but the people have remained unchanged, and every year after the rainy season, when there is the most leisure, they expect their "panem et circenses," just as the Romans did from conquering pro-consul or Cæsar.

It is only natural, with their peculiar, fearless, and bloodthirsty characteristics, that they should pick out the fiercest depredator and wild beast of their country for their sport. For this contingency, therefore, this animal is caught as a cub, or trapped when grown, and kept in captivity till the "hari bésaar" or festival of "rambokkan mátjan," or tiger-baiting arrives. From far and wide the people around flock to the capital on this occasion. Armed with business-like spears, the young men form a vast ring on a clearing where a stand for the great ones has been erected, and the tigers and leopards, confined in collapsible cages, are hauled into the middle of the armed array. One by one the cages are flung open, and the wild beast, maddened by hunger, generally charges at once, and after a risky scuffle of more or less fierceness, is caught upon and transfixed by many sharp lances. If the brute balks, there are arrows and sling-shots and other incitants to fury, and it sometimes happens that an animal, black panther being the most agile, clears the ring and lands with claws and fangs among the spectators. In that case the casualties are sometimes numerous, and guns have to be requisitioned to end the carnage; but then life is cheap out there.

Should a particularly ferocious bull be within ken and obtainable anywhere, the sport is diversified by pitting bull against tiger. Strange to say, the bull nearly always wins, and wild and vociferous is the enthusiasm should he emerge from the fearful contest the victor. But the spectacle is The roar of the powerful bull, the gruesome. demoniac snarl of the tiger, the rending of flesh, snapping of bone, the gushes of blood, like water spilled, make up a sight that goes to turn civilized man shuddering aside. This sort of thing continues for two or three days; in fact, till no more material in the shape of wild beast is left; after that the populace give themselves up to feasting and dancing for some days more.

The Diver and the Giant Squid . . A E. McFarland . Youth's Companion

The master diver was turning over some of his old helmets.

"There's a sea beast that has his own peculiar curiosity, and that's the giant squid," he said; "but there's nothing so very humorous about their little prying inquisitiveness. Once in the Mediterranean one gave me a half-hour which I thought would leave me gray-headed. Just how pear it was to being my last dive I'll never know.

" It happened in the end of the summer, when I'd been on that job near Shanghai, and I was coming home by way of Suez when I got a wire at Port Said from headquarters directing me to take my gear and sidetrack myself direct to Palermo, Sicily. When I got there-and I didn't lose any time making connections-I found that a badly moored liner had pinched a big lighter between herself and the mole-the long stone wharf and breakwater the Palermese are so proud of, and, smashing it abeam, had sent it to the bottom. It was a government lighter, and its cargo was an unusually valuable one-would run forty or fifty thousand dollars in our money-and I was to do what I could toward hoisting a good fat salvage out of it.

"It was simple, easy work. There were two or three hundred medium-sized cases to derrick up, and for me it wasn't much more than snap-to the chain-hooks and give the word to haul away.

"In fact, there was only one thing which kept the job from being exactly the kind I like; I couldn't seem to make good tenders of the Italian seamen they'd given me to work with. They would pump steadily enough, but had no head at all for signal taking; and before long I was practically regulating my air supply, and timing my descents for myself.

"I never got too little wind, and when I got too much I simply opened a wristband and flabbied out in no time. Then, too, I had a leaded cable dropped from the side of the mole to the deck of the lighter, and I climbed up and down that without any useless telegraphing. After the first week, I told them not to bother looking for any signals but those to let down and haul up the hoisting tackle.

"For all the Italians were stupid about a diving 'hose and line,' they were mighty good fellows; and in the evenings, when they could get off, I had great times with them and their friends. Queerly enough, too, most of my fun was in going fishing for the squid. Their way of catching it was a new idea to me. They take twentyfoot cane poles, and fasten bunches of sturgeon hooks to the ends of them, like a lot of very short lashes on very long whip-stocks; and they manage to get 'Signor Pulpu'—as the polite Palermese call the beast—tangled up in them pretty badly.

"They do their fishing on nights when there's a moon, for squid make it their habit to spend

their day out at sea and to come back inshore late in the evening. When it is moonlight they can be spotted very easily, for they swim just below the surface, and their pinwheel motion roughens up the water above them till the bright silver is in oxidized whorls. As soon as a pulpu has circled himself into striking distance a bunch of hooks is slid under him, and one fine Italian twist and jerk does his business before he knews what's killed him.

"And they're not slaughtered wantonly, either, but for the pot and oven, like any other fish. Although I was naturally rather stand-offish about them at first, after I'd tasted them boiled in oil and caraway seed, and lathered over with egg plant sauce, I couldn't help owning that Americans aren't the only people who know what's good.

"I suppose, too, my eating them changed my way of looking at squid a lot; anyhow, even while we caught most of them off the very mole that I was working beside, I don't think I gave two anxious thoughts to them when I was in the water. More than likely that was because those I'd seen caught never weighed more than twenty-five pounds, and because I took it for granted that they were all out at sea in my working hours. Well, they weren't all under twenty-five pounds, or all out at sea in daylight, either!

THE NATURE OF A SQUID

"I learned this one afternoon when something went wrong with the jerry-rigged derrick we were using. For half an hour no tackle had come down to me, and at last I got tired of doing nothing. I'd never been between-decks at all, for as the boat was a common lighter, everything I'd had to handle was piled up above; but, now that I had the time, I thought I'd like to see how the Sicilian lighterman had his living quarters furnished. So I climbed down the hatchway ladder.

"You often hear people speaking of 'black darkness,' and, I've had cause to know, it's possible for some caves and mine cuttings to be pretty pitchy; but they're nothing to what the hold of a wreck can show. When you're down any depth to speak of, there's almost no such thing as refracted light; if you don't get it in the form of direct rays, you don't get it at all.

"When I stepped out of the shaft of hatchway twilight into the 'tween-decks shadow it was like passing through a curtain; and as I felt my way toward where the cook's galley ought to be, it was like thrusting my arms and legs into a new element—one thicker than water, and not even liquid; it was kind of furry and seemed to slide and creep.

"It had its effect on me, and the gloom and

'lonesome horrors' that no diver working in darkness is ever without, were beginning to crawl over me, when suddenly something whipped and closed around my wrist. It was like a big roll of

cold, slippery elastic.

"It held me only a moment, but it left me water-kneed, goose-fleshed, and swallowing. don't know where my blood went to, but I know it dropped out of my heart as if an exhaust had been opened in the bottom of it; and on my feet were the pigs of lead that hold you down in night-

"I stayed right there, listening to my pulse beating in my ears and feeling myself grow sick; and when I did pull myself together enough to reach for the signal line, my arm was clutched like a flash. The next moment my other was a prisoner, too. Then the tentacles began to nose about all over me like eels.

"I did not need my eyes to know what it was. I'd heard of the curiosity of the giant rock squid, and I'd often watched the little ones in the Palermo Aquarium. They'll lay hold of something new to them, and paw it over deliberately by the hour, squeezing and pulling it, and never

letting go for a minute.

"All this came back to me, and I could judge the size of the squid that had got hold of me by the length of its arms. Its eyes told its bulk, too; for when I got my strength again, and my struggling began to turn its curiosity into anger, they came out phosphorescent in the darkness. They were hideous enough danger signals, and as I wrenched and heaved they lighted up uglier and uglier. For all I could do the grip on me only tightened.

But it wasn't the tightness of the grip that was sending the crawling shudders through me; it was the kind of grip it was. For the suckersand there were two rows of them on every arm -began to 'set' and 'draw.' They glued themselves to me all over, but I felt their mouthing

worst on my bare hands and wrists.

"Sometimes I would get hold of the end of an arm, and twist it off me; but it only gave and stretched like the elastic it was. I knew that as soon as I had to relax the tension it would spring back again. And every minute or two the brute spat its sepia; I could smell it even through my rubber suit. I fought and yelled like a crazy man, for my nerves had gone; but the thick 'hough! hough!' the beast makes when its blood is up was all the answer and heed it gave me.

"Yet in that first terror it hadn't rightly come over me what my real danger was. It was only when I had struggled and screamed myself tired and had gasping leisure for clear thinking that I realized what the end of it was likely to be. My first thought was that, after all, I couldn't be choked to death nor my air supply shut off, and it would only be a matter of time till I and the brute would be hauled up together.

TERROR

"Then of a sudden my mind went back to the aquarium again, and I remembered that whenever the little squids in it caught a fish, or anything else soft enough, they never failed to finish handling it by pushing out that chisel-edged, parrotbeak of theirs, and ripping it up just as a child might an old rag doll. Its head had only to let go whatever it was holding to in the galley, the beak had only to reach the breast of my suit or even to slit up one of my sleeves to drown me as sure as if there weren't a diving-pump within a thousand miles of Palermo.

"I think I went into a kind of delirium then, filling my helmet full of senseless screeching till it rang like a Chinese gong, jerking and writhing in the brute's arms, and flinging my head back and forward in the crazy hope of sending up a signal that way; but I had too much slack, and I knew they'd probably not heed it, anyway.

"All the time the suckers were drawing steadily stronger; from the first nip and sting, I felt now a long, burning ache. One arm was coiling itself more and more around my neck: I could hear it rub squeaking about my copper collar, and as it tightened I knew it was bringing the head gradu-

ally closer.

"The sepia was now as vile as two-year bilge. As I foamed and fought, the eyes stood out like great opals with candles behind them, and the lights in them turned crueler and crueler at every heave I gave. I couldn't think or pray. I could only rave at the Italians up above for letting me

be done to death like this.

"Suddenly I felt the hose and line growing taut. The next minute I was off my feet, and there was a terrific tug as the squid's anchorage in the gallev was broken. But we were lifted steadily up, he still gripping to me, and so in one big clump we came to the hatchway. He tried to get a purchase on it as we squeezed through. but he didn't. I was in luck that he had such other things to think of, for they kept his beak off

"No, I didn't end up by fainting or anything like that. When they'd unscrewed my face-plate, I just sat on the side of the mole and did a little laughing and crying both at once. I can remember yet the outlandish sounds I made; it was for all the world like the squawking of an old rooster when you've laid his poor neck across the chop-

ping-block."

A Kite Excursion......Metropolitan

To mount into the air upon one of the bars forming the frame of a huge kite is a feat which would seem too perilous to be undertaken, and yet it has recently been done by a woman. Mrs. Almenia Rice, of Boston, has the unique distinction of being the first to use a kite as an aërial vehicle. What is more, she enjoyed the experience so keenly that she declares her intention of making this her chief pastime in the future. The kite upon which she made her venturesome flight was built for her by her husband, Mr. Dan Rice, Jr. Her story of it cannot be told better than in her own enthusiastic words:

"It is just like flying," she remarked. "I never had such a delightful sensation as I experienced when my kite was given its freedom and I rose gently into the air. The ascent was made gradually and evenly as a bird wings its flight. There was no jerking, no terrible breath-taking rush, but just a delightful glide into space, away from the noise of the city into the mystery of the

ether.

"People said I was foolhardy when they first learned of my intention to take the trip, and they declared that one experience would satisfy me, for if I ever reached earth alive I would be content to live in the lower regions with the rest of mortals. Before the kite was set free I thought possibly public opinion for once was correct, for I am naturally a little fearsome of the unknown and untried, but once well on my way upward I knew that my life on earth would, in the future, be miserable unless I could occasionally take my kite and fly away from the dull level of the city.

"My husband made the kite for me, or rather we worked on it together, and I felt perfectly sure of its trustworthiness. The wooden strips running from the top to the bottom of the kite are fourteen feet long; the cross bar is seven feet; and the little bar at the bottom on which I stand measures five feet in length. The two big white wings for the sides of the kite were fourteen feet long. The three-cornered box at the top was red, and the box at the bottom of the kite was

blue.

"When the kite was completed it was a very queer looking affair. The middle was entirely open. Some who saw it said it would not fly at all. We sent it up in October from the roof of our hotel. The great kite rose straight into the air. There was no wriggling, dipping, or diving. The big side pieces seemed to act like the wings of a bird, spreading against the breeze and rising on it. They were like rudders, too, keeping the kite in a straight course without the need of any tail. Through a field glass I watched the kite battling with air currents that struck it at top, bottom, and in the middle, and would have broken to pieces a smaller and weaker kite. Ours fought the winds like a great eagle, flapping its wings and

rising clear above the storm.

"Next we attached weights to the kite-50, 100, and then 125 pounds. It carried all of these up easily. Several times the kite broke its line. but instead of collapsing and pitching down zigzag, as most kites do, it floated away like a balloon and settled down as lightly as a bird. The cloth boxes at the top and bottom buoyed it up just as

if it were inflated with gas.

"After much experiment we found a line strong enough to hold it. It was three-eighths-inch bellrope, made of Italian flax, that could stand a strain of one thousand pounds. After the kite had been thoroughly tested with this, I made my first flight from the top of the building 144 Tremont street, Boston. I was dressed as a boy, so as to attract as little attention as possible. I stepped into the box and put my feet on the little bar at the bottom of the kite. When a puff of wind came my husband loosened the kite, the man at the windlass let go the line, and I was off like a bird, soaring into the upper world of air.

"I have made balloon ascensions several times, and I thought the sensation of going up in a kite would be the same, but it was entirely different. I have also walked on a tight wire at a great distance above the ground, and swung from trapezes, but the kite sensation was not at all like these. As I walk up the wire the earth seems to fall away from me, and a feeling of weakness comes. over me. When you go up in a balloon it is quite the same feeling of the earth falling away from you, but as I went up with the kite the sensation was different altogether. There was no shock, no nervous tremor, but just a peculiarly delightful sensation of flying. As I rose above the mist and fog of the city, flying along through the sky, I flelt that I could float on forever in happy forgetfulness of all below.

"The strangest part of the trip was that I felt no fear. To be sure, I had a parachute with me to unfold in case of accident. I am at times nervous, timid, but so strongly was I held up by my new and strange vehicle that I had no fear of falling, nor any dizziness when I looked down. The kite was under such perfect control that my descent was natural and easy. I could tell the instant the windlass was worked to lower me, for the kite began to sink slowly like a bird floating down. It neither veered nor plunged, but sank lower and lower, gently and gradually, in the pleasantest manner possible. I had none of those disagreeable sensations of a rapidly falling body."

Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

Song of the 'Liza Jane......James B. Connolly..... Scribner's

Oh, the 'Liza Jane with a blue foremast And a load of hay came drifting past, Her skipper stood aft and he says, "How do! We're the 'Liza Jane and who be you?

He stood by the wheel and he says, " How do! We're from Bangor, Maine, from where be you?"

The 'Liza Jane got a new main truck-A darn fine thing, but wouldn't stay stuck. Came a breeze one day from the no'no'west And the gosh darned truck came down with the rest.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, a breeze from the west; Who'd think the truck wouldn't stuck with the rest?

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left her wharf one day, A fine flood tide and the day Friday, But the darned old tide sent her bow askew And the 'Liza Jane began for to slew.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, she'd a fairly flew, If she only could sail the other end to.

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left port one day, With her hold full of squash and her deck all hay. Two years back with her sails all set She put from Bath-she's sailing yet.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, for a good old craft, She'd a-sailed very well with her bow on aft.

Baitin' Up...... Boston Journal

Rings th' deck with life an' song, Baitin' up fer one more trip, Thinnin' out th' rustin' thong, Weightin' down th' hooked lip. W'ile er wind unseen in air Hauntin' shroud an' lis'less sail, Hovers roun' ten men uv care W'isp'rin' like er phantom pale.

Bait th' hook an' knot th' gange, Kile an' heap th' snaky twis', Glistenin' with th' scaled mange, Hubbled with th' shuttlin' fis'. Slive an' knot an' hook an' heap, Speed th' jest an' ring th' laugh, Seas are rollin' jest as deep, Hopes er phanthom best at half. Slive th' hook an' fas' th' knot Roun' 'em up an' tub th' trawl, Fate's er laughin' at th' lot, Death is jestin' at it all.

Lone er w'arf an' dark er day, Still an air an' red lips pale, W'ile er wind erpon its way, Like er deaf mute signs th' gale, Ter th' black ledge through th' limb, Ter er dead heart hope beref', All there is uv them an' him, All that toilin' hope has lef'.

Rusts th' hook an' rots th' gange, Slimed th' tangled snaky twis', Floatin' far th' scaléd mange, W'ite an' cold th' hubbled fis', Black an' grim th' hook an' knot, Jest an' laughter all are still, W'ile Fate flits er spirit lot Ten w'ite g'osts ware waves may will, Bare th' hook an' loose th' knot, Tangled torn th' tubbéd trawl, Fate er laughin' at th' lot, Death th' jester uv it all.

The Know-It-All......T. A. D............Catholic Standard

Most agervatin' customer wuz Nickodemus Brown, Who knowed it all, an' bound to have his say. There wazn't no theater-play 'at ever come to town But Brown he'd git to see it, night or day. He'd make a p'int to git his seat 'fore any of the

An' when the curtin riz upon the play, An' all the actors got to work a doin' of their best He'd snicker in his aggravatin' way. An' when the most excitin' part of all wuz gittin' near.

An' folks wuz sittin' nervous an' perplexed, Old Brown he'd whisper loud enough fur every one to hear:

"I'll bet you I kin tell what's comin' next."

Thar wuzn't any curin' him. He'd be the same in church

Or anywhere he happened fur to be, Fur like an old poll-parrot jest a-settin' on its perch,

He'd squawk to all his critics: "Talk is free." But when the grip wuz goin' 'round last winter wuz

It tackled onto Nick, an' took him down; An' then he got religion, fur he thought his end wuz near.

An' sure enough that wuz the end o' Brown. His folks were all a-gathered 'round, an' jest afore he died.

While Deacon Jones wuz readin' of a text, The sick man smiled, an' "Well, I'm done with this here world," he sighed, "I'll bet you I kin tell what's comin' next."

Li'l' Honey,.....Atlanta Constitution

Honey, li'l' honey, Don't you set en sigh. Yander is a rainbow Runnin' roun' de sky!

Honey, li'l' honey Rain is gwine by, Yander come de sunshine Lightin' up de sky!

Honey, li'l' honey, Vi'let soon be blue, Bird is in de blossoms Singin' right at you!

The Modern Soldier: Military Lessons of Recent Wars*

By Colonel Charles W. Larned, U. S. Military Academy

The grim genius of the Boer war has scratched a plain, if somewhat ragged, line between the centuries, and marked the limit of romantic war -the boundary of the kingdom of the iridescent Mars and of picturesque slaughter. Feathers and paint as attributes of the soldier are the stage properties of the centuries behind us, and are becoming as absurd as the gongs and hobgoblins of the Chinese military establishment, for they were, together with the appetite for war, our inheritance from the savage, and while we have not altogether outgrown the latter, we are beginning to appreciate the grotesqueness of war paint and spangles as its livery. Alas for the cuirassier, the uhlan, the hussar, the grenadier of red, of white, and of blue, with incredible headgear! Their splendor has set with the sun of romance, and the glory of them will depart with the day of absolutism. Their passing began with the development of the American soldier of the frontier, was hastened by our Civil War, and is now being consummated by the alert, practical Yankee as he appeared at Santiago and in the Orient, and the uncouth, mobile, sharpshooting Boer of the veldt.

War is sombre, bitter, outrageous, even when unavoidable, and surely the effort to clothe its sinister body in feathers and tinsel, in rainbow hues and extravagant garments, is a grim irony, never so absurd as in a day when the citizen covers himself with raiment of black and dun, and shies at color as if it bore the germs of the

bubonic plague.

But, together with fine clothes, passes also the wooden soldier, the masterpiece of the great Frederick and his father, and the military type par excellence up to recent years. This automatous perversion of man without mind or emotion—a marching, trigger-pulling, and saluting mechanism—has been marched and countermarched on European battle-fields for the better part of two centuries; a patient ox led to the slaughter, coaxed and bullied to needless victories and unnecessary defeats, by heroic swells in fine raiment, to serve the miserable intrigues of hereditary rulers. This passive being was developed by a suppression of everything but mechanical impulse communicated by word of command.

Individuality was obliterated. A certain association of human beings constituted a military animal known as a company whose cerebellum was the captain. They were deprived of reason and of natural movement, and, ranged as they were in compact ranks, were compelled to walk like wooden images actuated by springs. And what incredible burdens of grotesque clothes they were compelled to bear! The ingenuity of man must have been taxed to its limit to conceive of headgear and coats so well calculated to render them as unlike human beings as possible. The dress hats of Frederick's grenadiers were fifteen inches high. Some of the Prussian infantry in 1815 wore hats which, with plume, were over two feet in height, and these same in 1836 wore huge coffee-pots nearly twelve inches across the crown, eight inches high, and proportionately heavy. To describe the variety of French headgear from Louis XIV. to President Loubet, including the bearskin of the grenadiers, would take a volume and show hardly a single one really serviceable and comfortable. The helmets and hats of cuirassiers and hussars are still worse, while the jackets, body coats, and attachments of every sort are beyond all limits of absurdity as clothes for fighting men in the field. And yet these oppressive and grotesque liveries were "toted" all over Europe in every season, as if war were a harlequinade, and men were proud to die in them on the snowdrifts of the Beresina and the burning sands of the Pyramids.

But the wooden soldier was well fitted to a development of the firearm as primitive as himself and a method of warfare as formal and automatic as its personnel. Although Bonaparte smashed into bits the ligneous strategy of his day with a result so unsettling to the military nervous system of Europe that twenty years of disaster were required for the assimilation of this lesson, the individual type of the rank and file was very little modified. The crude weapons of the past brought bodies of combatants into close range, and the delivery of fire at point blank distances demanded nothing of the private but mechanical action. The man stood where he was bid, was shot, or marched off to another place with no idea of why or whither, and found him-

^{*}International.

self victorious or defeated, as the case might be, with no more notion of the logic of the situation than of the reason why he was fighting at all. He was a part of the blind herd of cattle in circus clothes driven from one slaughter pen to another at the caprice of cabinets of cynical Talleyrands and Metternichs; and after a lifetime of such performances he knew nothing more than when he

began.

With the improvement of firearms and the mechanism of war, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there came somewhat of a change in the conception of the function of the human unit. The people of detail and organization did an immense amount of military thinking, and before the Pallas that emerged full-armed from that German brain there went down with a crash another lot of decrepit military traditions. The fall of Paris was the triumph of organization. But, although so much of reform was accomplished, there still survived a great deal of the automatic idea in the construction of the soldier. He was an improved and highly perfected machine, but still a machine, and wholly the instrument of his officer. In the meanwhile on our own continent, under a different social and political sky, and breathing an atmosphere that filled his being with self-reliance as the first element of existence, was developing a totally different type of fighting man. The school of his profession has been on the frontier in nomadic combats where sharpshooting and unconventionality are the prime factors of existence, and in that hard school of the survival of the fittest he has learned to value the essentials of success, and to dispense with most of its luxuries and adornments, so that, when we came to the settlement of our own family quarrel in 1861, we went at it with a businesslike directness that reduced war to its lowest terms, and kept it there until the job was done.

When the American soldier made a sudden début in the arena of the world in 1808, he was an enigma which the Old World could not readily understand. He was altogether too individual and full of character to be adjusted to foreign standards. His fighting had too much spontaneity and intelligence to conform to the automatic ideal; his uniform according to them was unspeakable, and his results, being wholly unacademic, could not be fully approved by the military faculty. In China the same dissonance in type begat astonishment and criticism. It was the child of the Western Republic cheek by jowl with the offspring of the feudal and Oriental systems. And yet the American type is the forerunner-the soldier of the future-and from certain similarity in conditions, which are mainly those of environment, the Boer is in some respects his transcript. The Boer is a modern strain partly reverted to a nomadic state. The frontiersman is the same, and our soldiers developed in contact with that social reversion. The Boer has absorbed, also, the independence of thought and action which is a part of our national temperament. He is a frontiersman, but differs from his American brother in not being adventurous. Obstinate, domestic, and averse to crowds, he became a herder, and was a mighty hunter so long as game lasted. When game grew scarcer, he remained fond of his rifle, but still fonder of isolation. Merged with his nomadic tastes was an intense religiosity-practical and puritanical in a certain way, but not incompatible with a Dutch eye for the main chance-as a whole the most unsoldierly type imaginable, without the least touch of romance or the picturesque, and habits which are described as the reverse of cleanly. As to discipline and organization, the rudiments are hateful and unimaginable to him. Of all these qualities, a description of which may be gathered from many sources, not one is characteristic of the regular soldier of the conventional type, and some of them are of a nature even to imperil the integrity of an army and to invite disaster. Two important qualities, however, he has which are supreme-the capacity to subsist indefinitely upon a small ration which can be carried by the individual, and the ability to shoot straight. Add to these a horse for every man, an environment ideal in its adaptability to defense, and the principal sources of the Boer successes are stated.

It is a curious fact that with all the acumen brought to bear in recent years upon military affairs the one point which has escaped serious consideration is the essential feature of the soldier's reason for being, that is, the shooting of a gun. For long everything else was deemed paramount to the matter of straight shooting. There has, of course, been a certain proportion of target practise and firing drill in the training of Continental armies, but of limited amount and perfunctory in kind, and not insisted upon as a vital matter until very recent years. The conception of military operations on the field of battle still remains a mass conception in which the action of the individual unit is practically ignored. Although the size of the fighting unit has steadily decreased from regiment to battalion, and from battalion to company, it had fallen no lower in the estimate of Continental theorists than the company. The logic of recent military operations and of the existing situation in military mechanics is that the future fighting unit will be the individual. The rationale of this conclusion is the irresistible logic of an accurate, long range firearm in the hands of a marksman, and it is immensely to the credit of the American army and the personal efforts of a few officers-notably Lieut-Col. W. R. Livermore, of the Engineers; Major Stanhope E. Blunt, of the Ordnance Corps; and Major H. G. Litchfield, of the Artillery—that marksmanship has been emphasized and fairly enforced in the training of our troops. The introduction of this feature was more natural and easy from our contact with frontier conditions and also on account of the small size of our army, but target practise is expensive, and large military establishments shrink from it on that account, yet if modern nations will read the handwriting on the Boer wall, they will shrink from it no longer, or it will be borne in upon them by the bitter experiences of disaster. It will not do to decry the results of the South African struggle as proving nothing because of the smallness of the Boer armies and guerilla nature of the operations. In the early phases of the war the Boer forces, although relatively small, were yet armies acting both on the offensive and defensive. The converging movements that shut up White in Ladysmith were both strategical and tactical; the operations against Buller were on a large scale and along an extended front; Methuen's frontal attack on the Modder River was an open field assault with artillery, and in every instance the infantry fire of the Boers withered and dispersed superior forces bravely led. Never before have pitched battles been fought with armies of sharpshooters operating against armies of modern corps trained in the old school of infantry fire and automatic movement. It has been here conclusively proved that in the future it will not be enough to possess the best weapons; it will be necessary to know how to shoot them straight. Thin lines of more or less reluctant boys, middle aged and old mendirty, ununiformed, unorganized, undisciplined, extended in rude, unmilitary trenches, and with very little control from their officers-demoralized and destroyed by the corrosion of their fire the best and bravest troops England could hurl against them. The English soldier fought as he had been taught-as the best Continental troops would have done had they been in his place. They "deployed" and "rushed" after the fashion of the modern academic attack, and they pegged away with their own rifles in the indiscriminate method of the school of the soldier and infantry marksmanship, but to their amazement they "got left"-many of them in their tracks-by these uncouth boys and bearded ranchmen of the veldt.

If further illustration of the extent to which

marksmanship is a determining factor in action is needed, we have but to turn to our campaign in the Philippines. Here it is almost a reductio ad absurdum. Our slippery adversaries make no pretence at aiming even, to say nothing of marksmanship. It is usually a volley or two from the hip, and then a "devil take the hindmost." On our own side our men deploy, deliver a well-aimed skirmish fire, and then charge with a yell to reach only a deserted trench full of dead bodies.

The Filipino guns have been for the most part as good as our own—at the outset even better than our Springfields—but the men behind the guns were of different quality and skill. Had the Filipinos been clever marksmen, at home with the rifle, and trained in even the elements of defensive fighting, our record of success might have been far from uninterrupted, and would certainly have been sanguinary to a frightful degree.

Probably the next most important novelty among the demonstrations in the private war academy of the veldt is the strategic value of mounted infantry. The extreme mobility of the small Boer armies enabled them to cover an immense front, to deceive the enemy as to the number and position of their forces, to choose time and point of attack, as well as to refuse battle at will. It enabled the Boer to become bold and aggressive, to imperil and cut the British lines of communication, to bewilder and demoralize his initiative, and when defeated, it often made barren his enemy's victory and in almost every case insured a safe retreat from overwhelming odds. They are the guerillas of the Forrest and Moseby type plus an accurate, long range, repeating arm, and increased in numbers to the size of an army corps.

Large masses of mounted infantry should figure conspicuously in future wars, or rather, the tendency of cavalry will be to assume that character, and the function of the horse will become purely vehicular—to get the man to the point of attack with a full-sized gun in his hand, and, if necessary, to get him away again. For battering purposes the horse will be about as useful as a baby carriage or a bicycle. The commander who shall drive a mass of cavalry against rapid-fire guns and modern small arms will deserve the fate in store for his victims.

As an adjunct to mobility, the immense value of a highly condensed, portable ration is made conspicuous. With good grazing and the equivalent of biltong, a large body of mounted infantry can for a considerable time dispense with trains and defy every species of troops with less levity than itself. An infantry column, no matter of what size, is almost at the mercy of such a body, which has, even when greatly reduced, forced the British to mount all their forces for which horses can be procured. It is to be observed also that accuracy of fire and extreme mobility tend to prolong the defense very greatly and to develop ambuscade, night attack, and the Parthian warfare of harassment. Long lines of communication become very difficult to maintain, and the problem of supply vastly more serious.

To summarize, it appears that determinative

factors in future wars will be:-

1. The development of individuality and selfreliance in the soldier.

2. Expert marksmanship in infantry fire. Every man a sharpshooter.

3. Expert marksmanship in artillery fire.

4. Mobility in large bodies of troops of the nature of mounted infantry, and, incident thereto,

a highly condensed ration.

5. The abandonment of nearly all close formations and manœuvers on the tactical field, as well as all drill and parade exercises of the old wooden order tending to automatic habits and ideas. The new soldier should be made intelligent, active, skilful with his weapon, and self-reliant, as above stated, and all manœuver formations for garrison or marching purposes should be elastic and natural. The manual of arms to be reduced to a few simple movements, and the work of military exercises directed to perfecting the intelligence and marksmanship of the individual.

Drill regulations to be greatly simplified. Nearly all the complex details relating to formal movements both of the individual and the manœuvers are unnecessary-embarrassing to the man and without use in the field. Battalion drill with precise alignments, closed rank formations, and involved movements, is archaic, and has no function in any operations of warfare. It may be pretty to look at and delightful to the fair sex, but it is time wasted, and should be relegated to the ballet in light opera. Ranks to be always open with perfect freedom of movement and ample space for the rear files. Ceremonial formations should be few, and need not be stiff in order to be dignified. The time spent in marching and countermarching, in perfecting an elaborate manual of arms and constrained mechanical movements is even worse than wasted, since it tends to make stiff, unthinking, blind, and dull soldiers, and takes valuable time needed for instruction in their active duties as fighting human beings.

6. A field uniform designed solely with reference to service, and a peace uniform, simple, neat, and comfortable, extravagant neither in color nor insignia, which shall designate rank and service corps distinctly, without clothing a soldier in a style of raiment which in this land should be con-

fined to the circus.

 If practicable, some form of individual protection from infantry fire would be an important adjunct to the offensive in assault.

Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking

Liqueurs, the alcoholic cordials now universally used, are almost entirely of Continental origin. Though they are numerous and are prepared by many different processes they have one characteristic in common. Their bouquet is more that of a perfume than of a liquor, and the taste is agreeably sweet. Some of them have a history extending over centuries, and yet the secret of their manufacture has been so well concealed that the monastic communities in which they were first produced still continue in absolute possession of the recipe and enjoy the financial proceeds of what is, to all intents and purposes, a monopoly.

Benedictine is one of the most ancient liqueurs, and is said to date from 665 A. D., but it was not until the year 1500 that Dom Bernardo Vincelli, a monk resident in the Abbey of Fecamp, who

had a profound knowledge of the plants and herbs used in the preparation of medicinal cordials, succeeded in producing a liqueur which preserves the name and fame of his order. It is said that the monks, when tired with their studies, restored their strength by taking the simple cordial, and all sorts of other virtues were ascribed to it. The new distillery at Fecamp is a palatial building, a memorial of the past success and present progress of the industry. In the laboratory there are gigantic tun shaped vats, containing 110,000 gallons of the liqueur, and in underground cellars is stored the produce of the distillation of the plants.

Chartreuse is named after the original Carthusian monastery founded during the eleventh century in a wild and romantic valley forming a portion of the French department of Isere. This liqueur has a large sale in the United Kingdom,

both the green and yellow kinds being popular. Chartreuse is distilled from various herbs, which are supposed to possess peculiar aromatic and stimulating properties. Its repute has been maintained by the monks despite the enormous difficulties which they have had to encounter from time to time. The order is supposed to have been considerably enriched by the revenue from the industry. The monastery containing the distillery has long been a famous resort of visitors.

Curacoa received its trade description from one of the Dutch West Indies, where are grown the oranges from the dried peel of which the well-known liqueur is made. Most of the liqueur is imported from Holland, the center of its manufacture. The orange peel, after being carefully dried, is macerated with water and afterward distilled with spirit and water. When taken from the still it is sweetened with sugar, and to make it a little more palatable a little Jamaica rum is frequently added. Those who have made the experiment state that a pleasant imitation of curacoa can be prepared from the fresh peel of bitter oranges and whiskey.

Maraschino, a sweet and highly flavored liqueur, is distilled from cherries bruised, both wild and cultivated kinds of fruit being used. Kirschwasser is gradually making for itself a name here as a choice liqueur. It is obtained by a distillation from cherries and the kernels taken from cherry stones. The cherries-are gathered when they are quite ripe and, having been deprived of the stalks, are then pounded in a wooden vessel, but so carefully that the stones are not broken. In this condition they are left to ferment. As soon as fermentation has begun the materials are stirred two or three times each day. Subsequently the stones of the cherries are

broken, the kernels taken out, bruised, and thrown

in with the fruit. Kummel, another sweetened

spirit imported from Russia and Germany, derives

its title from the German name of the herb cumin,

with which it is flavored, though caraway seeds

are also used for the same purpose.

Anise seed cordial, frequently taken as a stomachic, is not a distilled liqueur, but is prepared by flavoring weak spirit with anise seed, coriander (the seed of a European plant which has become naturalized in some parts of England), and sweet fennel seed. Coriander seed has an agreeable aromatic smell and a sweetish aromatic taste. It is the essential ingredient of the cordial, which is sweetened with clarified syrup or refined sugar. Clove cordial is more useful in the household than as an ordinary liqueur. It is made from spirit flavored with cloves which have been bruised. Color is imparted by the addi-

tion of burned sugar. Peppermint, a common form of liqueur, usually consists of the ordinary sweetened gin flavored with the essential oil of peppermint, which is previously rubbed up with refined sugar.

When New York Eats Harry Beardsley Lestie's Weekly

If one of the several gentlemen who recently dined together at a fashionable New York cafe at the expense of \$150 per plate had taken that same \$150 to a certain place on the Bowery, he could have bought 15,000 "square meals" with it. And there was a report not long ago of another dinner where the decorations were flowers which alone cost \$15,000. In the one-cent restaurant near Chatham Square this money would have bought 1,500,000 dinners. It would have sustained and nourished one man, on three meals a day, for 500,000 days, or 1,369 years. In other words, he might have begun in the year 532 A. D., and still be eating his three meals a day.

In New York there are three and a half million mouths to be fed every day. It is a tremendous proposition-almost ten and a half million meals between each morning and midnight. I say almost, because there are always those who long in vain for food. There are always those who close their eyes at night to forget the pains of hunger. There are men who stand shivering for hours in the dead of a winter's night without overcoats, with bare hands freezing; men dressed in the thin and tattered garb of poverty-waiting for the distribution of loaves of stale bread. For ten years a large bakery at Tenth street and Broadway has given away at midnight bread left over from each day. And in the ragged line which waits nightly for this dry repast are fifty "regular customers," men who include this loaf of bread in their calculations of living. The shivering column stands until midnight, waiting. Then, at the command of the watchman, the men file past a huge basket in which are the loaves of bread. The spectacle is solemn and weird. The ragged applicants for bread are dumb and submissive like animals. They are cowed and subdued by their hunger, the cold, and their poverty.

New York is constantly at the table. While a few of its people after a night of entertainment are taking in the last supper, another class in the early morning is stretching and rubbing its eyes and rising to partake of its first meal. And all during the twenty-four hours of the day, indoors and out of doors, in dingy cellars and in palaces, New York is putting food into its three and a half million mouths.

Every day 500 of these mouths are fed in the cellar on the Bowery which boldly advertises a

dinner for the smallest coin of the United States. And it presents this menu:

| Bowl of coffee with bread | | |
|----------------------------------|---|-------|
| Bowl of soup with bread | | |
| Bowl of beans with bread | | |
| Bowl of stew with bread | | |
| Bowl of pudding (rice or bread). | 2 | cents |

The entire bill of fare with a variety of five items designed as meals for nine cents!

The one-cent restaurant is in a grimy unplastered cellar. The lights are dim, the air is heavy with smoke and bad odors, for kitchen and dining-room are separated by only a low counter. The customers belong to humanity's lowest ebb. They are the men whom the police call "bumnies," "loafers," and "panhandlers." The tables are rude in construction and greasy from insufficient cleaning. The institution has no waiters. The food is given to the guests directly by the cooks. A cashier is essential because not a morsel of food is given unless it is paid for in advance. The short route to the outside door might be too great a temptation to the diners.

A little further up the Bowery than the onecent restaurant is an eating-place about which there is always the shadow of sorrow, for it is the haunt of old men who are poor mainly because they are old. It, too, occupies a dark basement room, but the floor shows signs of frequent scrubbing. And many of those who eat their cheap and simple dinners there are living in the hopelessness of weak and impotent old age.

Up from the penny eating-houses there is a continuous scale. The poorer districts are dotted with restaurants which advertise a cup of coffee for two cents. Twenty-five of these places, where clean food is served, are owned by one man. He was once a newsboy, and he has made a fortune.

Still higher in the scale are those innumerable restaurants which give a meal for fifteen cents. Then we may go to the twenty cent houses; the places where meals are a quarter; then for fifty cents or seventy-five cents, and, as it is now called, dinner table d'hoté; still higher are those which serve the guest for \$1 or \$1.50. Then we are on Broadway or Fifth avenue, and we have reached the dining halls of elegance—glittering and magnificent, where small fortunes are spent at dinner. And what a contrast it is with the one-cent eating-house on the Bowery!

Philanthropy has lent a generous hand to help New York feed its three and a half million mouths. It has built homes for orphans, homes for newsboys, homes for men and women. It has spread its good works through a hundred different channels. There are the St. Andrew's penny coffee stands, which feed every year between 2,000 and 3,000 persons. There are newsboys' dinners, and dinners for the poor on the great holidays.

When that modest millionaire and philanthropist, Mr. D. O. Mills, opened the stately fireproof Mills Hotel four years ago, he provided clean, decent, wholesome and healthful food and lodging for 2,200 young men. Mills Hotel No. I is at Thompson, Sullivan, and Bleecker streets. Hotel No. 2 is at Rivington and Chrystie streets, on the East Side. There are no better fifteen cent meals than those provided by the Mills hotels. For fifteen cents one may dine on soup, a meat dish, two vegetable dishes, dessert, and tea or coffee. A substantial ten cent breakfast is served. man may find room and food there at a cost of about \$3.50 a week. And the Mills hotels, started purely from philanthropy, to help deserving men, have been made to pay more than expenses. They produce an annual profit on the investment, for it is a fact that the Mills hotels, built for philanthropy, pay a better rate of interest on the investment than the Mills building, that was built for profit. Moreover, they go to show how well and how cheaply a young man may live in this great city.

One Meal a Day Horace Fletcher Argonaut

During the past year some experiments have been carried on in Venice which prove that the present ration of the British sailor is about three times as much as his body can profitably digest, and that most of the ills he suffers come from the strain upon his body caused by its effort to get rid of the superfluous two-thirds of "grub." The results of these experiments show that Luigi Cornaro was right in his assertion that twelve ounces of solid food per day, like that commonly consumed, is as much as the average man can eat and remain perfectly healthy. This quantity is about one-third of the usual ration given to soldiers and sailors.

History reports that the Irish constabulary, some centuries ago, were in the habit of taking only one meal a day. These men were noted for their prodigious strength and endurance. They cultivated the one-meal-a-day habit. History shows that abstemiousness has always been the habit of peoples that have accomplished much, and that with increasing gluttony and luxury nations degenerate, as England is degenerating now, as rapidly as luxury and gluttony can accomplish the decline.

Cornaro assures his readers that he never knew what it was to enjoy life and food until he adopted his regimen of temperance. He had spent a fortune in high living, so that he certainly

knew the difference. But by recent experiments it has been discovered how Lugi got such enjoyment out of his small rations. The recent experiments referred to have consisted of nutrition tests made upon subjects of different characteristics and various habits of life, and the results obtained have been compared with the ordinary experiences of peoples of different countries and various occupations; individuals differ so greatly, and Nature is so deliberate in her methods, that the experiments cannot be hurried to a conclusion.

Conaro reached a minimum of twelve ounces of solid food a day—only about a fourth of what he had been consuming. Later in life he took even less. He does not tell us so, but it is natural to infer that he did not bolt his food. He chewed and sipped as long as possible, to get all the taste out of it. In doing so he conformed to Nature's requirements, and thoroughly insalivated his food.

Try it yourself. Select twelve ounces of the sort of food that pleases you most, but in simple variety. Divide it into four rations a day of three ounces each, as Cornaro did; and fix the feeding time to suit your fancy. You will probably sit down to eat your three ounces of favorite fare with an appetite born of waiting and expectation. You will not bolt it. You will linger over each morsel so as to prolong the pleasure of it. At first you may not be satisfied with your three ounces, for your organism is habituated to stuffing. But in ten minutes after the three-ounce meal you will notice that appetite is more perfectly satisfied than usual.

This is what happened to Cornaro, without doubt, but he failed to dwell upon this feature of his experience, and hence it is that so few have persisted in practising his advice. It was the key to his secret which he forgot to leave behind.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

Popular Successes.......Rochester Post Express

A publishing house which devotes considerable energy to the dissemination of fiction recently published in a literary periodical an interesting statement. It was to the effect that an Eastern bookseller had ordered a shipment of a popular novel whose numbers exceeded the combined orders for the works of Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot for the preceding twelve months. Without entering into any comment on the questionable taste of such an advertisement, some little profit may be extracted from an examination of its significance.

The novel which was thus ordered with such flattering freedom belongs to the modern hysterical school, made while you wait, much as enterprising shoemakers tap boots for busy pedestians. It has had, and quite likely still boasts, an extensive sale. Covers are careless about what they contain nowadays, and ink flows as copiously as a hero's life blood. So we will grant that the Eastern-could it be Boston?-bookseller ordered the bale of books as the vigilant and alert publication firm so blandly and ingenuously stated. But what of it? Does it prove that Scott, Thackeray, and Eliot are pushed into the dusty dark and relagated to regions of oblivion? Is it a sign that the readers of to-day are content to sip wine that is mostly water. We venture to believe that literary taste and appreciation have hardly proved so false as that. The gods of our fathers have worshipers in the temples yet. What if the clash of cymbals and the blare of brass out-sounds the steady chant of Apollo's hymn? The softer music is no less sincere. The truth of the matter is this: Spasmodic bursts of public faddishness may flood the market for a brief season with books called "popular." What makes them popular is one of the riddles of the day. Some say the publishers, by means of skilful advertising. But their day is short, and they quickly fade away into oblivion. How many books, hailed as "popular successes," labeled as "triumphs of art," have been forgotten for some new thing within even the last five years?

But all this time where have Thackeray, Scott, and Eliot been? Have their sales ceased? A bookseller said the other day that the one thing his trade could depend on is the constancy of the standard sales. It fluctuates according to the seasons, the purchasers naturally being more numerous at Christmas and holiday time. But, "averaged up," the call is kept on an even tone. Another proof of the demand for the classics is seen in the new "special" editions which the publishers are putting out from time to time. If there were no call for these authors, would the bookmen dress them in buckram and fine leather for the market? Publishers are as shrewd for the main chance as the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

No one should despair over the signs of the

times in the literary world. Noise must not be mistaken for action, and the world is big. Somewhere there will always be found space to pile away the unsold heaps of forgotten "popular successes" of the day before yesterday.

The Two Shakespeares......Outlook (London)

If the "souls of poets dead and gone" were permitted to pay a brief visit to this present-day center of the publishing trade to see how things stood with their works and fame, without doubt the most surprised of them all would be William Shakespeare, gentleman, formerly of Stratfordon-Avon, Warwickshire. As for his fame, he would find it something of a religion, universal and unquestioned, with only a heretic here or there, heretics who, however, believe in nothing, not even in themselves. Without question this state of affairs would vastly surprise the returned Shakespeare; but, having recovered from his astonishment, would he be more gratified or amused? In this year he would be told that publishers, quite regardless of the mountains of Shakespeares already lying piled upon the world's chest, are busy turning out others in all styles and forms. And when Master Shakespeare, after much incredulity, had been informed that this multiplication of his despised and neglected stageplays had been going on steadily for centuries in an ever-increasing ratio, there can be no question but that he would begin to be amused. For he was a fellow of infinite jest.

"An't please you, sir," he would be sure to ask of his guide, "if it be not to inquire too curiously,

who buys all these editions?"

"The public, Mr. Shakespeare."
"And, prithee, with what object?"

"Well, you know, you are a standard author, and that sells a lot of copies. You come first in every gentleman's library, with Gibbon, and Boswell's Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War, and Matthew Henry's Commentary, and—and so on."

"But, sir, does any mortal read these my

plays?"

"Not exactly read them, perhaps; but some may like to look up the quotations which writers make, for all writers quote you."

"Quote me?"

"Yes: your sayings, your wisdom, and poetry, and clever things."

"Do you jest, sir?"

"Jest? No: you are in extraordinary demand, I assure you. There is no end to the editions of you. Look at these new ones, for example. Here's the 'Vale Press Shakespeare,' forty volumes when finished in a year or two, ex-

quisitely printed from special type on hand-made paper, with floral and geometric adornments. Sixteen shillings a volume."

"Good, sir, how much say you?"

"Sixteen shillings a volume, issue price; now unobtainable, except at a good premium."

"Sixteen shillings per volume! Sixteen silver shillings of twelve good pennies each! Sir, an thy arithmetic stretch to it, how much may that be in the gross sum and total?"

"Thirty-two pounds. Of course, it is a limited

edition for book-fanciers."

"Thirty-two pounds! For book-fanciers! And these, my old fustian plays, are become as the mummy of Pharaoh or Cæsar's sandals. Thirty-two pounds! Either I died too soon or was born too early!"

"Here's another edition just begun to appear:

the 'Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare.'"

"It is indeed a fair and goodly type, most grateful to the eyes. Who is he whose name appears almost as large as mine upon the title-page?"

"Henley! Oh, he's the editor. Henley's

good business."

"And what is his business here?"

"Editor, you know; annotator. Sees the text is correct and explains words and—and—doubtful meanings. Words have changed a bit since your time, you know, and readers require explanations. I must tell you that editors are at sixes and sevens over a lot of your passages."

"I do not marvel at it; for I remember how those shallow apish players did maul them in

mine own hearing."

"And there are others. Here, for instance, is the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' containing all that everybody ever suggested in correction of your text. As much notes as text, you observe."

" Miraculous!"

"Oh, that's nothing. Here is the 'Variorum Shakespeare' from America."

"From where, sir?"

"America. America has grown into a great English-speaking people since your time. They are quite proud of you; buy you and print you by the thousand, and annotate you like this."

"Hold, good sir; my head swims. I came here for one day to see the old fair earth of England, and you tell me of new continents and a fresh world all busied with my name. Now, an I had Ben Jonson here, or Greene, him that reviled me for a scurvy ape, or other of my fellows, 'twere a jest indeed."

"They have been reprinted too."

" Hah?"

"Oh, not like you; only as antiquities."

" Not like this 'Variorum' from America?"

"Bless you, no. Nobody buys them."

"But, sir, when I consider this same 'Variorum' meseems it contains a mighty peck of notes to the poor handful of text. It recalls a jape I made of one Falstaff——"

'Oh, ah; the sack and the bread."

"Hah, does the new world speak of Falstaff?"

" I should think so."

"And likes him?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, well; an the world be still of that mind, I could have it in my heart to live in it again were it not for stumbling ever 'gainst this other Shakespeare, he of the works and notes. That would undo me utterly."

"Oh, you would get used to it. We have several authors in these days nearly as bad—I mean

famous. They are really quite human."

"No, sir; 'twould undo me. These others, perhaps, have grown into fame, but I should be found out. I should be pilloried, and the boys throw stones at me."

"No fear of that. They teach you in schools. You are in every examination paper."

"Let me conceive your meaning."

"Why, look at all this lot here; these are school editions."

"Mean you for children?"

"Yes, and young ladies' colleges."

"Nay, let me back into the quiet shades. If children feed on such, what will your old men be?"

"Oh, you need not be alarmed; these editions

are expurgated."

"'Expurgated!' 'Tis a good word; I thank you for 't. But look you, sir, I am not expurgated in my proper self, and so will hie me home."

"Just glance at these handy volume editions before you go. The 'Temple Shakespeare'——"

"Notes?"

"Some—as few as possible."

"Give the editor my thanks."

"The 'Chiswick Shakespeare,' the 'Warwick Shakespeare,' the 'Windsor Shakespeare,' all in single volumes, cheap, elegant, portable."

"Yes, 'tis very wonderful; but I begin to weary of Shakespeare. One thing ere I go, good sir;

do they put notes to Falstaff?"

"Let me see; yes, here's a case. When Mistress Quickly tells how he died she says according to the Folio: 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of greene fields.' An editor called Theobald said that should read: 'and a' babbled of green fields.' Is that right?"

"'Tis very good; 'tis excellent good."

"And that is what you wrote?"

"An it be, or be not, 'tis wondrous good; and let it stand. And so, sir, I am a-weary and will be gone. But will you out of your bounty permit me to take with me this 'Variorum' and this 'Cambridge'? They will beguile many a tedious hour, and perfect me in knowledge of myself, which is our aim—beyond."

Fiction in the Public Libraries New York Evening Post

The fisherman of the Arabian Nights who let the Afrite escape from the brass bottle, and then was at his wits' end to get the demon back again, finds a modern successor in Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie has sprinkled this broad land with public libraries, and has thus aided and abetted millions of people in forming the habit of buying and reading books. Reading, however, is like drinking: when once the masses fall victims of the habit, they may actually prefer Hall Caine to Scott, just as some prefer "Jersey lightning" to Scotch whiskey. So it is that Mr. Carnegie is partly to blame for the thousands of intemperate who are rushing to buy copies or begging his librarians for a sip of the insidious poison.

A few days ago, when Mr. Carnegie felt his guilt weighing unusually heavy upon his conscience, he tried to charm his Afrite back into the bottle by uttering the following incantation: "If a man gives his fortune to endow libraries he might do well to bar fiction less than three years old." Librarians, editors, clergymen, and authors who have watched Mr. Carnegie's efforts with sympathetic interest, have promptly come to his rescue with various suggestions, relevant and irrelevant. The severer moralists would rule out fiction altogether; others approve of the threeyear limit. Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, would make it one year; Mr. William E. Foster, of the Providence Public Library, would restrict the purchases of current fiction to, say, fifteen or twenty titles annually. Meanwhile our authors are running a neck-and-neck race to write, not the best, but the best selling novel, and the members of our suburban literary clubs are in sharp rivalry to establish records for reading the largest number of popular books.

Mr. Carnegie can, of course, marshal many strong arguments in his support. To yield to the prejudice of those who would buy no novels at all is, in the last analysis, to admit the contention that Trow's General Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, with its 1,499 pages of useful facts, is better than Vanity Fair as a means of sustaining and stimulating the soul. Laying aside such an extreme view,

Mr. Carnegie is right in thinking that at the end of three years many of the poorest novels are as dead as those worthless products of the Minerva Press which Macaulay read with such avidity. For that matter, however, some of our highly praised fiction is so completely forgotten at the end of one year that it cannot die any deader; and Mr. Putnam's working rule would be almost

as drastic as Mr. Carnegie's.

Librarians who wish to reach and elevate the rank and file will regard both dicta as hard sayings. They know that the man on the street will turn away in disgust if they offer him no fiction whatever published within a twelvemonth; that he will scout as utterly incredible the tale that there are men and women of fine literary taste who remain unmoved by announcements of mammoth editions and of sales running into hundreds of thousands, unmoved by sandwich signs on Broadway, glaring pictures on the elevated station billboards, and poster type in the newspapers, unmoved even by printed interviews with the gifted authors and smart little anecdotes in literary supplements. Librarians are aware that if the man on the street believed the story about these superior stoics, he would simply thank God that he was no such Pharisee. Since our librarians cannot cater solely to the saving remnant, they will find a practicable compromise in Mr. Foster's idea of buying only a few of the best current novels.

The plan has the sanction of notable authority, for Mr. Foster is one of the eminently successful public librarians in America. He has so administered his trust that of his total circulation the proportion of fiction (including juvenile and adult, classic and current) has declined from .70+ in 1883 to .56+ in 1901. This result he has accomplished by making freely accessible a "standard library" of the best books in all literature, by publishing attractive lists of essays, biographies, and travels, and by seeing that the disappointed applicant for trash has a chance to draw something more entertaining. Thus he managed to buy only seventeen current novels in 1901, and at the same time to maintain the library at a high level of popularity and efficiency.

A Mr. Foster cannot be found in every city and town; but if a few thousand of the Carnegie librarians can keep their percentage of fiction down to .60, the question of purchasing new novels will solve itself. Candid observers will grant that with a smaller proportion of fiction in circulation the library is not likely to lose its character as a resort for young and old, an instrument for the education of all who can read.

But if the circulation of fiction rises to 70 per

cent. of the total, there is no cause for alarm. A good novel is one of the best of books. From the days of Homer to those of Thomas Hardy, the story which presents the concrete, individual man and woman has rightly appealed more powerfully to all readers than the most brilliant generalizations of history and philosophy. Gibbon, whose Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is surely solid enough to suit the most exacting taste, declared, "The romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." The poor novel, too, has its place in the divine economy. People who begin their literary education by reading the crudest of tales are likely to move steadily upward. The boy who is held thrall by Old King Brady, or the Black Doctor's Plot, and the girl who cries over Elsie Dinsmore, will both live to profit by The Scarlet Letter, Mill on the Floss, A Tale of Two Cities, and Vanity Fair. If Mr. Carnegie helps such progress, he can feel that his millions are well spent.

Newspaper Humor W. D. Nesbit ("Josh Wink") Independent

The writing of a joke is an easy task. All that is necessary is to think of something funny, and then set it down before you forget it. Nine people out of ten can write jokes. The tenth man has heard them all before. Nine people out of ten will take their pens in hand, arrange the paper neatly, and dash off some little thing about the mother-in-law, the goat, the colored man who loves other people's chickens, the Hebrew and his fire insurance, or George Washington and his hatchet. It was these five jokes that compelled editors to use printed rejection slips. temptation to go ahead and write their feelings toward the authors forced them to take steps to avoid violating the peace and dignity of the United States postal regulations. The tenth man might write a joke on either of these ideas, but he would gloss over the central thought and put in a new point.

Another thing about joke writing is that real life repartee is never as funny in print as it is in conversation. Often an embryonic Twain or Nye will overhear something at a social gathering, or in his place of business, or at home, which sounds very hilarious. It possesses this humor because of the person who utters it; or of the circumstances attending its utterance; or of the atmosphere— That's it. The atmosphere at intangible something which forms a background, setting forth effectively the scintillating brilliance of the bon mot. But when he writes it—and he generally does—he omits the atmos-

phere in his haste to give the words, and it is as flat and void of fun as a cold buckwheat cake.

Now, the man who writes jokes puts in all this atmosphere. In the few lines which must contain his burden of joy he condenses the plot, the scenario, the tout ensemble, the business, and the third act climax. Presto! A joke! Thus we see that there is a deep psychological principle underlying the manufacture of humor.

(I did not realize this myself until I had written the above lines on my trusty typewriter.)

The newspaper joke-maker is an institution of recent growth, and he has made for himself a permanent home. As soon have your breakfast without a duly advertised health food as miss the funny column. The joke-writers of the evening press do not have to deal in as pure a brand of humor as their fellows of the morning editions. The breakfast mind is cynical. It is bitter. It is readier to form dislikes than that which graces the evening meal.

When, in one's poor, weak way, he endeavors to spread a thin coating of joy over the rough surface of life, it is well discreetly to avoid the mother-in-law and the church social oyster as a means to that end. Many people have eaten church social oyster soup that had oysters in it, and any grandmother will tell you there is nothing funny in being a mother-in-law. However, it is hard to avoid some material that is popularly considered old. It is a rather safe rule to drop a subject after it has been taken up as a stage joke. Of late, however, the quality of stage humor has improved, because so many newspaper men have been writing the librettos and comedies.

Notwithstanding the fact that the newspapers teem with jokes every day, it is interesting to note that there are less than a dozen newspaper jokewriters in this country who seem to go about their work as if they realized its importance. For it is important. More than all the reformers; more than all the political Moseses; more than all the literary and dramatic critics; more than all these have done, have the humble joke-writers done to point out the foolishness, the inconsistency, the danger, the senselessness of this, that, and the other thing. The joke-writer will never get the credit for it. He will go on and on, though, turning on the calcium light of his satire and sarcasm wherever mankind presents a foible, serene in the consciousness of good work well done, and a regular payday.

Humanity has the newspaper joke-writer to thank for relief from the once numerous "stolen jewel" stories of the actresses who yearned for publicity. He was quick to see the fun of the trick, and prompt to write jokes about it. He has lifted the almanac from its antediluvian style of humor by first writing jokes about it, and then writing them for it.

He has punctured the pretensions of gaseous politicians, and nipped demagogic schemes in the bud.

He has roused henpecked husbands to a realization of their manhood.

He has guided the new woman past the shoals of silliness by his flaunting signals of sarcastic glee.

He has forced the patent medicine testimonials to take on the semblance of probability.

He has heated the street cars—in some cities—and has compelled the conductors to be more polite.

He has cured the country cousin of the green goods habit, and has led him to that point where he does not respond to the invitation to inspect the place where the river caved in.

He has made the South American revolutionist fight, and has forced painless dentists to be painless

He has caused the cowboy to cease shooting up the town, and has ridiculed begging until organized charity is in existence.

He has remodeled the restaurant system of the country, and has given the world a new form of boarding house—pruneless and almost hashless...

He has frightened fortune-hunting foreign noblemen until Americans have an occasional opportunity to wed an heiress.

He has driven the "bright child" from the parlor, and the Curfew-shall-not-ring-to-night elecutionist from the rostrum.

He has done what he could to overcome the bargain-hunting propensity of woman; has relieved society of much of its folly; has lifted golf from a fad to a sport; has made the polar explorers do more exploring than lecturing; has softened the hue of the "yellow journals"; has made historical novels less hysterical; has forced sensational preachers to seek other methods of advertising themselves; has ridiculed congressmen until it takes more than a high forehead and a Prince Albert coat to constitute a statesman; has introduced the purse-proud parvenu to grammar; has resisted all efforts of aggrieved mental scientists to think him out of his business, and has checked the habit of shooting guides in Maine. He has done other things. The list of his achievements is well-night endless. Ponderous editorials have been written, and great orators have thundered against evils, but his shaft of sarcasm has found the weak joint in the armor against which astute argument was merely wasted air.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

S. Takayasu, the gifted Japanese, who translated Ibsen into his native language, gives some highly interesting data concerning foreign books that have been translated into the Japanese. According to Takayasu, the books by foreigners "most in demand" in Tokio take the following order: I, Emile Zola (Lourdes and Rome); 2, Conan Doyle; 3. Edmund Gosse; 4, Andrew Lang; 5, Bret Harte; 6, R. L. Stevenson; 7, George Meredith; 8, John Morley; 9, Walter Pater; 10, Thomas Hardy; 11, Henry James; 12, Ian Maclaren; 13, John Ruskin; 14, Stephen Phillips; 15, Lord Tennyson; 16, Mark Twain.

This list presents several highly suggestive features made doubly suggestive when brought in comparison with, or rather in contrast to the "library lists" of books "most in demand" in America. Where are the lists that contain Walter Pater, George Meredith, John Morley, John Ruskin? The answer is ambiguous. We read the newer books and-fiction. Of course, the translater deserves much of the credit for the "popularity" of such books as those given above. But even in spite of this there is food for thought in the Japanese view of the world literature.

In light of the above an editorial upon the pay of authors in the Saturday Review of the New

York Times might be considered:

Was it not on the whole more advantageous to literature that authors should not make large sums of money? The commercial attractions of literature, especially in these days of clever "booming" of ephemeral books, are such as to excite to the commission of authorship a vast company of persons who have nothing in particular to say and every one in the world to say it to. The brain power of minor men and women is exercised in solving the problem of what will "catch on." The magazines are in search of that same article, and the book publishers will not have anything else. What hope, then, is there for the budding Haw-thorne or Holmes, who cannot or will not write simply to tickle the taste of the time, but who is irresistibly impelled to speak only that which is in him? Who desires Twice Told Tales or The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table now? Authors are well paid now-when they supply the popular demand. The poorly paid Poe, however, will outlive most of them.

There is something almost pitiable in this commercial aspect of literature. The present age is iconoclastic enough without throwing to the winds all canons and all ideals. Not that literature should not and, indeed, must not have a commercial value: but that this commercial value is beginning to obliterate these canons and ideals. A man given up to self-indulgence and self-satisfaction, without loftiness of purpose, is held in

contempt. Why then do we hear this eternal twaddle of "art for art's sake," a phrase twisted out of its sense to cover almost a criminal failing? "Art for art's sake" is a good rule: but art for

life's sake is a better one.

-McClure, Phillips and Co. announce the last volume of the Temple edition of Moliére. The text is in French, well edited and charmingly bound, enticing for the coat pocket and delightful to the hand. Moliére has lost little of his fun by the process of time. He is still fresh, still true, and still contemporary. If he possess what one of his most ardent admirers is pleased to call a "hearty animality," still by his very frankness he, as Shakespeare, avoids the accusation of indecency. As a dramatist he is a master who has influenced almost every writer of comedy since

The Outlook Company makes its début as a publishing firm with two small books: Parables of Life, by Hamilton W. Mabie, and The Man Without a Country, by Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale, in a preface prepared specially for this new edition of his famous story, tells an interesting anecdote of how he tried to write the story anonymously and was, in a rather peculiar way,

discovered:

The utmost secrecy was observed in carrying the story through the press of the Atlantic Monthly. The proofs were not sent to me; they were sent to the editor, Mr. Fields, who sent them to me. The story stood in the name of Capt. Frederic Ingham, of the navy; but, unfortunately for me, it happened to be published in the December number, which was then the index number of the Atlantic. The gentleman who made the index knew, merely from my handwriting, that I wrote the story, and, after all our precaution, the index at the end of the volume announced me as the author of it in the same issue in which it was printed. I tell this story by way of precaution to young editors.

The celebration of Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday on April 3 was widely observed. Many and warm tributes of praise came to him from the

length and breadth of the country.

-Australia has set the ban upon Zola and his writings. Not only has the sale of his books been prohibited, but all copies in the hands of booksellers have been condemned and seized. These seem rather strenuous measures. They have been attempted more or less in several other countries, but Zola has lived down the prejudice against him. One thing at least is to be said for Zola: he is not half as offensive in his frank realism as dozens of other writers who are devoured with enthusiasm by young girls and who cloak with inuendo and suggestiveness the untrue and the improper.

-There seems to be a revival just at present of the short story. Several good collections are at hand, not less than six volumes, all of which have come within a week. This is a good sign, and one which we heartily hope may prove the rejuvenation of the storiette and the novelette, two very fascinating forms of literature which seem recently to have gone into something of a decline.

-A new quarterly magazine to be titled The Shrine is to have its first issue on April 23, Shakespeare's birthday. The magazine is to be published at Stratford-on-Avon and is to be devoted

to "literature, art, and life."

-With the April number the Edinburgh Review completed its hundredth anniversary. Its founders were Horner, Jeffrey, and Sidney Smith. It was of Jeffrey that Walter Bagehot said: "He invented the trade of editorship. Before him the

editor was a bookseller's drudge.'

-There seems to be another revival in Joan of Arc literature. Plays and monographs and essays appear almost daily. A translation by Theodore Murray of an old French translation from the court notes of Joan of Arc's trial is promised during early summer. The notes were, of course, originally in Latin. It was this curious old document which Mark Twain used in the compilation of his famous book. It is hinted that he may write a preface for the forthcoming trans-

-In commenting upon the sale of a 1620 edition of Lodge's Rosalynde, the London News remarks: "Fortunately, it is not, like so many rare things, gone to America." There have indeed been "many rare things" brought to America, virtually bought out of the hands of foreigners. Both in art and literature many rare and extremely valuable treasures have recently come to our shores. As for books; bibliography has taken great strides recently. A hint of its scope may be seen in the new magazine edited by Mr. Ford, The Bibliographer.

-Some remarks of Sir Henry Irving, at a recent lecture at Princeton College, upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy deserve to be quoted, not so much because they are a refutation of a most absurd theory, but because they sum up concisely a great deal of all the best that has been

said upon the subject:

In the technicalities of the stage, Shakespeare is always accurate; but when he employs legal terms he is often wrong. In geography he gave Bohemia a coast, much to the distress of Ben Jonson. In navigation, he starts a ship from the gates of Milan. His knowledge of law was supposed to be wonderful by Lord Campbell; but does not commend itself to Judge Allen, of Boston. I understand that the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice bears no resemblance to any judicial procedure that ever was recorded in legal annals, and that the law which authorized Shylock to cut his pound of Antonio's flesh, but forbade him to shed one drop of blood, was not sanctioned by the judgment of Bacon. Campbell was not at the pains to discover how much law was known to Shakespeare's contemporaries in play writing. Judge Allen shows that legal terms abounded in all the Elizabethan plays, and that Shakespeare's contemporaries used them even more freely than he did. Ben Jonson, Middleton, Chapman, Massinger, Peele, Wilkins, Webster, Sir Thomas Wyat, Dek-ker, Barry, and Spenser all made use of legal phraseology that is not to be found in Shakespeare. Are these writers to be taken simply as emanations of Bacon's prodigal genius? If not, what becomes of the hypothesis that Bacon must have written Shakespeare because Shakespeare so often quoted the jargon of lawyers?

Without great scholarship, and with absolutely careless notions about law and geography and historical accuracy, Shakespeare had an immeasureable receptivity of all that concerned human character. An oracle lately dismissed the idea that a good poet could have been a poacher in his youth, and could have consorted with topers. Where, then, did he study the tavern company who flourished at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap? What what gave him his relish for the escapades of Prince Hal? Why did he make Falstaff a hoary but lovable scamp? Why did he glory in Bardolph's nose? What had Bacon to do with Bardolph's uose? I have examined the cipher for some information on this point, but the "legitimate son of Queen Eliza-beth" never mentions it. . . . Is it possible to conceive two master minds with characters, temperaments, and training so absolutely divergent as those of Bacon and Shakespeare? As Tennyson said, the philosopher who, in his essay on "Love," described it as a "weak passion," fit only for stage comedies, and deplored and despised its influence over the world's noted men, could never have written Romeo and Juliet.

If we might be permitted to broach this subject, for a last time we hope, we should like to quote as a sort of obituary notice the following short excerpt from the London Outlook:

"Our little systems have their day," and Mrs. Gallup's day has been a short, albeit a merry one. To the April Pall Mall Magazine Mr. J. Holt Schooling, the Pall Mall chief crime investigator, so to speak, writes:

SIR,-In accordance with your instructions, I have examined the method of Mrs. E. W. . Her conclusions are proved to be without foundation, and her book can be regarded only as a phantasy of her imagining wholly unworthy of credence

I am, Sir, your faithful servant, JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

The four dots are ours. They take the place of ten columns wherein the Pall Mall's faithful servant, by means of a dozen facsimiles and diagrams, fairly proves his point.

-There seems to be at present among the novelists a fad of giving their opinions upon their art. Mr. Norris is quite addicted to the habit. Marion Crawford and William Dean Howells seem to have passed through it. The latest arrival is Mr. Gilbert Parker. Here are some diversified remarks of Mr. Gilbert:

Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught.

No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a "school" of this or that—of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles, and by these they live.

In the art of fiction the individual is thrown on

his own innate talent.

Love and fighting are not necessarily romance, nor are soup kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism.

In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book

like the motif in an opera.

There is only one test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but, before all, that it be wholesome.

Surely with this set of rules in our waistcoat pocket we might all, with reasonable hope, try our hand at the shrine of letters.

—Those were rather fancy prices that were paid for some Tennysoniana the first of April. A proof sheet of The Charge of the Light Brigade, with corrections in the poet's own handwriting, brought \$440. A peculiar interest attached to the poem in that several of the lines had been altered by the poet upon the proof. Morte D'Arthur, Dora and Other Idyls (1842) was sold at \$490, while a copy of Morte D'Arthur printed in 1866 fetched \$400.

At the same sale there was sold an 1833 edition of Robert Browning's Pauline, bearing the autographic inscription on the title page: "By Robert Browning, his first publication, privately distributed. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother, Reuben Browning." The price was \$720.

And yet it is said that there is no money in

poetry.

—Mr. De Wolf Hopper, of comic opera fame, is to "star" next year in a version of Dickens' Pickwick Papers. The character of Pickwick should be admirable for the stage, possessing as it does so much exaggeration. Indeed, there is something "stagey" about all of Dickens' characters. They nearly all are "made up," and in some the "grease paint" shows rather flagrantly.

——A new method of shorthand history has been brought out in Peru. Carlos Escribana has written a history of Peru in a hundred words, and has received as a reward a gold medal offered by the Society of the Founders of Independence, Lima. This example is one that should be widely imitated and should not be confined to history. Apply it also to the novel. That may sound absurd, but there are few novels to-day that could not be boiled down to a hundred words and that would lose by the process. Byron's "small drop of ink" has to-day become tubes of typewriter ink, and while the words have increased, the "thought" still remains "a thought," having suffered no appreciable increase.

——Apropos of Byron, the famous Castle of Chillon has within the last few years been restored. The authorities in charge, it is said, in-

tend to make it a historical museum.

—The London booksellers are complaining that first the war and now the coronation has played havoc with the book trade, especially in the line of fiction. It is hard for us to see just how this can be, but it is fact, nevertheless, that at the time of the late Queen's Jubilee the sale of books fell off.

——It is announced that Giacomo Puccini is writing music for the dramatized version of John Luther Long's Mme. Butterfly. Puccini is one of the most brilliant of the successors of Verdi, and is well known for several operas which have been widely performed.

—The Rochester Post Express makes the

following book announcements:

The Leopard's Spots, by Lewis Nixon. A Yellow Fiend, by W. R. Hearst.

In the Days of Giants, an autobiography, by the Hon. Grover Cleveland.

The Magic Wheel, by Charles Montecarlo Schwab.

The Opponents, written in collaboration by Senators McLaurin and Tillman.

The Romance of a Rogue, by Richard Croker. Next to the Ground, by William Jennings Bryan. Captain Jinks, by General Frederick Funston. The Fatal Wire, by David Bennett Hill. A Prince's Pleasure, by Admiral Evans. The Dust of Defeat, by General Nelson Miles.

Pingpong: a History of the Game and a Complete Manual as to How it is Played, by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, Professor of Chinese at Columbia College.

—A new edition of Charles Dickens, at the modest price of a thousand dollars per volume, or one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a set, is spoken of. It is to be printed on Italian parchment, illuminated in water colors, "and so illustrated, expanded and transmogrified that it will be of no use to anybody except millionaires who are afraid of dying rich." There is just a trace of vulgarity in such an attempt. Richness and true elegance are always to be sought, but there is a vast difference between elegance and show.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

To have written, before the age of thirty, four novels, all of merit and at least half of exceptional merit, is a thing of which any author might feel proud. Of course, this record is easily eclipsed by the "child novelist," the "prodigy" who paints life with a kalsominic brush and with colors that fade and streak before they dry. But Miss Ellen Glasgow scarcely belongs to that school. There is an art and a sureness in her work that lifts it above the "popular" and permits it to be classed as literature. In view of that fact Miss Glasgow, who is but twenty-eight, is to be considered as out of the ordinary.

In her life, as in her work, she is Southern. She comes of an old Virginia family, which connects her with half a dozen or more of the most distinguished families of the Old Dominion. Both by traditions and social antecedents she is familiar with the life of the old time. But in her studies and her temperament and her literary art she belongs distinctly to the present era. She can look at the old Southern life from an exterior point of view. These two facts have made her better fitted than any other writer that has arisen for making both a sympathetic and well proportioned picture of old Southern society.

Miss Glasgow lives in a charming old-fashioned house in Richmond, Va., whose large square rooms and spacious halls are pleasant reminders of the ample and leisurely life of the old times.

In the preparation of The Battleground she did not trust simply to her social traditions and to her own knowledge of old Southern life, but she diligently read not only printed histories and records of the ante-bellum days, but family histories, newspapers, and contemporary documents, in the same spirit in which she would have studied them had she been writing a detailed history.

—Robert Bridges is a living example of the truth of the schoolboy saying that "Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name." In this instance there are two poets, one English and one American, by the name of Robert Bridges, and both of them are good poets. As a poet the American one is simply Robert Bridges, but as a critic he is "Droch," and by that name he has been known for years as the writer of short and pithy book criticisms in the weekly columns of Life. "Droch" is simply the Scotch for "bridges." As the other is a plain Englishman, it is quite proper that the American with Scottish ancestry should be distinguished by a Scotch pseudonym, particularly as he is proud and fond of the tie. "Droch" was born in Ship-

pensburg, Pa., and was graduated in the famous class of '79 at Princeton, where he was an intimate friend of Prof. Woodrow Wilson, Following his college career he embarked in newspaper work as a reporter on the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and in 1881 became associate news editor of the New York Evening Post, and in 1887 assistant editor of Scribner's Magazine, a position which he still occupies. Robert Bridges is a well-known figure in the literary life of New York. He is tall, spare of figure, with strongly accented features, and a genial manner. He is addicted to bachelorhood and books-in the lastnamed case incurably. His writings thus far include: Overheard in Arcady, published in 1894, a small volume giving imaginary conversations between the characters of popular novelists; Suppressed Chapters, giving his comments upon the good and bad in current literature; and Bramble Brae-which has just appeared-a collection of poems from published and unpublished sources. Bridges' style is peculiarly direct, simple, and expressive; and his capacity for condensation adds to the natural charm of his imagination. Like all editors, he has little time for the kind of work that is preserved in books. After years of labor at a desk the most prolific writer may be pardoned if he seeks other than literary distractions.

---The following account of Sienkiewicz at work is from a German source:

The great historical romances, The Polanecki Family and Quo Vadis, first appeared in the newspapers of Warsaw. Sienkiewicz wrote both in great haste. The manuscript went piecemeal directly from the workroom to the press. Sien-kiewicz produced every day only just as much as the journals printed the day following. This exhausting manner of writing imposes the greatest demands upon the strength of a writer, and renders it impossible for an author to make many changes in his manuscript. Sienkiewicz rarely alters or While working, he seldom corrects anything. pauses, but sits at his desk writing with great energy. Never has an editor received a complete manuscript from him-only single chapters. While writing his novels and tales Sienkiewicz is very nervous, and often is overcome by a great restlessness. Then he generally changes his place of residence and travels with his manuscript from Russian Poland to Austria. Then he goes to Russian Poland to Austria. Then he goes to southern France, and so on. The change of surroundings benefits him, and his Wanderleben lasts for weeks or months until his work is completed.

Sienkiewicz has, by the way, just completed a new novel, John Sobieski, dealing with the invasion of the Turk into Central Europe. Why, oh why, didn't he stick to the Latin? —It is reported that Gehart Hauptmann, the well-known German dramatist, is at work upon a novel. In this connection it is to be remembered that Herr Hauptmann wrote a romance about eleven years ago, entitled Bahwärter Thiele. As far as we are aware, he has not since that time written anything but dramas.

During a recent visit of Marion Crawford to New York he met at a social function Miss Mary E. Wilkins. The lady said something pleasant about a recent novel of his. Smiling and bowing, he asked: "And do you write, Miss Wilkins?" She was absolutely too surprised to

reply

—Now it is Mr. George Meredith who has joined the ranks of the politician-novelists. Recently he wrote to a London newspaper a plea for the Boers, a few sentences of which will be vastly illuminating:

Our men acknowledge them to be eminently brave. They are not likely to have the dread of death. Shall we then expect to terrorize them by the shedding of the blood of the condemned among them, and for deeds that they cannot understand to be criminal.

We are but steeling the remainder of their fighting men to more desperate resistance—a spectacle forebodingly piteous. It signifies also the further

waste of our own precious blood.

Let it be borne in mind that the Boer has in him much of the stuff of Les Guex, who did good work for the world against odds at a time when it was needed. If I am not mistaken, he is a descendant of those indomitable Lower Rhinelanders who gave such trouble to the Romans, notably to Germanicus.

In dealing with him, having the hope to conciliate him, we must take his version of humaneness, or we shall find that we have been guilty of bad policy, the most exacting of a nation's

creditors.

——Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who died on April I, in Newark, at the ripe age of eighty-two, was a man who made his reputation by a poem of which he was far from proud. It was Trilby that brought Dr. English's popularity, by reviving his poem Ben Bolt, a popularity of which the author was just a bit ashamed. For to the great mass of people it made him a poet of a single sentimental poem, and entirely obscured his better and greater work. There are three volumes at least of Dr. English's poems, and most of them are marked by a loftier spirit and truer sentiment than the popular ballad possesses. By profession Dr. English was a physician. He was one of the last survivors of Poe and Willis.

—George Brandes, the Danish critic and essayist, has been receiving flattering attention in Paris. M. Etienne Havenard, in L'Europeén, gives a most enthusiastic appreciation of Mr.

Brandes:

He has been, above all, a stirrer up of ideas and a stirrer up of men. He has exercised a profound action on the present generation of Scandinavian writers, and through them, and still more often by himself, and very often outside of literature, he has modified Scandinavian thought. He has inspired young writers with that sense of life and of the real which is so powerful in himself, and was so enfeebled in the literature of the North at the moment in which he came to preach it to his own people as an essential condition of the existence of their art.

M. Havenard says he knows it will stupefy French readers, but he must tell them that M. Brandes has exercised a very real and very profound influence on Ibsen and Bjornson, and those two themselves recognize it. Bjornson was arrested in his rigorous orthodoxy when the voice of M. Brandes came to him, and he gave a year or two of his life to reflection on what he heard in order to issue therefrom the Bjornson that we know, and it was to M. Brandes that Ibsen wrote: "Yes, what is essential is the revolt of the mind, and from this point of view you will be one of those who will clear the way for us."

—Maxim Gorki is growing more famous each day. Over in Russia they have a novel way of making a man famous. They persecute him. Last November Gorki was exiled to Crimea. He has recently been elected an honorary member of the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg. Now the government, in its official organ, declares that the election is invalid, and orders Gorki before a criminal court as a suspected political offender.

-Miss Beulah Marie Dix and Miss Carrie A. Harper, who collaborated in writing The Beau's Comedy, about to be published by the Harpers, are both college girls. Miss Dix took the degree of B. A. at Radcliffe in 1897, and that of M. A. in 1898. Miss Harper took her B. A. at Radcliffe in 1806 and M. A. in 1808. When these two young women decided to write a book together they spent a winter in research, and after that retired to a farm, where many of the scenes of their story were to be laid. With the exception of walking trips to various places described in the book they remained closely at their desks for over six weeks, at the end of which period they had completed the MSS. Miss Dix already has several other novels to her credit.

—Mr. Hayden Carruth, the popular writer of magazine stories and author also of several well-known novels, the Voyage of the Rattletrap, Mr. Milo Bush, and The Adventures of Jones, began his literary work in journalism. Early in his career he had a newspaper of his own out in Dakota, called The Esteline Bell. Later he was for five years upon the editorial staff of the New York Tribune.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

Miss Ellen Glasgow has done The Battlearound several remarkable things in her latest book.1 She has written a historical novel in which character takes the place of claptrap She has given us a story without a villain. She has dared, in the face of a popular cry for swashbuckling, to write that which shall appeal to the intellect and to the emotions, rather than merely to the nerves. She has made her hero go through an entire war of four years, made him fight in the ranks, made him endure the carnage and din of battle honestly and manfully, and made him issue from a conflict with no chevrons on his coat sleeve, a plain private just as when he entered, but a man every inch of him. All of which, as stated at the beginning, is quite remark-

The Battleground is, in the first place, a story of the Civil War; but in the second and greater place, it is a beautiful study of Southern life and Southern character. Even the reader most jaded by the all-pervasive and clashy popular historical novel need have no fear in taking up this book. From cover to cover there is not a single duel, not a single intrigue, not a single touch of melodrama. There is no straining nor forcing of the interest. vet there is plenty to hold and many things to grip the attention. Rarely during the last ten years has there appeared a book with a historical background that is at once so real, so simple and so dramatic. It is in a way a lesson that should be studied by our so-called popular novelists. Some idea of its character may be gained from an extract which we give.

The Conqueror, by Gertrude The Conqueror Franklin Atherton, is a curious experiment in biography.2 The authoress tells us, in her explanatory preface, that her original intention was to write a real biography of that remarkable and versatile man, Alexander Hamilton, on lines more flexible than is customary; but that she was led by the romantic character of his life to cast the undertaking in the mold of a novel. At the same time, we have her assurance that for every important incident which she has recorded she has the authority of documents, of published statements or of family traditions. We may take it, therefore, that The Conqueror represents Alexander Hamilton as Mrs. Atherton would have us see him, and that, while the book has the appearance of fiction, the skeleton is real and true to history. Looked at in this light, the volume is an able work and in no way behind any prevarious production of the fertile pen of the authoress. If The Conqueror were merely a historical novel, it would rank high as a picture of Revolutionary days; and, although the usual motif of the novelist is necessarily absent, the interest never fails from the first page to the last. All who desire to know the personality of Alexander Hamilton, whose genius and services in the great struggle for independence are too frequently lost sight of, will find in Mrs. Atherton's book a clear, forcible and dramatic presentment which cannot fail to convey valuable and vivid impressions.

Two Western Books. Red Saunders¹ is a healthy, clean book dealing with the adventures of a cowpuncher. The central character is virile. strong and honest, with a touch of unconscious philosophy running through him. At times a bit foolhardy, he is clear headed, clean hearted, and true. He will be found pleasant company, and may be recommended as a jovial, optimistic companion. We give elsewhere in the magazine one of his adventures.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has done scarcely anything finer than his story of The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop.2 There is a sincerity, an honesty and an earnestness in the work that suggests that Mr. Garland is treating a subject near to his heart. It is a purpose novel, but without its "purpose" it is also a great novel. Its purpose is the Indian question and an attempt to point out a method of treatment upon the reservations. This rather prosaic theme has been lifted almost to poetic heights by the characters of Captain Curtis, of the Indian chiefs, and, in a less degree, the other people of the story. There are some bits that are almost idyllic in their treatment; some that approach the epic. It is good to read this book of love and strength and right, for it has ideals, strong ideals far above mere sentimentality and romance. This is really the "American novel."

There is a great deal being said and written these days about that poetic tramp Maxime Gorki. It has not been so long ago that he was scarcely more than a name;

¹The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. Double-

day, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Franklin Atherton. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

¹Red Saunders: His Adventures in the West and Fast. By Henry Wallace Phillips. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Bros., New York.

now columns of criticism are devoted to him. It is probably due to this wave of popularity which is fast growing flood that we are indebted for three short stories under the caption of the first, Twenty-six and one.¹

There are several things that come out of these tales. The first is that they are told with sureness, directness, and boldness. Gorki undoubtedly possesses skill, and also undoubtedly possesses sort of almost rugged poetry. great quality, however, is his realism, a rather peculiar realism. We are somewhat inclined to question whether it is the truest realism, for it is pretty well saturated with pessimism, while absolute realism should be entirely nugatory. A book may be real and yet not leave the reader depressed; it may paint a picture of life without painting into the foreground objectionable figures which have a tendency to obscure the larger vision.

Skilful and in a way masterly as these stories are; told with consummate art and surely with intimate acquaintance; giving vivid, and, at times, almost livid pictures of certain phases of vagrant life: it must be confessed that they are not to be read by the oversensitive nor those inclined to melancholia. They exemplify at once Gorki's rugged power, rugged realism, and rugged poetry, and they also show something of his limitations. Placed beside an artist such as Du Maupassant, he is found to be lacking in breadth, in scope, and entirely in philosophy. But, in justice be it said, he does paint a certain class with absolute sureness, and in his work tramps, vagrants, and the flotsam of decency are found in all absolute reality and vividness.

Charles Theodore Murray has Two Books on evidently been a close reader of France Victor Hugo. In addition he has also apparently kept a keen eve upon recent political events in France. Mlle. Fouchette2 is a story of the French secret service system, the French politics, and French life. The heroine is a child of the gutters who develops into a spy belonging to the police. In the very midst of her duties a romance begins to gather. So she goes from filth to Bohemia, from Bohemia to respectability. And in so doing she passes through several strata of French life, all of which are full of interest and full of excitement. Mr. Murray has written a book that is absorbing, is really delicate where it might be otherwise, and which shows its author

one possessed with no little of the storyteller's art.

Somewhat allied to Mr. Murray's book is The Giant's Gate, by Max Pemberton. Politics of a broader nature here play their part. The theme is international rather than national. Intermingled with this there is an Anglo-French love affair and chiefly the adventures of a submarine boat; all of which means that Mr. Pemberton has given his fancy free rein, and has written in his usual happy vein.

Josiah Flynt makes his Concerning Children début as a novelist. The Little Brother2 is the story of a "jocker and his prushun," or, to explain, of a hobo who has "snared a kid," or, vulgo, of a tramp who entices away a boy to follow him and to do his begging for him. Probably the most remarkable thing in this unusual story, more remarkable even than the study of tramp life which the author evidently had most at heart, is the insight it gives into a child's mind. We can recall nothing that Mr. Flynt has done which is so real; so humorous, and so pathetic as the character of the boy Benny. He has naturally given more than this also. He has attempted to show the nomadic instinct as it works out in childhood and in maturity. He has even worked up a sort of romance which it may be confessed is rather tame. But after all when the reader lays the book aside, he will remember most Benny and his lake, "that lake where yer can't sink when yer go swimmin'," the lake which first filled his child heart with the desire to wander.

Quite different are the views of child life shown in Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam's collection of short stories.³ There is probably no writer of today who so delightfully and truly depicts the inner soul of a child as does Miss Daskam. Most of the stories in the present volume have previously appeared in magazine form, but they are more than worth re-reading, and gain much by being placed in juxtaposition. Much pleasure and interest await the prospective reader.

Published as Hensman's record was, just before Rhodes' death, it will prove an interesting contribution to the discussion bound to arise over the peculiar disposition which the South African made of his fortune. Americans are singularly interested in

Daskam. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Twenty-Six and One. By Maxime Gorki. J. F.

Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.25.

²Mlle. Fouchette. By Charles Theodore Murray.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

¹The Giant's Gate. By Max Pemberton. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.

²The Little Brother. By Josiah Flynt. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. ³The Madness of Philip. By Josephine Dodge

this testament, and consequently in the man. Hensman's volume1 does not claim to excuse or palliate Rhodes' faults, but the narrative is necessarily from the point of view of his friends and associates, and may seem to offset the violence of those opinions which are colored by the intense hatreds of his enemies. His career was essentially modern, and he was a dreamer of dreams like Napoleon. He started off Africa for the possession of England, and accomplished the essence of his dream. Though it has cost England millions, yet without Rhodes she would have had no foothold there. This alone was a vast accomplishment for a man less than fifty years of age, and makes his personality one worth studying, as that personality appeared to those who best knew him.

About six months ago the Acad-A Caricaturist emy, a London literary paper, wrote to various prominent people asking them to name the two books which "during the past year they had read with the greatest interest and pleasure." Mr. Harry Furniss replied with the single book, The Confessions of a Caricaturist.2 And in many ways we agree with Mr. Furniss. For his book is full of delightful humor illumined by the drawings of a master caricaturist. Moreover, it possesses the peculiar interest which always attaches to the personal reminiscences of great men, made doubly interesting in the present case by the insight and the humor and humanity of the observer. Gladstone, Disraeli, Lewis Carroll, Du Maurier and many others are flashed upon the reader with a wealth of vitality and nearness that anecdote and illustration give. The publishers have been very lavish on their part, and have done much to make these two volumes of Confessions of a Caricaturist beautiful and artistic. The best of libraries will be enriched by the presence of this book, which cannot be too heartily recommended.

Two Satirists

Doubtless Mr. Huneker meant to be satirical, meant to be iconoclastic, and meant to be clever in his Melomaniacs. Doubtless also he meant to show the absurdity of much of the overflorid musical enthusiasm. Doubtless again he meant to suggest how exasperated a musical critic can become at the sentimental gush he hears about music. And doubtless finally there are many more things which he wanted to

bring to the notice of the public. If the current criticisms may be believed, Mr. Huneker has succeeded in most of these doubtlesses. But we are inclined to think that he has done something more and something better than this mere conscious effort; for he has woven through all these sketches, satiric, iconoclastic and clever as they are, a thread of pathos that is both startling and pitiable. It is as if the author almost unconsciously, and, in spite of himself, while he was poking fun at things that deserved ridicule, was forced to paint the struggle, the misery and the suffering which are in almost every artistic career. This is very evident in one or two stories, and can be traced more or less in nearly all. Mr. Huneker has produced a striking book, and whether it be true or not in its satire it is full of interest and pleasure; above all, it shows Mr. Huneker possessed of no little literary art.

Mr. Crosby can hardly hope for the fame of a Dean Swift or a Rabelais. His satire, in comparison with that of the great satirists, is found to be somewhat lacking in fine art and delicate skill. His methods are, in short, so broad that he not only hits the bull's-eve, but splatters the entire target. Nevertheless his Captain Jinks1 is pleasant reading and decidedly good fun. To enjoy it fully one must not believe in the present Republican policy of the United States and must be at divergent views with all the so-called "imperialistic policy" of the United States. For Mr. Crosby finds much to ridicule in our whole military system from the earliest training of the soldier to his practical use in warfare. The book is more than worth reading, and will certainly call for a smile, if not laughter.

The actor is by the nature of his Eminent Actors and calling a nomad. As a result his his home is often thought of as a hotel, a boarding house, or a Pullman berth; that is, if he be a successful actor. If not, the home is likely to be railway stations and, if the comic papers may be believed, often the farmer's barn and the green fields. Yet it is a fact that there is scarcely a prominent actor or actress who has not his or her home. And almost without exception these homes will be found "homes" in the truest sense of the term. Margherita Arlina Hamm has, in a rather interesting and well illustrated volume, described twenty-four of these homes.2 A number of typical and wellchosen anecdotes add life and color to the descrip-

³Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career. By Howard Hensman. Harper & Bros., New York.

²The Confessions of a Caricaturist. By Harry Furniss. 2 vols. Harper & Bros., New York. \$10.00.

³Melomaniacs. By James Huneker. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

Captain Jinks, Hero. By Ernest Crosby. Funk

[&]amp; Wagnalls, New York. \$1.50.

2Eminent Actors and their Homes. By Margherita Arlina Hamm. James Pott & Co., New York

tions and go to make a most enjoyable book. Mr. Sothern and Mr. Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske and Miss Viola Allen, Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. William H. Crane, Miss Julia Marlowe and Miss Elsie de Wolfe may be seen here at their own firesides, without rouge or grease paint, delightfully human and delightfully real.

A Story of a Fiddler The Son of a Fiddler1 is a rather curious attempt at the old problem of heredity. Alexander Gordon has inherited from his father the mastery of the violin, together with a very volatile disposition which has a tendency to almost criminal weakness. Under circumstances most likely to check these natural impulses, he nevertheless develops them, and pushes them one degree further. Uncouth and ignorant, without a music lesson, he begins to play his father's violin, and still uncouth and without a lesson he follows in the footsteps of his father at the first sight of a beautiful woman. It is the working out of this man's life, the tracing of his inherited impulses leading into a tragedy, but finally opening out into salvation with which Mrs. Lee's novel deals. It cannot be honestly confessed that she has written a great work or has done anything very unusual. There is much that seems improbable, much that seems unreal. By far the most charming bits are the descriptions of New England farm life, and the character drawing of the old farmer, of Candace, and above all of Alison. It is really this that redeems the book.

In a small provincial fishing vil-A Romance of lage along the coast of Spain A. Fisher-Folk Palacio Valdés has laid the scene of his delightful story, José.2 The people of this book are all simple poor fisher-folk, who rely upon their daily catch for their living and livelihood. Their life is even, narrow, almost monotonous. Yet in their daily struggle, in their companionship with the sea, in their hopes and fears, Valdés has found the golden shaft of romance piercing through the clouds of platitudinous reality. There is nothing bloodcurdling and nothing hairraising in this story; but there is much that moves and much that pleases. It is good to feel the spirit of the sea, and it is good to watch these plain honest folk at their work.

Next to the Ground

Those who have been enjoying, during the past year, the admirable articles by Mrs. Williams on country life in McClure's Magazine will rejoice to have them in permanent form, such as we now possess

in Next to the Ground,1 by Martha McCulloch Williams. The attention which is now being paid to what is called "Nature Study" is one of the healthiest signs of the times. If it is true, as the old Latin grammar taught us, that literary studies "soften men's manners and suffer them not to be brutal," it is at least equally true of the love of and intercourse with nature. Mrs. Williams evidently is not only a close and accurate observer, but she also has that truly philosophic power of mind which enables its possessor to see beyond the mere outward seeming things hidden from the careless, the indifferent and the "uninitiated." In her charming way she clothes the commonplace with beauty and opens our eyes to see that beauty in all its richness. Every one who intends to spend his or her vacation in the country ought to have this volume as a companion. Read amidst country surroundings, it will be doubly delightful and valuable. And after its perusal, the reader will understand how true it is-to use the words of the authoress about ploughmen-"that naturalists, like poets, are born and need a deal of making afterward." Next to the Ground will aid very materially in "the making."

The Development of Cabinet Government in England The manner in which the British Isles are governed is one of the anomalies of history. The king reigns,

but does not rule. The real ruler of Great Britain is the Prime Minister for the time being, who holds his office simply and solely by virtue of a favorable majority of the elected representatives of the people assembled in the House of Commons. Hence one might truthfully say that, while nominally a monarchy, Great Britain is really a democracy. This state of affairs has but recently been arrived at; for, while British history may be said to go back to the days of Julius Cæsar, the consolidation of the democracy, of which the sovereign is the hereditary head, was only effected during the first half of the nineteenth century. Any one who would study the steps by which such a result was brought about will find a most valuable handbook in The Development of Cabinet Government in England,2 by Mary Taylor Blauvelt, M. A. The volume is an admirable example of historical research and literature. Starting from the concilium ordinarium of the Norman kings, the learned authoress leads one on to the rise of the cabinet, or a committee of that council, under absolutist monarchs; thence to the

²José. By A. Palacio Valdés. Translated by Minna Caroline Smith. Brentano's, New York.

¹The Son of a Fiddler. By Jeannette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50. ²José. By A. Palacio Valdés. Translated by

¹Next to the Ground. By Martha McCulloch Williams. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20.

²The Development of Cabinet Government in England. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt, M.A. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

time when parliament began to assert its right to fix responsibility on the advisers of the crown; and so on through the struggles by which the Stuart and early Hanoverian sovereigns were compelled to listen to the voice of the people in making choice of these advisers. The account of the perversity of George III. in this matter will have peculiar interest to American readers. It is impossible to speak too highly of Miss Blauvelt's lucid account of one of the most important movements in English history, and all students of modes of government will appreciate it.

The Land of Nome

Mr. Lanier McKee has given a thoroughly interesting and praiseworthy description of the Alaskan gold fields in his book The Land of Nome. He has also taken up the recent judicial scandals which had an airing in the United States Circuit Court

¹The Land of Nome. By Lanier McKee. The Grafton Press, New York.

of Appeals. The book is written with calmness, moderation, and authority. The mad rush of 1900 is graphically described, and the absolute barrenness and ruggedness of the undeveloped country are brought vividly to mind. Hardship of travel and life, the fight for existence, the disappointments and realizations, the successes and failures are not only pointed out but also explained. Every one who has had the gold fever will find much relief in reading Mr. McKee's work. Moreover he will get a clear, concise, pointed opinion upon the possibilities of the new El Dorado, and he will be impressed by the saneness of Mr. McKee's book, a saneness which comes from actual experience upon the author's part. This is a well-written narrative discussion full of color and weight.

Following is a list of books received in this office between the tenth of March and the tenth of April:

Book List: What to Read-Where to Find It

| Fiction. | | | |
|--|----|----|--|
| Angelot: A Story of the First Empire: Eleanor | | | |
| C. Price: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co\$ | I | 50 | |
| Assassins, The: A Romance of the Crusades: | | | |
| N. M. Meakin: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co | I | 50 | |
| At Large: A Novel: E. W. Hornung: N. Y., | | | |
| Charles Scribner's Sons | | | |
| Battleground, The: Ellen Glasgow: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co Beau's Comedy, The: Beulah Marie Dix and | | | |
| Page's Comedy They Paylah Maria Div and | 1 | 50 | |
| Course A Harrow N V Harrow & Brook | | - | |
| Carrie A. Harper: N. Y., Harper & Bross Black Cat Club, The: James D. Corrothers: Ill. | 1 | 50 | |
| by J. K. Bryans: N.Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. | T- | 00 | |
| Blazed Trail, The: Stewart Edward White: | | 00 | |
| · Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty: N. Y., Mc- | | | |
| Clure Phillips & Co | 1 | 50 | |
| Clure, Phillips & Co | • | 50 | |
| lin Garland: N. Y., Harper & Bros | 1 | 50 | |
| Church of St. Bunco, The: Gordon Clark: | | 3- | |
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| Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co | | | |
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| The Grafton Press | | | |
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| Little Brother, The: A Story of Tramp Life: Josiah Flynt: N. Y., The Century Co Love In Its Tenderness: J. R. Aitken: N. Y., | | |
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| and Glendenning: R. C. Baily: N. Y., The | | - |
| Abbey Press | 1 | 75 |
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| Man Without a Country, The: Edward Everett Hale: N. Y., The Outlook Co | T | 00 |
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| Stephen Kinder: Chicago, Laird & Lee | | 75 |
| Scarlet and Hyssop: E. F. Benson: N. Y., D. | | |
| Appleton & Co | | - |
| Appleton & Co | | |
| R. F. Fenno & Co | 1 | 25 |
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| Houghton, Mifflin & Co | 1 | 50 |
| Young Howson's Wife: A. E. Watrous: N. Y., | | |
| Quail & Warner | I | 50 |
| Essays and Miscellany. | | |
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| Confessions of a Caricaturist, The: Harry | | |
| Furniss: 2 vols.: Illustrated: N '.Y., Harper | | |
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| Der Bibliothekar: Gustav von Moser: N. Y., American Book Co\$ 45 Eminent Actors in their Homes: Margherita Arlina Hamm: N. Y., Jas. Pott & Co I 25 Hearth and Home Essays: Esther J. Ruskay: Phila., The Jewish Pub. Society of America. How Men are Made; or, The Corner Stones of Character: Daniel Hoffman Martin: | Einstein: N. Y., The Columbia University Press |
| N. Y., The Abbey Press | King and Queen of Hearts, The: Charles Lamb: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co 50 Madness of Philip, The; and other Tales of Childhood: Josephine Dodge Daskam: Illus- trated, F. Y. Cary: N. Y., McClure, Phillips |
| Mrs. Seely's Cook Book: Mrs. Seely: N. Y., The Macmillan Co | & Co I 50 Wonders of Mouseland, The: Edward Earle Childs: N. Y., The Abbey Press 1 25 |
| The Outlook Co 1 00 | Out-of-Doors. |
| Shakesperian Synopses: J. Walter McSpadden: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co 45 Tartarin de Tarascon: Alphonse Daudet: N. Y., American Book Co | Forest Neighbors: William D. Hulbert: Illustrated: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co 1 50 Letters from Egypt and Palestine: Maltbie Davenport Babcock: Illustrated: N. Y., Chas. Scribners' Sons |
| N. Y., Charles Scribners' Sons | Wild Life of Orchard and Field: Ernest Ingersoll: N. Y., Harper & Bros 1 40 |
| Co 75 | Poetry. |
| What a Woman of Forty-five Ought to Know: Mrs. E. F. A. Drake, M.D.: Phila., The Vir Pub. Co | Bramble Brae: Robert Bridges: N. Y., Chas. Scribners' Sons |
| | Nameless Hero, The: And Other Poems: James Blythe Anderson: N. Y., A. Wessels |
| Historical, National and Political. | Co I 00 |
| Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career: Howard Hensman: N. Y., Harper & Bros | Orphean Tragedy, The: Edward S. Creamer: N. Y., The Abbey Press |
| Y., The Macmillan Co | Poems: Charles Edwin Graves: Tex., Graves. Visions of Life: Martha Shepard Lippincott: N. Y., The Abbey Press |
| History of Medicine: Alexander Wilder, | Religious and Philosophical. |
| M.D.: Me., New England Eclectic Pub. Co | First Years of the Life of the Redeemed after Death: William Clark Ulyat, A.M.: N. Y., The Abbey Press |
| Italian Renaissance in England, The: Lewis | F. Seward: N. Y., Funk & Wgnalls Co |
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Among the May Magazines

It is a rare privilege to find so great a poet as Mr. Swinburne discussed by so eminent and sympathetic an authority as Mr. Edmund Gosse. A very fair idea of Mr. Gosse's estimate of the foremost poet of our day may be caught in the following paragraphs from the Century:

By general acclamation Mr. Swinburne takes place to-day at the summit of our contemporary Parnassus. Twenty years ago, as Browning once amusingly said, the English public seemed inclined to recognize "two kings of Brentford"—Tennyson and himself. But since 1892 no serious critic of any school has pretended that Mr. Swinburne is not the greatest living English poet. This supremacy being acknowledged, and the immense services of this writer being taken for granted, we are next

confronted by the curious fact that the premier poet of England, and, with the doubtful exception of Mr. George Meredith, her most eminent contemporary man of letters, is very little discussed nowadays, takes no part in the movement of literature, and is almost wholly without influence. Once belauded and imitated by every scribbler in the land, Mr. Swinburne rises out of the mass of writing people like an inaccessible snow-mountain that nobody looks up at any longer, and that no one dreams of climbing.

In the briefest consideration of Mr. Swinburne's place in English poetry, it is necessary to insist on the closeness of his relation to the whole body of preceding literature. He is linked, as with chains of gold, to Isaiah and to Æschylus, to Catullus, and

to Milton, to the Latin and Provençal and French and English poets in a long sequence that scarcely closes with Baudelaire and Victor Hugo. He is perhaps the most accomplished man of letters who has ever been able to apply himself to a universal study of poetry without thereby losing any of the individuality or any of the freshness of his own innate poetic genius. The time has not yet come for attempting to decide what the final position of Mr. Swinburne will be. He has not, we may be happily sure, lost his power to surprise us by new and marvelous feats in metrical magic. But however his reputation may, for a period, decline, or however the current taste of the age may wander away from his peculiar qualities of imaginative speech, it is perfectly certain that Mr. Swinburne's fervor and color, his impetuous melody, his great resource in art, and his unfailing virtuosity, will always retain their importance in the history of poetry. Whoever comes and whoever goes, Mr. Swinburne must always remain one of the exhilarating figures of European literature in the nineteenth century.

There are a rather remarkable number of good illustrations done by well-known artists. Maxfield Parrish has found in Ray Stannard Baker's discussion of the Great Southwest the pretext for some of the most beautiful color drawings ever seen in magazine form. Fanny Young Cory has some delightful child studies for Catherine Young Glen's story, Jones' Little Girl; A. I. Kellar has an artistic drawing for Maurice Egan's sketch, The Soul of Maginnis; while Jules Guérin has complemented with his drawings Sylvester Baxter's paper, For Civic Improvement. There is a plenty of good fiction, and good verse. Two articles of widely different character are worthy of especial mention: A Little Essay on Books, by Martin Dooley, and Is the Moon a Dead Planet? by Professor Pickering, of Harvard University.

—An article in Harper's on Marine Fish-Destroyers, by William Carmichael McIntosh, F. R. S. L., gives an interesting and somewhat unusual view of the needs of pisci-culture. After dwelling at length on the great damage done by the mammoth fishes which overran the waters of prehistoric periods, Mr. McIntosh tells of present agencies:

In the literature of the present day man as a marine fish-destroyer takes the chief place, and it is not often that reference is made to the constant drain on adult fishes made by other forms. Yet the group of the modern whales, the largest of all living animals, contains many fish-eating forms—even amongst the colossal whalebone whales—which are known from the Miocene onward.

Foremost among these fish destroyers is the common rorqual, or razor-back, so well known to herring fishermen, and whose presence is rather welcome on the fishing grounds, since it betokens an abundant capture of herrings. It reaches the length of sixty or seventy feet. The number of herrings devoured by ten or twenty of these finners, or fin-whales—for as many have occasionally been

seen on the herring-ground—would nearly equal the catch of the fishermen, and taking the average for a year, would probably exceed it. Eight hundred arctic smelts have been taken from the stomach of one example (Beddard). This whale, apparently by its intelligence and familiarity with the fishermen's ways, is sometimes quite bold, coming close to the boats and brushing the nets as they are drawn to seize the herrings. Not very long ago one, easily recognized by the short flipper of one side, followed the shoals of herrings in the Irish sea for several seasons, and was always welcomed by the fishermen.

The sum total of all the losses to fish life by the living whales, not to allude to the hordes of predaceous sharks and dog fishes in every ocean, nor to the vast destruction of food fishes by each other, must far exceed the efforts of man. If to this is added the constant drain caused by the innumerable seals, fishingbirds, and sea otters, the grand total must, indeed, exceed belief.

Harper's this month is remarkably well supplied with fiction of a high order. The initial chapters of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, Lady Rose's Daughter; Olivia, by Grace Ellery Channing; The Wife of the Governor, by Miss Andrews; A Daughter of the Puritans, by Beulah Marie Dix, illustrated in colors; and A Failure, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, are the more prominent stories. Of a more serious character yet of great interest are the sketches of Italy by Elizabeth R. Pennell; the account of William Black's visit to America, by Sir Wemyss Reid; James Hyde's article on coaching; and an account of The Act of Vision, interestingly described in minute detail by Professor Raymond Dodge, of Wesleyan University. The little chronicle of Spring, by Mary Applewhite Bacon, is so delightful that one wishes it were twenty pages instead of a scant

—Mr. John D. Rockefeller, like Andrew Carnegie, has quietly been fostering the scheme of higher university life. His Institute for Medical Research is already in working order here in New York city. Briefly stated, its aim is to relieve physicians of great promise of the necessity of plunging at once into practice and to enable them to pursue higher research in their science. Some results of distinctly practical nature, showing how valuable the institution is, have already been accomplished. Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick in Everybody's discusses these:

Two lines of research have already been taken up, and they may be cited to show the eminently practical character of the work that may be expected. An exhaustive investigation of the New York city milk supply, made during the past summer by three trained workers, is completed, and the results are in the hands of the board, although it is not intended to publish them at present. This investigation included the thorough inspection of

farms and dairies, and of transportation, careful bacteriological analysis, and a special examination of the health of the inmates of certain public institutions and of tenement houses in connection with the quality of the milk consumed. The second investigation, which is still being carried on, is a study of the germ that causes outbreaks of epidemic dysentery. Dr. Flexner, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been intrusted with this work, has made special visits to New Haven, Connecticut, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where such outbreaks have recently occurred, and his conclusions are expected to be of great value. During the coming winter the work will have special relation to forms of tuberculosis and typhoid fever, and next year it is expected that its scope will be still more extensive.

There is a great deal of diversified interesting matter in this magazine this month. A charmingly illustrated description of Famous American Mountains, by Henry Garnett, is full of spirit. There is a good biography of Cecil Rhodes, by T. P. O'Connor, and an article on Sea Buzzards, by Frederick Walworth. Penrhyn Stanlaws has found opportunity for some rather effective illustrations in Eleanor Hoyt's story, A Touchdown.

——President D. C. Gilman in May Scribner's, discussing Pleasant Incidents of an Academic Life, gives the following little anecdote of Professor Sylvester, who was asked at a dinner to respond to the sentiment: "The Universities of Great Britain:"

The famous mathematician rose, uttered a few half-audible commonplaces, halted, searched his vest pocket in vain for notes, and sat down, saying as he did so: "I ought to have prepared myself for this occasion, but instead I went to the opera last evening, for I could not miss the opportunity of hearing Gerster; so I beg to be excused." It is needless to say that the audience, who expected from him something unusual, did not expect this sort of a surprise. Quick as a flash, the presiding officer, Mr. Wallis, was on his feet, smiling at the discomfitted professor and saying. "I hope that will always be the motto of the Johns Hopkins University—Opera non Verba."

Henry Cabot Lodge's treatise, Some Impressions of Russia, shows insight and depth. There are several thrilling stories and excellent poems.

—There has been no little comment recently that book reviewing is at present done both clumsily and inadequately. Some have gone so far as to contend that there is no longer any such thing as criticism in the better sense of the term. Yet these are but mistaking facts and mixing terms—for between book reviewing and criticism there is a wide difference. Something of this difference Professor Brander Matthews points out in the Cosmopolitan:

When we note that no one of the leading critics of the nineteenth century—Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, or Lowell—cared keenly for the discussion of temporary literature, we are led to remark that there

is a necessary distinction to be made between criticism, as they practised it, and mere book reviewing. Criticism, in their hands and in the hands of those who follow them, is a department of literature, while book reviewing is a branch of journalism. To "get the best" is the aim of literature, while the object of journalism is rather to "get the news." The critic, concerning himself especially with what is most worthy of his inquiry, is led most often to discuss the picked works bequeathed to us by the past, while the book reviewer, writing for a periodical, has perforce to deal with the average product of the present. Criticism is the art of "seeing the object as in itself it really is," so Matthew Arnold told us; and it "obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world." Book reviewing, however useful it may be, has a far humbler function; it may be defined as the art of informing readers just what the latest volume is, in kind, in character, and in quality.

Criticism can, if it so choose, deal only with the permanent past, while book reviewing has no option; it must consider the fleeting present. Book reviewing has for its staple topic the contemporary-which is very likely to be little better than temporary; and it is therefore at liberty to relax its requirements and to apply standards that are immediate rather than permanent-to contrast one novelist of our time with another novelist of our time rather than to crush both of them under a comparison with the mighty masters of the past. It would be absurd for a book reviewer to feel forced always to condemn every new volume of short stories because the young writers are obviously inferior in force and in finish to Poe and Hawthorne, or to banish every one of the novelists who are seeking to set forth the seething life of this huge and sprawling metropolis of America because these ardent novices lack not a little of the genius we are all glad to acknowledge in Balzac and in Thackeray.

Gustave Kobbé has an illustrated article describing the staging of a big spectacular play, using as an example the production of The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast, now on the stage of this city. Of somewhat similar character is H. G. Rhodes article, The American Invasion of the London Stage. Lavinia Hart discusses the success of women as College Presidents. Miss Clara Morris and F. Hopkinson Smith are among the names of fiction writers, while a charming little pastel, The Bequeathed of Two Memories, bears the name of Alma Martin Easterbrook.

——The "novel with a purpose" seems just at present to be swamped in the deluge of popular fiction which has no appeal beyond a certain nerve excitation and sentimental plethora. Yet there never was a time when the field for the novel with a purpose was so broad, so rich in material as it is. But the legitimate use of this means of art has been so perverted that its name has come to signify the sordid and unpleasant and often the indecent. Mr. Frank Norris, in The World's Work, while censuring the latter phase of

" purpose" novels makes a strong and true appeal for it in its higher and better form:

It is the complaint of the coward this cry against the novel with a purpose, because it brings the tragedies and griefs of others to notice. Take this element from fiction, take from it the power and opportunity to prove that injustice, crime and inequality do exist, and what is left? Just the amusing novels, the novels that entertain. The juggler in spangles with his balancing pole and gilt ball does this. You may consider the modern novel from this point of view. It may be a flippant paper-covered thing of swords and cloaks, to be carried on a railway journey and to be thrown out the window when read, together with the sucked oranges and peanut shells. Or it may be a great force, that works together with the pulpit and the universities for the good of the people, fearlessly proving that power is abused, that the strong grind the faces of the weak, that an evil tree is still growing in the midst of the garden, that undoing follows hard upon unrighteousness, that the course of empire is not yet finished, and that the races of men have yet to work out their destiny in those great and terrible movements that crush and grind and rend asunder the pillars of the houses of the nations.

Fiction may keep pace with the great march, but it will not be by dint of amusing the people. The muse is a teacher, not a trickster. Her rightful place is with the leaders, but in that last analysis, that place is to be attained and maintained, not by cap-and-bells, but because of a serious and sincere interest, such as inspires the great teachers, the great divines, the great philosophers, a well-defined, well-seen, courageously sought-for pur-

pose.

Of vaguely like character is Dr. C. Alphonso Smith's discussion, Does Industrialism Kill Literature? An exhaustive article upon Richly Endowed Stanford University, by W. Dunn, with a companion biography of David Starr Jordan, by F. B. Willard, are interesting in matter and illustration. Of especial beauty and originality is Ralph H. Blanchard's panoramic description of Arab life.

—In the Criterion, Murat Halsted has an interesting reminiscence of The Dickens Dinner at Delmonico's. The old question of Club Houses for Women is taken up by Helen M. Winslow and discussed intelligently and enjoyably. General James Grant Wilson continues his recollections, his subject being this time General Grant. In his papers on acting Charles Henry Meltzer takes up the period between Forrest and Fichter. The poetry is again up to its high standard.

—Under the caption of The Modern Chivalry, Mr. John Corbin in the May Atlantic makes a strong and original plea for sports. Mr. Corbin shows the moral and intellectual and physical values of games. Then, while drawing a distinction between the sports of America and England due to the climatic differences of the two coun-

tries, he points a possible political value to be found in games:

In the larger business of empire building, the importance of athletic sports is even more evident. There is a saying that the English colonist plays cricket, drinks Scotch whiskey, and flourishes in numbers, while the French colonist drinks absinthe and dies-of the climate. And the humanities of sport are no less important than the discipline. Natives of India and New Zealand have learned the delights of polo, football, and cricket while playing with English colonists; the Egyptian cadets of Abasayah have been made sportsmen by means of contests with teams from the regiments of occupation. In a few short years a fellow feeling and a mutual confidence have arisen that would otherwise be impossible in generations. Nowadays Ghoorka meets Ghoorka in contests of sportsmanship, Maori meets Maori, Egyptian meets Egyptian, and all are three parts Englishmen. Quite lately and all are three parts Engishmen. Quite lately the Boer prisoners in Ceylon got up a team to play a British cricket eleven, and ended the day by singing a song, composed by one of their number, invoking peace and good fellowship in South Africa. Before the general balance in favor of British sports is wiped away, there must be many decades of commercial and colonial reverses; and if America is to enter into a lasting competition with the mother country, it will be necessary not only to avoid the faults of British sportsmanship, but to emulate its virtues.

In determining these virtues, the national phlegm is a not unimportant factor. The Englishman has few of the temptations to exceed the limits of sportsmanly good feeling which beset the more strenuous American. Yet, whatever the cause, the result is one which Americans have good reason to emulate. The time will come when football and baseball may be made a powerful ally in exerting our influence on the jealous Cuban and in conciliating the reluctant Filipino. Against such a time, is it not worth while to make sure that the courtesies of the games are such that we need not blush in disclosing them to our intelligent pupils?

William Mackintire Salter has a thoroughly worthy discussion on Anarchy. A scientific treatise, The Study of the Infinitely Small, by John Trowbridge, is interesting and learned. Vida D. Scudder has a good essay, titled A Hidden Weakness in Our Democracy. Somewhat allied to this is The Rebuilding of Commonwealths, by Walter H. Page. There are several good examples of fiction and poetry.

—Country Life in America for May is again full of charm. Of especial merit is the opening article by Dr. Chase P. Ambler on Our Mountain Forests. Several papers upon animal life and habit are written with sympathy and artistically illustrated. The magazine will be found in every way up to its own high standard, a standard doubly meritorious in that it is not urged by competition.

—Frank Leslie's for May is a delightful open air number containing interesting matter beautifully illustrated. A spirit of the country and fresh

air run throught it. Good stories of animals, both bird and beast, charming pastoral descriptions and good fiction, with a liberal well of good drawings, go to make the number both enjoyable and

noteworthy.

—Mary Cholmondeley's story, The Pitfall, is the special feature of Pearson's. Mr. Alder Anderson has some rather wonderful photographs in his article, Analyzing Motion. Another treatise similarly illustrated and equally interesting is The Unfolding of the Leaves, by G. Clarke Nuttall. Captain Kettle still continues his exciting adventures, and A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh his Indian Nights' Entertainment. William J. Lampton's poem, In Memory of Her, is noteworthy for itself and its charming decorations by John Clay.

——Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, speaking of American economy in Ainslee's, shows that we are by nature a frugal race, but that we also have

a tendency toward wastefulness:

Americans are vitally economical, but they indulge, nevertheless, in extravagances and carelessnesses which are purely wasteful. Our municipal and national housekeeping, for instance, is often quite atrociously loose-jointed. Our imaginations are so absorbed in our own interesting speculations that we confide too often our municipal housekeeping to dishonest, careless, and incompetent public servants. Charles Eliot Norton, writing forty years ago of a condition, existent in a less degree to-day, said: "More than half the sickness and more than half the deaths in New York are due to causes which may be prevented-in other words, which are the result of individual or municipal neglect, of carelessness, or indifference in regard to the known and established laws of life." What more uneconomical than waste of this kind? Again, he said: "The community is poorer by millions of dollars each year through the waste which it allows of health and life . . . it increases our taxes, diminishes our means of paying them, creates permanent public burdens, and lessens the value of property.'

Frank S. Arrett has an appreciation of Amalia Küssner, the famous miniaturist. There are a number of good stories and a poem by Bliss Car-

man, illustrated by Yeto.

—The novelette in the May Lippincott's is by Edith Robinson, and is entitled A Mock Caliph and His Wife. Of somewhat shorter length is The Immediate Jewel, by Marie Van Vorst, while a short sketch bears the name of George Moore. There are several other good stories and a noticeable amount of excellent verse. Of especial worth is Elizabeth Robbins Pennell's description, Over the Alps in a Diligence.

——In Outing, Mr. Arthur F. Bowers, in a leading article on The Great Two-year-olds of Last Year, and Their Three-year-old Promise, seeks to forecast in an intelligent manner the probable results of the principal racing events in this

country and Europe during the coming racing season. The article is well illustrated by some finely executed half-tones of famous two-yearolds, which will appeal to all lovers of horseflesh.

In A School for Little Fishermen, William J. Long tells how the fishhawk feeds and trains its young, while Lynn Tew Sprague, in Three Bird Vocalists, does much the same thing for three of the songsters of our nearby homes. The illustrations in Outing are unusually good this month, and form one pleasing feature of an entirely attractive magazine.

——In a well-written article in the New England Herbert Small traces the rejuvenation of

steel shipbuilding in Massachusetts:

The proverbial readiness and energy of American shipbuilders—qualities that in the war of 1812 produced a victorious fleet at hardly more than a day's notice and for many years delayed the growth of the present United States navy on the assumption that the feat could be repeated at will—are illustrated anew in the building up in less than a year and a half of a new steel shipyard at Quincy, Massachusetts, by the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, which is already engaged in the construction of two first-class battleships, two torpedo boat destroyers, a protected cruiser, and the first seven-masted schooner ever constructed, an aggre-

gate of 44,500 tons.

The rapid growth of so great an enterprise is naturally picturesque. Its broader interest, however, lies in the fact that the new yard has reestablished shipbuilding as an important Massa-chusetts industry, providing the State, almost at a single stroke, with a shipbuilding plant that is to be compared only with Cramp's, the Newport News Company, or the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, with one that is of the four most important in the country. Two years ago it was supposed that shipbuilding was almost a dead industry in the old commonwealth, lingering only in the construction of an occasional wooden barque or schooner and in the building in and about Boston of yachts, small torpedo boats, a revenue cutter or two, and the like minor craft. It had become practically a thing of the past in its old haunts at New Bedford, Scituate, Gloucester, where the first schooner was launched early in the eighteenth century, or at Germantown, near the present Fore River Yard, where in 1789 the Massachusetts, at that time the largest vessel ever constructed in America, first took the water.

Various causes had contributed to this decline. The chief one was the increased freight charges upon the raw material of the wooden ship as delivered at Boston and nearby ports, which had first handicapped the industry and then slowly put Massachusetts shipbuilders — North Shore and South alike—quite out of all practical competition with more favored places. It was at first expected that the same conditions would affect the building of steel as well as of wooden vessels, but steel, it appears, can now be delivered in Boston at a cost that in our modern steel-building age eliminates all advantages which the rate on wood had presented.

viously given to other localities.

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Amalia Küssner Coudert (Miniaturist)...Ainslee's. Amateur Art in Early New England Harper's. American Girl . . . as an Actress.....Success. American Invasion of the London Stage.. Cosmop. Beautiful Books: Irene Sargent......Craftsman. Binding of Books, The......Craftsman. Famous Song and its Author, A (Ben Bolt). Crit. Illustrated Village, An: Tindal....... Pearson's. James Huneker, The Musical Critic..... Criterion. Louis Quinze Embroidery. Woman's Home Comp.

Biographical and Reminiscent.

Captains of Industry..........Cosmopolitan.
Cecil Rhodes: J. B. Walker......Cosmopolitan.
Conversations with Four German Chancellors. Cent. English Statesmen and Rulers......McClure's. Fillmore Charles. Mind. Fiske, John: An Appreciation: T. S. Perry Atlantic. Fillmore Charles..... *Literary Work of Joseph Henry Thayer. J. of Theo. *Lord Macaulay and Rothley Temple.. Leis. Hour. *Marquis of Salisbury: F. D. How...Good Words. McKinley as Commander-in-Chief......National. Qualities that made a Merchant Great.... Success. Radiant Influence of Three Octogenarians Success. Remarkable Story of Miss Stone's Captivity

Six Months with Macedonian Brigands. Donahoe's. Summer Life of the Queen of Roumania. . Century. Wilson, Francis: Acton DaviesLeslie's.

Educational Topics.

Collegiate Condition in the United States... Forum. Education of a Prince, The: Williams.....Success. Example of Fr. Industrial Schools......Forum. Hamlet: William Burnet Wright......Atlantic. Higher Commercial Education: Laughlin. Atlantic. *Lanterns in Schools.....Leisure Hour. Negro and Higher Learning, The......Forum. *Our Education System..... Leisure Hour. Pleasant Incidents of Academy Life.....Scribner's. Practical Process of Making Electrical Engineers: FayantSuccess. *Practical Side of Commercial Education. . Chamb. President Jordan of Stanford......World's Work. Queen and her Sandringham Cottages, The Richly Endowed Stanford.......World's Work. Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research Should a College Student be a Student?...Success. Variorum Twelfth Night: Neilson......Atlantic.

Women as College Presidents.....Cosmopolitan. *Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly, and foreign magazines.

Essays and Miscellany.

Advice to the Homemaker.....Country Life. Art Handicrafts of Italy, The......Craftsman. *Browning's Treatment of Nature...Good Words. *Capital of Our Democracy, The Century.

*Card Game for Three: Prof. Hoffmann. Chambers'.
Clansmen of Scotland, The Munsey's.
Completed Proverbs: Matthewman Era. Concerning Clever Women: Ford......Munsey's. Concerning Journalism: T. P. O'Connor. Pearson's. Customs and People..... Degradation of Professorial Office: Ladd. . Forum. Dickens' Dinner at Delmonico's.......Criterion.

Does Industrialism Kill Literature?.World's Work. Eden: Past and Present: C. C. Abbott. Lippincott's. French Academy, The: O. G. Guerlac. Lippincott's. French Salon (1902): Vance Thompson. Criterion. *Friendship: J. Hudson.................Gentleman's. Literary Heavyweights on Light Literature... Era. Little Essays on Books: Dooley Century. Making of a Country Home, The ... Country Life.
Man as a Machine: H. W. Wiley ... Everybody's.
Marie Antoinette: Henry Francis ... Era.
Materialization of Jules Verne's Dreams ... Success. Meditations of an Autograph Collector... Harper's. Native Poetry of Byron and Shelley...Canadian.
Our Public Untidiness......Forum. Points on Ping-Pong: Crowhurst......Era. Prof. Everett's Essays: S. M. Crothers.... Atlantic. Value of Love: Mary Lowe Dickinson....Success. Viking Relics: J. M. E. Saxby.....Leisure Hour. Where the Circus Starts From

Historical, National and Political.

America as a Peacemaker: Emory.. World's Work. Ancient Romans: Hughes...... Donahoe's. Boers in Bermuda, The: Mattison. World's Work. *Brush with the Natives, A.....Leisure Hour. Capital City, The: Brent......Munsey's.

Comparative Pension Systems: Fenning....Forum.

| Daughters of the Cabinet: K. Hoffmann. Munsey's. |
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| Elihu Root: Secretary of War: Coolidge. Ainslee's. |
| *Empire-Building: A. Hoffmeyer, B.A. Chambers'. |
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| *Fight with Lotter |
| Folly of Railway Subsidies |
| *Future of Australian Commonwealth Leis. Hour. |
| Hidden Weakness in our DemocracyAtlantic. |
| Lincoln-Garfield-McKinley:Munsey's. |
| Lord Roseberry in Politics |
| Lord Roseberry in Politics |
| Merits of the San Blas Canal Route National. |
| Our Future Relations with Germany. World's Wk. |
| Polish Problem in Russia, TheForum. |
| Possible Prime Minister, A: ParkerMunsey's. |
| Prince Henry's American Impressions. McClure's. |
| |
| Real Southern Question Again, The World's Work. |
| Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths, The. Atlantic. |
| Recollections of General GrantCriterion. |
| Recollections of Stonewall JacksonLippincott's. |
| Registration of Title to Property: MaensForum. |
| Spirit of the Philippines, TheOverland. |
| Storm Center of the Irish Land WarDonahoe's. |
| Story of Three States Scribner's |
| Sven Hedin in Central Asia |
| Taxation and Business in ItalyForum. |
| *Vanished Manor of BrettesgraveGentleman's. |
| *Zinion's The Empet W. I among Continual's |
| *Zirian's, The: Ernest W. LowryGentleman's. |

Religious and Philosophical.

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Scientific and Industrial.

| Act of Vision, The: Dodge |
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| American ForestryForum. |
| Analyzing Motion: AndersonPearson's. |
| *Bones and their By-ProductsChambers'. |
| *British Beetles in MasqueradeGentleman's. |
| *Curios of the CameraSunday. |
| *Eclipse in Mauritius, TheLeisure Hour. |
| *Emigrants of the Air (Birds)Chambers'. |
| Famous American Mountains: Gannett |
| Woman's Home Comp. |
| Food for Fishes: Frank H. SweetLippincott's. |
| How the Voice Looks Century |
| Is the Moon a Dead Planet?Century. |
| Large Industries Founded on Waste Products |
| HicksSuccess. |
| Longevity in Our TimeCentury. |
| Marine Fish Destroyers |
| *Minute Marvels of Nature: WardGood Words. |
| New Banking Methods: BoiesWorld's Work. |
| New California Industry, A: Rydall Era |
| Ocean Wanderers: H. K. Job Everybody's. |
| Preservation of Cliff Dwellings, TheOverland. |
| Relative Stopping Power of Large and Small |
| Bore RiflesOuting. |
| Steel Shipbuilding in Massachusetts New England. |
| Study of the Infinitely SmallAtlantic. |
| Sun, The—A Servant: E. H. RydallPearson's. |
| Unfolding of the Leaves The Nuttall Pearson's |

Sociological and Economic.

| Are Americans Economical? HapgoodAinsiee's. |
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| Behind the Scenes in a Department Store |
| |
| Beyond the American Invasion: World's Work. |
| Demerit of Success, The: BirdEra. |
| For Civic Improvement: BaxterCentury. |
| Foundlings of a Great City: MacAlarney. Ainslee's. |
| Great Southwest, TheCentury. |
| *London's Great LandlordsChambers'. |
| Our Industrial Position in the WorldForum. |
| Philosophy of the Road: JohnsLeslie's. |
| Problem of Pure Milk SupplyForum. |
| Reclaiming the Arid WastesForum. |
| Second Thoughts on the Treatment of Anarchy |
| Atlantic |
| Social Secretary, TheWorld's Work. |
| Wage Earning School Children in England. Forum. |
| Women's Club Houses in AmericaCritetrion. |
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Travel, Sport and Adventure.

| Acquaintance with a Screech Owl, An. Country Life. *Across Russian Lapland |
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| *Across Russian Lapland |
| Adventures in Wild-Life Photography, World's Wk. |
| Rit About Bass A: Edwyn Sandys Leslie's. |
| Buffalo HuntingCanadian. |
| California State FlowerOverland. |
| *Certain Aspects of Turf ReformBadminton. |
| Champion Golfer, The: James BraidPearson's. |
| Charm of the Road, The: Hyde |
| Cross Country Running Outing |
| Cross Country RunningOuting. Dry Salt Sea in the Desert, AWorld's Work. |
| Fight with a MuskallongeScribner's. |
| *Fishing: Marquese of Granby Badminton |
| *Fishing: Marquess of Granby Badminton. Flower-Folk in Boston Reservations. New England. |
| Climpage of Proofs Life Country Life |
| Glimpses of Brook LifeCountry Life. Great Two-Year-Olds of Last YearOuting. |
| Great I wo-Year-Olds of Last TearOuting. |
| Indoor and Outdoor Papers: Waterman National. |
| Inspiration of a Great FarmCountry Life. |
| Italy of Virgil and Horace, The: Pennell Harper's Lakes of Cape Cod, The |
| Lakes of Cape Cod, The |
| Life in the Lumber Camps |
| Lord of the Air: Charles G. D. RobertsLeslie's. |
| *Mediæval Football: HeardBadminton. |
| Motor-Car Day, The: TrowbridgeBadmington. Mountain Goat, The: C. H. Merriam. Country Life. |
| Mountain Goat, The: C. H. Merriam Country Life. |
| *My Introduction to the Spanish Ibex Badminton. |
| *Norway Revisited: Hardy |
| Nursery and the Nurseryman, TheCountry Life. *Oil Rivers in West AfricaChambers'. |
| *Oil Rivers in West AfricaChambers'. |
| On a North Sea SmackScribner's. |
| Our Mountain Forests: C. C. Ambler. Country Life. |
| Out of Doors in MayCountry Life. |
| Over the Alps in a Diligence: Pennell. Lippincott's |
| Points of a Good Cow, TheCountry Life. |
| On a North Sea Smack |
| *Resources of New GuineaChambers'. |
| Rhododendron Culture in AmericaAtlantic |
| River and City of St. Johns N. B National. |
| Round of the Song Sparrow's LifeCountry Life. |
| School for Little Fishermen Outing |
| Sealing Off the Banks: McGrathLeslie's. |
| Sealing Off the Banks: McGrathLeslie's. Small Golf Course for Home Practise. Country Life. Some Impressions of Russia: LodgeScribner's. |
| Some Impressions of Russia: Lodge Scribner's. |
| Some Truths About Trouting Outing |
| Some Truths About TroutingOuting. St. Kilda: Its Birds and its People. Leisure Hour. |
| Three Rird Vocalists Outing |
| Three Bird Vocalists |
| Trend of the Modern Racing Vacht Outing |
| Wild Bird Songs: MathewsLeslie's. |
| Yukon, The |
| Tukon, TheCanadian. |

Sayings of the Children

"Can any one tell me what a meter is?" asked the teacher of a primary class in an Ailston, Mass., school a few days ago.

Only one little lad raised his hand. The teacher nodded, and the child said:

"It's a thing you chop meat with. My papa

is a butcher, and he's got two of them."

—Little Flossie had been sent to the drug store to get some dyestuff, and, forgetting the name of it, she asked: "What is it folk dye with?"

"Oh, various things," replied the druggist.
"Heart failure, for instance."

"Well," said Flossie, "I suppose that will do. Give me three cents' worth, please."

—Little Dottie and Clarence quarreled. Dottie is four, Clarence five.

"You ain't a good girl," said Clarence. "You

ain't going to heaven."

"I is a dood girl," replied Dottie, "an' I is a-doin' to hebben. An' when I is a' angel, I is a-tummin' down an' 'en' (with energy) "I'll pull oo' hair."

——" Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the Sunday school teacher, "what would you do?"

"Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie.

" That's right," said the teacher.

"Yessum," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that

I'd paralyze him."

-Little Johnny had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures, when he suddenly called out:

"Say, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Oh, a lot of money."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?"

" I suppose so."

"And the hawk could be satisfied with a sparrow?"

" Of course."

"And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it, pa?—wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fly would be enough for the spider?"

"Sure."

"And a drop of molasses would be all the fly would want, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, stop your chatter."

"But wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes."

"Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of molasses?" But just at this point it was discovered that it was time for little Johnny to go to bed.

---Mamma-Well, did you tell God how

naughty you have been?

Lily-No, I was ashamed. I thought it had

better not get out of the family.

—Mother—Johnny, remember to always do what is right and speak the truth at all times.

Johnny-All right, ma; only don't blame me for getting into so many scraps, then; that's all.

——Something Awful.—The Girls—W'ot yer all dressed up fer, Willie—some of yer folks dead? Willie—Worse 'an dat. The Girls—Goin' ter be took ter der dentist's? Willie—Worse 'an dat. The Girls—Gee, Willie, w'ots goin' ter be did ter yer? Willie—I'm goin' ter have my pictur' took.

-Kind Gentleman-Why are you crying,

my little man?

Little Boy—Because my maw is lickin' my little brother fur sumthin' wot I done.

Kind Gentleman-What a conscientious little fellow.

Little Boy—But my little brother'll tell her it wuz me, and then I'll ketch it. Boo-hoo!

—Teacher—Now, Master Kirby, you should be more correct in your composition. You say, "I love school." Now, school cannot be loved. Can't you use a more correct expression?

Master Kirby-I hate school.

——An eight-year-old's mosaic ideas on a favorite subject: George Washington was the father of his country; one day he went to his father's yard and cut down a tree. "What are you doing?" asked the father. "I am trying to tell a lie and cannot." When he grew up he was President, and was killed by a man named Getto, who was jellish of him, and the No. 9 engine house was draped in black.

—A little boy who was particularly interested in an anecdote told by his father in the course of a sermon, said to him when he got home. "Was that true, father, or was it only preachin'?"

-Guest-What a splendid dinner! Don't

often get as good a meal as this.

Little Willie (son of the host)—We don't, either.

Wit and Humor of the Press

——Marjorie—The idea of her marrying a man in the evening of life like old Grumley! Mayme—The evening of life? He's farther along than that; I should say early in the next morning.

---Wife-Do you know of what you remind me? Husband-No; but I know of what you remind me. Wife-What? Husband-Of every

little thing I happen to forget.

——"The art of printing, sir," exclaimed the Fervid Optimist, "is in its fancy! My grandson, and possibly my son, will one day have his Sunday newspaper brought to him in twenty-eight handy quarto volumes, substantially bound, profusely illustrated, in a polished oak bookcase, all for five cents! Yes, sir!"

—At the monthly conclave of a certain rural council it was decided that an honorarium be awarded to the secretary, whose fidelity had won the esteem of all. One worthy but illiterate member, however, put an amendment as follows: "Gentlemen, our faithful secretary really don't need sich a thing. If we give 'im a honorarium he couldn't play it. I propose we give him some

money instead."

— The maid—There is a gentleman at the door who wishes to see you, ma'am. The widow—Does he look like a caller, Marie? The maid—Yes, ma'am. The widow—But, Marie, you know I'm in full mourning and can't receive calls. The maid—But this is the young undertaker, ma'am. The widow—Oh, that's very different. Show him in.

—Little Freddie—Please, Mr. Druggist, papa wants a bottle of liniment, and mamma wants a bottle of china cement, right away. Druggist— All right. What's wrong? Freddie—Mamma hit

papa with the sugar bowl.

—Mrs. McVicars—Aye, my Jennie's wee Johnny went wi the Sabbath skill's picnic, and he got awa doon by the watter-side and fell in and they havena found his body yet. Mrs. Paterson —Oh, losh me. And he'd have his best claes on, tae.

——Old Gentleman—Are you sure you love my daughter, sir? Young Man—Well, if I don't, sir, she is the worst fooled girl in this town!

- —American as she is spoke: "Wossatchoogot?" "Afnoonkicker. Lassdition." "Lemmeseeut." "Taykut. Nuthninut." "H'm! Paypesezzrain." "Yeh. Icanallztellwenrainscummin'. Canchoo?" "Naw. How?" "Bone-zake." "'Squeer!"
- ----Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence)—Oh; me Lud, I shall never live to do

it! Judge (sweetly)—Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!

---He--Don't you think you could learn to love me? "What's the use? I have too many

expensive tastes as it is."

——An Idea.—The Star—I've had my diamonds stolen three times, and been married four. Now, what else can I do? Manager—You might take lessons in acting.

——Cassidy—Man, ye're drunk. Casey—'Tis a lie ye're spakin', Cassidy. Ye'd not dare to say that to me iv Oi was sober. Cassidy—Iv ye wuz sober ye'd hov since enough to know ye wuz drunk.

——Satisfactory Substitute.—Mrs. Odd—Mary, where is the whisk broom? Mary—Why, mem, we were all out o' breakfast food, and I had to

chop it up for Mr. Odd's breakfast.

—His Lordship—Prisoner, you have the right of challenging any of the jury, if you desire to do so. Prisoner—Right, y'are, guv'nur. I'll fight that little black-whiskered bloke at the end, if he'll

step outside.

—Housemaid (entering hurriedly)—Oh, if you please, mum, you know when you allowed cook to go out just now for an hour? Well, she's come back so very—er (hesitatingly)—poorly! Mistress—So very poorly? Good gracious, Jane, whatever is the matter? Housemaid—Well, you know, mum, you told her to do them bantam's eggs for master's tea, and she's trying to boil the ping-pong balls!

——"Well, good-by, dear Mrs. Jones; I'm afraid I've put you out by calling at this unearthly hour." "Goodness, I hope I didn't show it!" ——"Who is the responsible man in this

— "Who is the responsible man in this firm?" asked the brusque visitor. "I don't know who the responsible party is," answered the sad, cynical office boy. "But I am the one who is always to blame."

—Little Pitman (at the pantomine)—Aa's come all the way frae Dor'm, and cannot see a happorth o' the stage. Big Woman—Hoots! Ye little foaks is aalis growlin'. Just keep your eye

on me, and laugh when aa laugh.

——"If any one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick. "Yes, sorr," replied the Irish office boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

—Landlady (who has been looking for the boarder's umbrella)—I'm satisfied, Mr. Blake, that it has been stolen. The Boarder—You may be satisfied, Mrs. Hasher, but I'll be blowed if I am.

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

840. Will you kindly inform me through Open Questions what poems these lines are taken from and the author:

The rank of mind in man Is his capacity for pain, And the anguish of the singer Is the sweetness of the strain.

For this knowledge I will be very grateful.—M. A. Mearns, Zion, Maryland.

[The poem in question was written by Sarah Williams, an English woman, and may be found in Twilight Hours, a posthumous volume of her verses, published in 1868. The first stanza, from which you have quoted incorrectly, is as follows:

Is it so, O Christ in Heaven,
That the highest suffer most,
That the strongest wander farthest
And more hopelessly are lost;
That the sign of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?]

841. Will you oblige me by the information how many daily and how many weekly papers are now printed in the United States.—John M. Carpenter, Le Mars, Iowa.

842. The Crimean War: Will you please answer the following inquiries in Open Questions of your magazine: In Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, the account of that memorable transaction suddenly comes to an end at the death of Lord Raglan, commander of the British forces. I am anxious to read a continued account of the war; at least, to the taking of Sebastopol. Will some of your correspondents or subscribers please give me the title of some author's work which gives a full and complete account of that siege? I would also ask what company, either in America or England, publishes Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsula War. I have made inquiry for this last publication of a number of our American book houses, none of whom could, or would, put me on the way to get the desired book.—W. Le Gette, Matthews, N. C.

[The Worthington Company, 747 Broadway, New York City, published Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula in five volumes at \$6.25. Sir Edward Bruce Hanley's War in the Crimea (Seeley & Co., 46 Essex street, Strand, London) is also suggested to this correspondent.]

843. Motherhood: Can any one who reads Open Questions give me the author's name and the missing verses (one or two, I think) of the little

poem on Motherhood which appeared in print several years ago. I give, as nearly as I can remember them, the first verse and the last half of the last one:

The weary day is over,
And cares—which one by one
Come to us with the morning light,
Have faded with the sun.
And in my quiet chamber
I sit in happy rest,
With my precious one—my baby boy—
Asleep upon my breast.

For Christ, who in the Virgin, Our motherhood has blest, Is near to every woman With her child upon her breast.

-Clara T. Weir, Salt Lake City, Utah.

844. Authorship of If I Should Die To-Night: Several years ago—four at least—the enclosed poem came into my possession, torn and soiled, as you now see it. It has lain in its place, undisturbed, until called forth by 807, to learn why Belle Eugenia Smith's name should be attached to one copy, and H. W. Beecher's to another. By answering through your department you will greatly oblige.—An Interested Reader, Springfield, Mo.

[This poem was contributed by Belle Eugenia Smith to the Christian Union, first appearing in print in that journal's issue of June 18, 1873. Its reappearance with this credit in Stedman's Library of American Literature should be sufficient guaranty of the authenticity of Belle Eugenia Smith's claim to it. In newspaper copies of poems, errors, such as that in the one you enclose, are frequently made, the work of some writer little known to fame being attributed to a popular author, and vice versa, a familiar selection from some well-known writer, often being credited to a name no one recalls, or appearing as an anonymous contribution.]

845. Will you kindly print the whole of the poem beginning

I am not where I was yesterday Though my home be still the same, For I have lost the veriest friend That ever a friend could name.

Please do not refer me to Lord Houghton's poems, as I have carefully looked them all through.—Anna P. Peabody, Topsfield, Mass.

846. Can you tell me whether Bryant was the author of a poem of similar measure and style with Thanatopsis, commencing

I, who essayed to sing in earlier days, The Thanatopsis and the Hymn to Death, Make now the Hymn to Immortality.

It contains about one hundred lines, and closes with six lines, beginning as in Thanatopsis:

So live, that when the mighty caravan Which halts one night time in this vale of death Shall strike its white tents for the morning march.

In the old copy in my scrap book it is credited to Bryant, but I have never seen it in any collection of his poems, nor have I ever seen it in print, except in the copy that I cut from some newspaper years ago.—Inquirer, Sumlush.

[We have never before seen these lines attributed to Bryant, and very much doubt his having written them, as he was not in the habit of repeating himself to the extent their reference to and comparison with Thanatopsis suggest.]

847. Colonel Henry Watterson, in one of his orations, quotes the following from Whittier, which I have tried in vain to place. Can you help me?

Dear God and Father of us all, Forgive our faith in cruel lies; Forgive the blindness that denies; Overturn our bloody altars; Make us see Thyself in Thy humanity.

-M. G. Holstein, Saranac Junction, N. Y.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

672. Authorship of Baby Mine: In glancing over the bound volume of Current Literature for 1900, I noticed in the December number question 672, from Charlotte Streeter, asking the name of author of verses named Baby Mine. I take occasion to answer the question at this time by sending you copy of booklet, Three Senses—Good Sense, Incense, and Nonsense, containing above verses and others, all of which were composed by me.—Carl C. Countryman, Olean, N. Y.

- 819. (e) Department Open Questions, Current Literature, February issue, 1902, No. 819 (J. C. W., Jackson, Mich.), line designated (e). I feel quite certain that above correspondent will find in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, If, the information sought in line (e), No. 819, referred to above.—J. M. Martin, Salem, Iowa.
- (f) In your current month's issue I notice a request under your Answers to Correspondents from one who signs himself J. C. W., Jackson, Mich., for a poem entitled An Answer. He quotes two lines from first stanza. Having the same in my book of "bits," I gladly comply by forwarding the same. The author is Dudley Girard, a Chicago gentleman who contributes quite frequently to the papers here.—Ed. Gray, Chicago, Ill.
- [S. E. P., Orysa, Tenn., also sends in answers to (g) and (h) of this query a sonnet by Alice Wellington Rollins, and an unsigned poem entitled Together. Thanks to all of these correspondents. The copies of the poems are held for J. C. W., Jackson, Mich., who asked for them.]

823. There was inquiry in February issue about Gounod's Confession of Faith. The lines quoted, or something quite similar, occur in the first stanza of the Confession or Will, not of Gounod, but of

Louis Veuillot, a celebrated journalist and controversialist of the seventies. I enclose a close translation of Veuillot's Will in the metre of the original.—M. Kenny, St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.

[Many thanks. We are pleased to print your enclosure herewith:

(From the French.)

Now lay my pen down by my side, And place this volume 'neath my feet. Set on my heart the cross, my pride, Then nail me in my last retreat.

When o'er the grave you've told the prayer, Raise ye a cross or stone for me, And have these words engraven there: "I have believed and now I see."

Then you may say, "Now doth he take His sleep, life's toil and sorrow o'er." Or rather say, "He's now awake; "He sees what filled his dreams before."

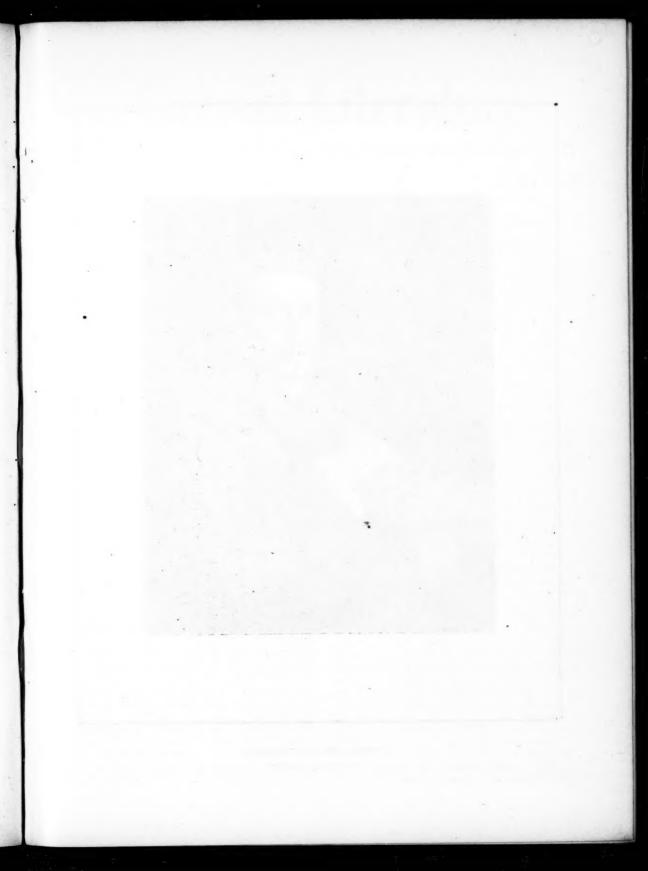
I trust in Jesus—blush of shame Ne'er stung my cheek at His decree; When God's last judgment I shall claim, He will not be ashamed of me.]

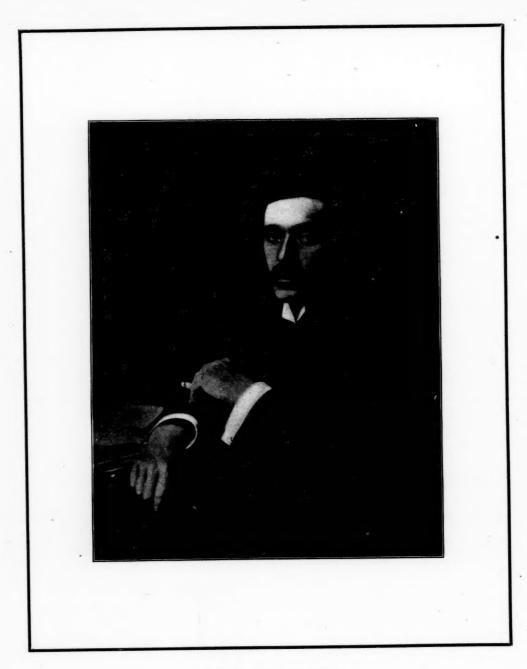
826. The Funeral of Lincoln: In your last issue, I see Miss H. P. Keith, of Minneapolis, is anxious to get the poem on Lincoln which was selected by a special committee, etc. If she will get a copy of Sarah E. Carmichael's poems, printed in San Francisco by Towne & Bacon, 1866, she will find the whole poem, although nothing is said there about its selection. The introduction says the poems were printed by friends of the author for private distribution. At one time the secondhand book shops had copies on sale, but now I think it will take some time to turn up a copy. The only one I can lay my hand on now is in the Mercantile Library. The author, I should judge, was a Mormon, as the preface is dated Salt Lake City, June I, 1866.—H. K. Goddard, San Francisco, Cal.

[Thank you. And further thanks are due Mr. H. C. Stein, Alameda, Cal., who gives similar information, enclosing also a copy of the poem, which is held for the person making the inquiry.]

838. Max and Maurice: In Current Literature of April, 1902, M. G. Kains, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., inquires about Max and Maurice, where it can be found. It was published in 1871 by Roberts Brothers, Boston.—R. H. Tuthill, Riverhead, N. Y.

[Books formerly issued by Roberts Brothers are now included in the publications of their successors, Little, Brown & Company, 254 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and in the catalogue of the latter firm, thanks to the clue furnished by our correspondent, we have discovered the missing Max and Maurice, a Juvenile History in Seven Tricks, translated from the German of William Busch, by Charles T. Brooks. Illustrated in colors. Price, 75 cents.]





EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON
(See Gossip of Authors)